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Olive. May. Brighten. 7358
(57)
Melbourne.
Box 57. Duo

MOORE'S

IRISH MELODIES.

WITH

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

BY

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.,

AND

SIR HENRY BISHOP.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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Ernest A Brighten

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1859

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

Olive May Brighten.
Melbourne.

PREFACE

TO THE

PEOPLE'S EDITION OF MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

Of the work now presented to the Public, it is not necessary to speak in commendation. It stands recognized as the most perfect combination of Lyrical Poetry and Music to be found in any country.

But as the more ample and general appreciation which Moore's Irish Melodies have recently received, has led several publishers to announce editions of the work in various forms, it is necessary, by way both of information and of warning, to state that the property, in a large proportion of the Melodies, is still protected by Copyright, and that every edition announced, except by the publishers of the present Volume, is not only *incomplete*, but *contains little more than half* the Irish Melodies.

In this edition is comprised every one of the Melodies originally published in eleven Volumes, and amongst those which no other edition can contain, are many of the songs best known and most highly esteemed by the public. All who are conversant with the history of the work are acquainted with the process by which the words and the music were formed into such delightful harmony. The Poet having selected an Irish air, played it on the piano, or carried it in his memory, until he was thoroughly imbued with its character and capabilities, and then wrote for it words which expressed the feelings it had inspired. The symphonies and accompaniments of the latter half were composed by Sir Henry R. Bishop. In the earlier progress of the work these accompaniments were prepared, under Mr Moore's own superintendence, by Sir John Stevenson. They were thus, by author and composer, adapted to the intended sentiment. In many cases the process has led to combinations at which the musical grammarian may pause, but in which the inspiration of genius is distinctly felt. The Publishers have not felt at liberty to alter such characteristic features of the work, and, except that a few symphonies have been slightly abbreviated, the present is a full, complete, and unmutilated edition of Moore's Irish Melodies.

Paternoster Row.
April, 1859.

Ernest A. Brighten.
Melbourne.
Que. Box. 57.
Canada.
Brownlows Farm

Olive May Brighten.
Melbourne
Que Box 57
Canada
Brownlows Farm

Olive May Brighton
Newburn

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Canada Lee Box 57
Brownsburn Que.

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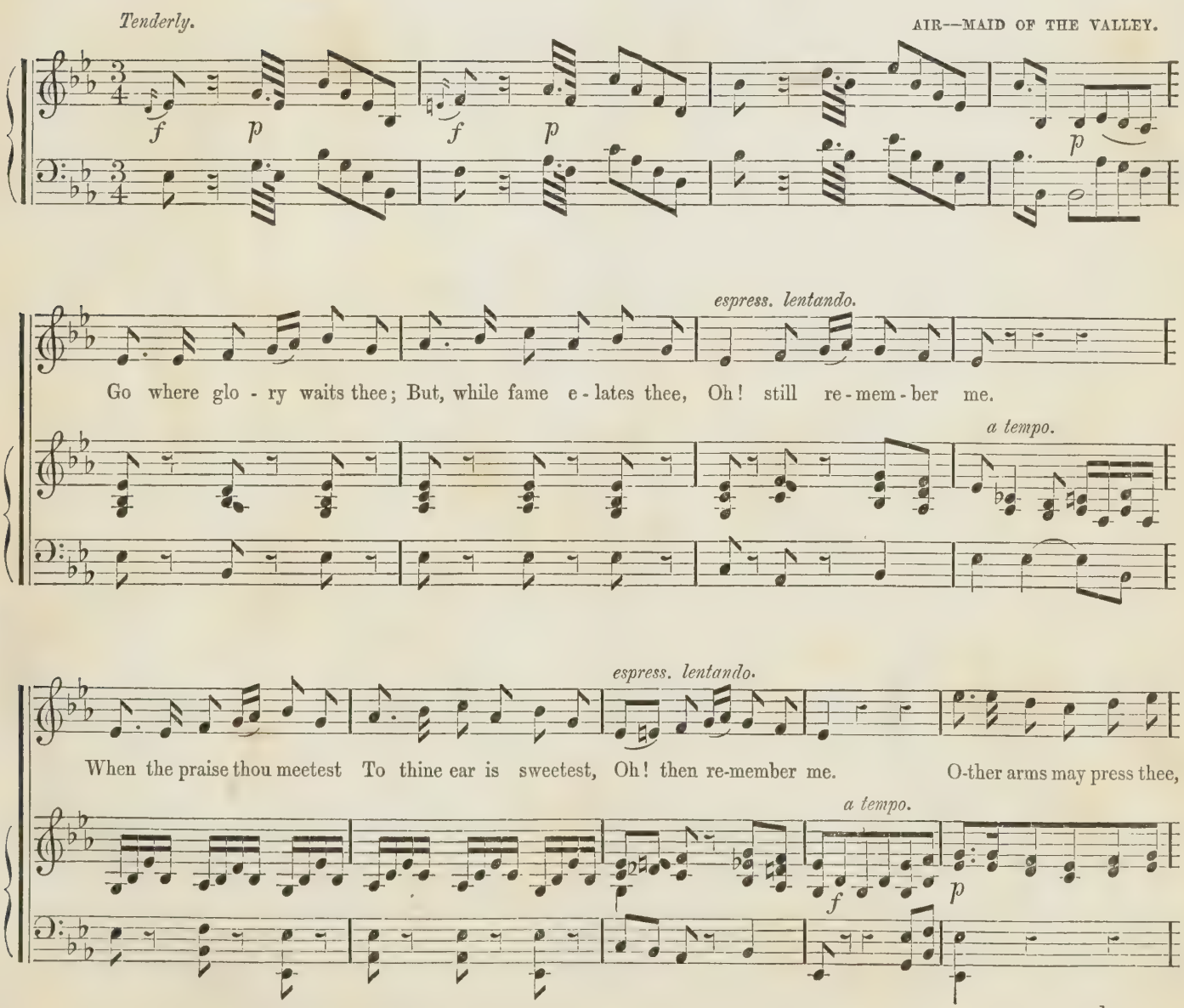
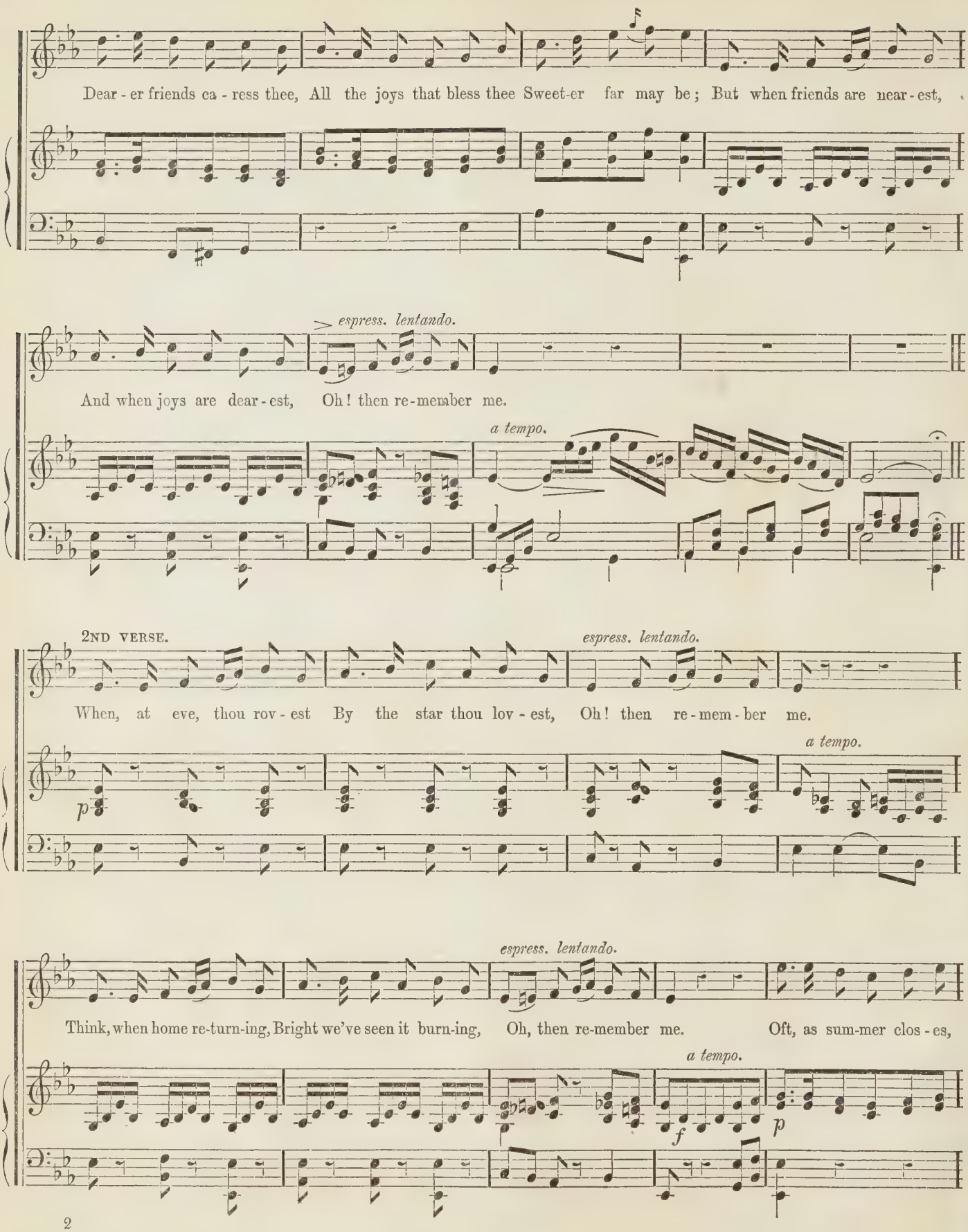
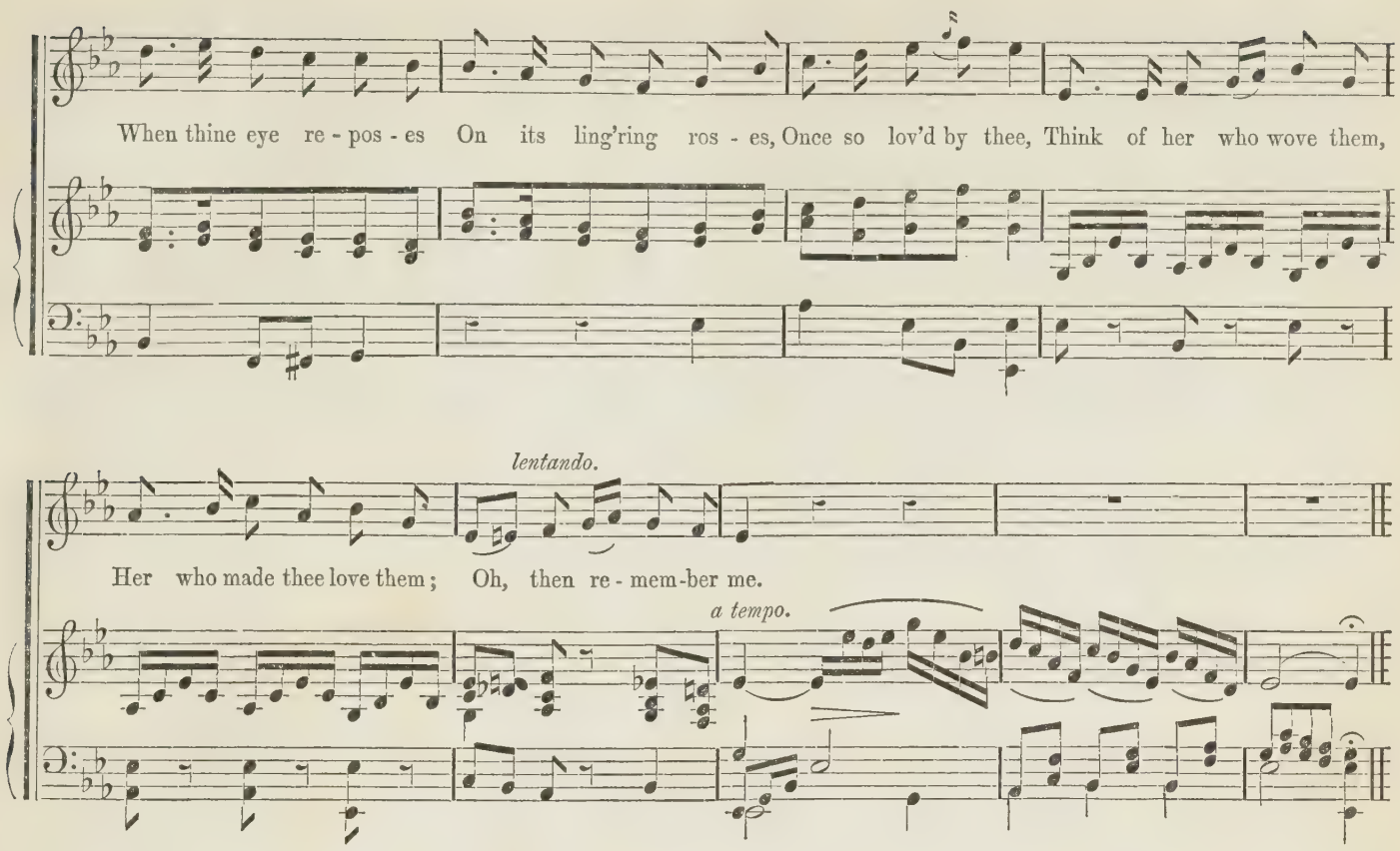
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.



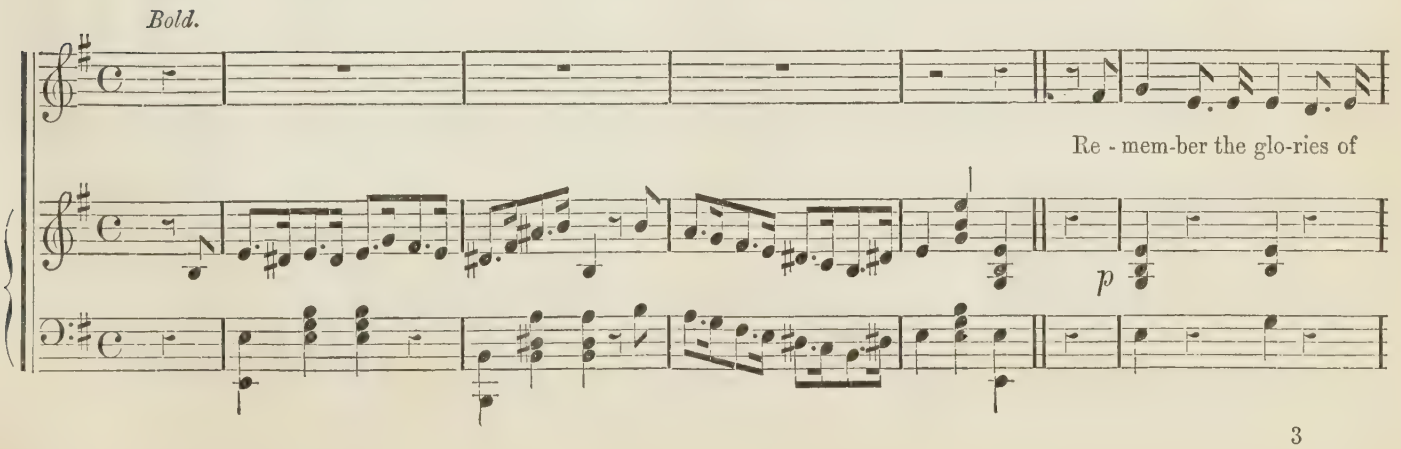

Dear - er friends ca - ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweet-er far may be; But when friends are near - est,
espress. lentando.
And when joys are dear - est, Oh! then re-member me.
a tempo.
2ND VERSE.
espress. lentando.
When, at eve, thou rov - est By the star thou lov - est, Oh! then re - mem - ber me.
a tempo.
p
espress. lentando.
Think, when home re-turn-ing, Bright we've seen it burn-ing, Oh, then re-member me. Oft, as sum-mer clos - es,
a tempo.
f
p

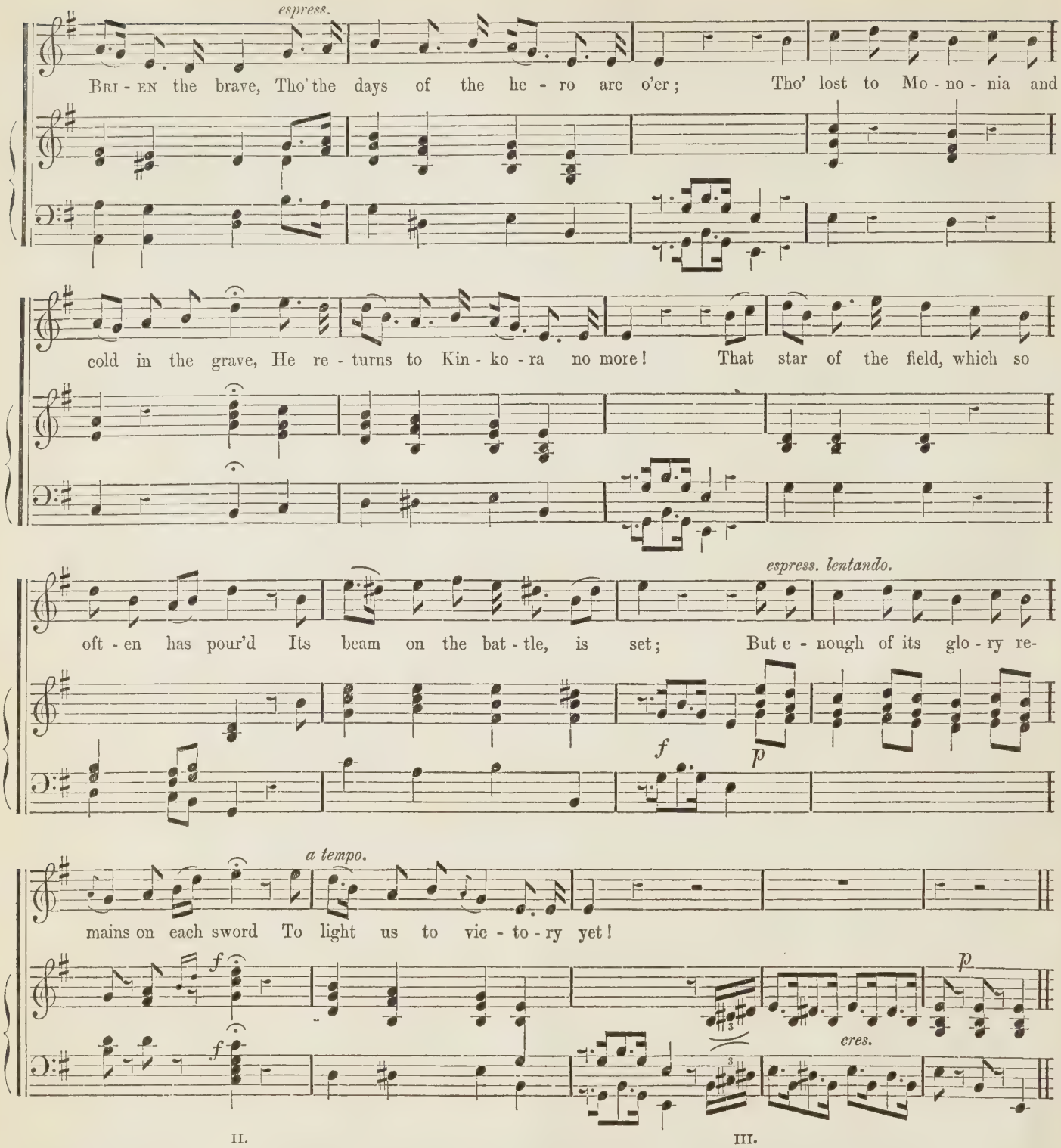


When around thee, dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh, then remember me:
And at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh, still remember me.

Then should Music, stealing
All the soul of Feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let Mem'ry bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee;
Oh, then remember me.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.





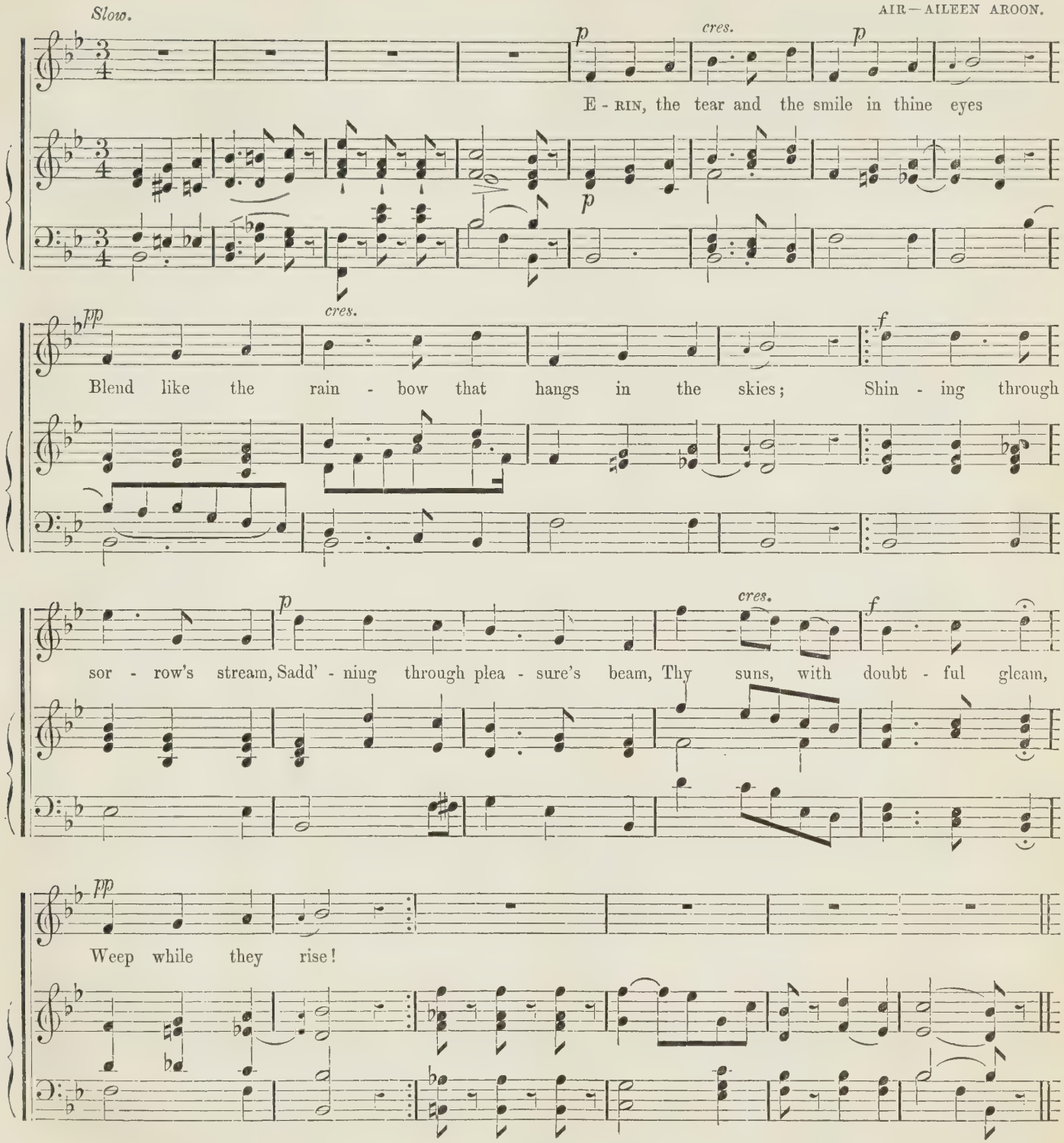
II.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

III.

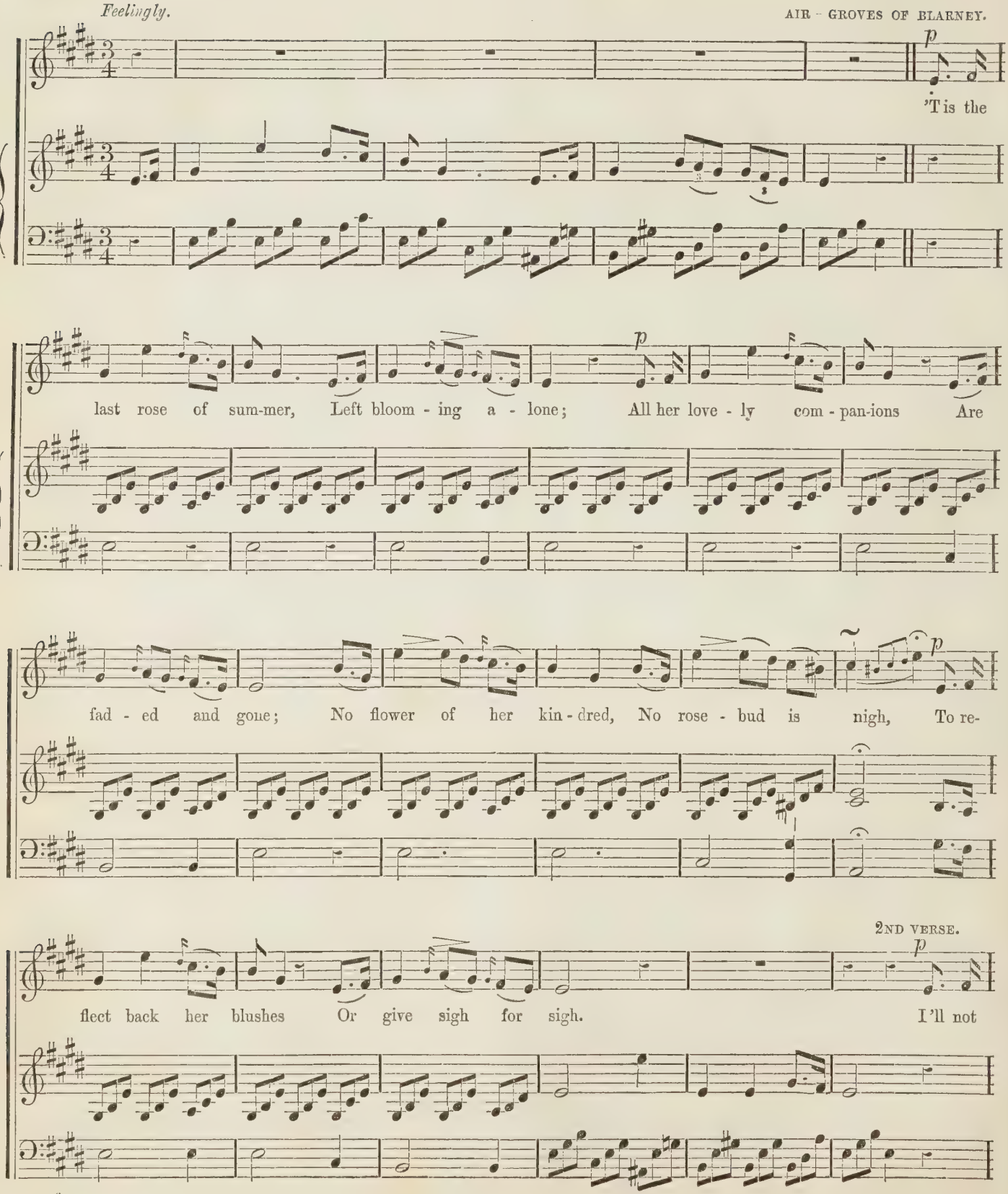
Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

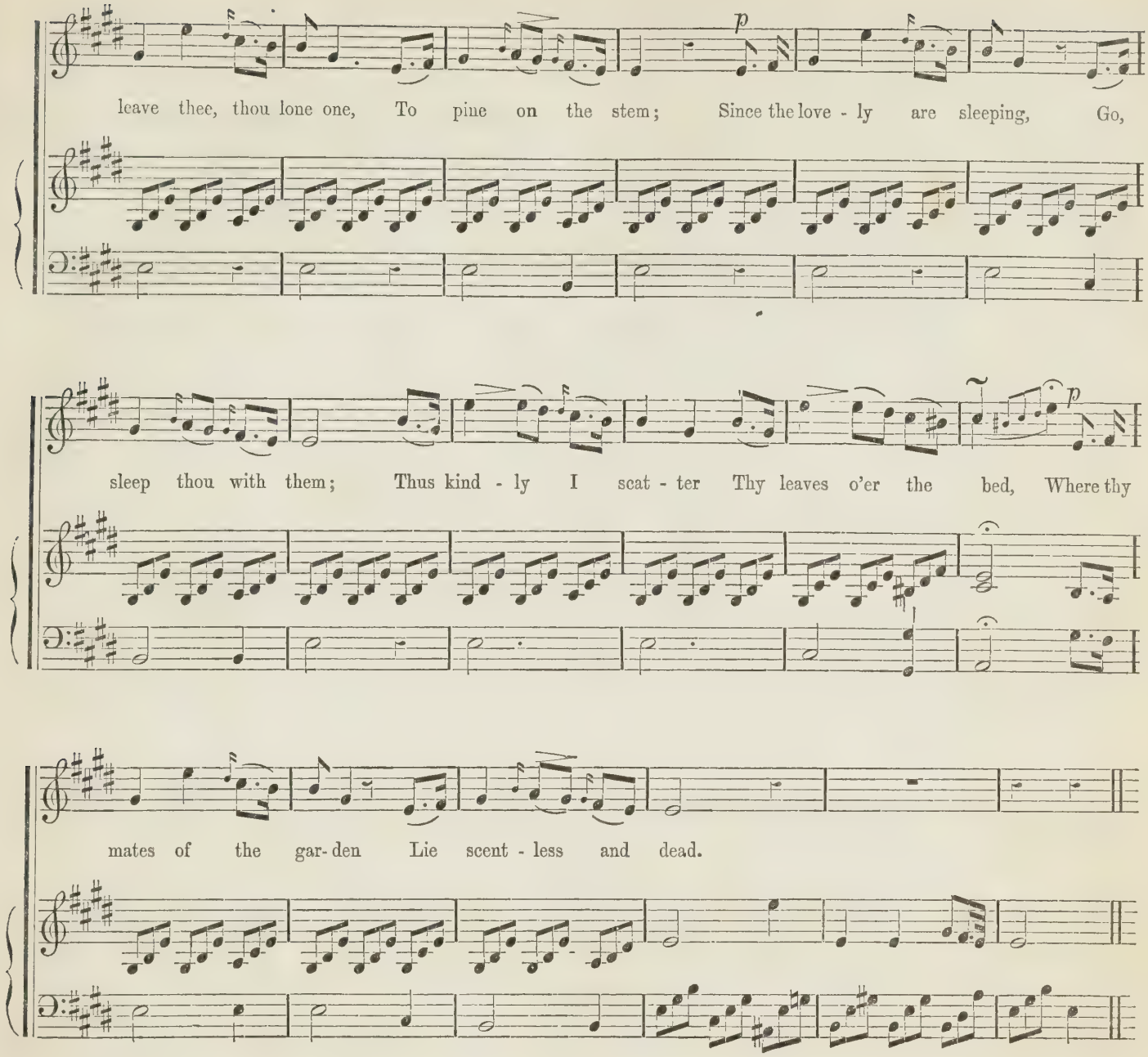
ERIN, THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.



Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.





So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR—THE BROWN MAID.

Pensively. *a tempo.*

Oh! breathe not his name—let it

p

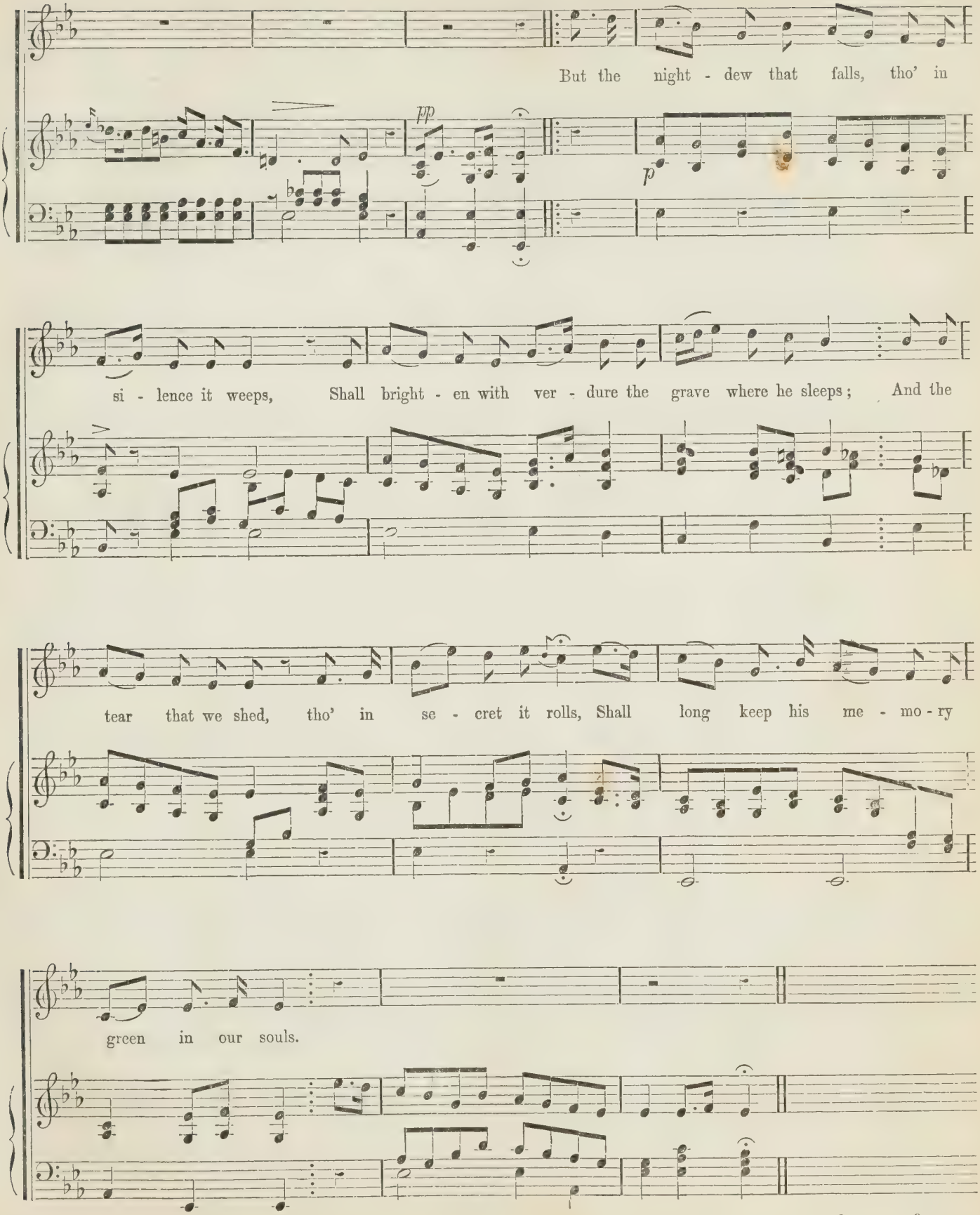
sleep in the shade, Where cold and un - hon - our'd his re - lics are laid! Sad,

si - lent, and dark, be the tears that we shed, As the night - dew that falls on the

grass o'er his head!

OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

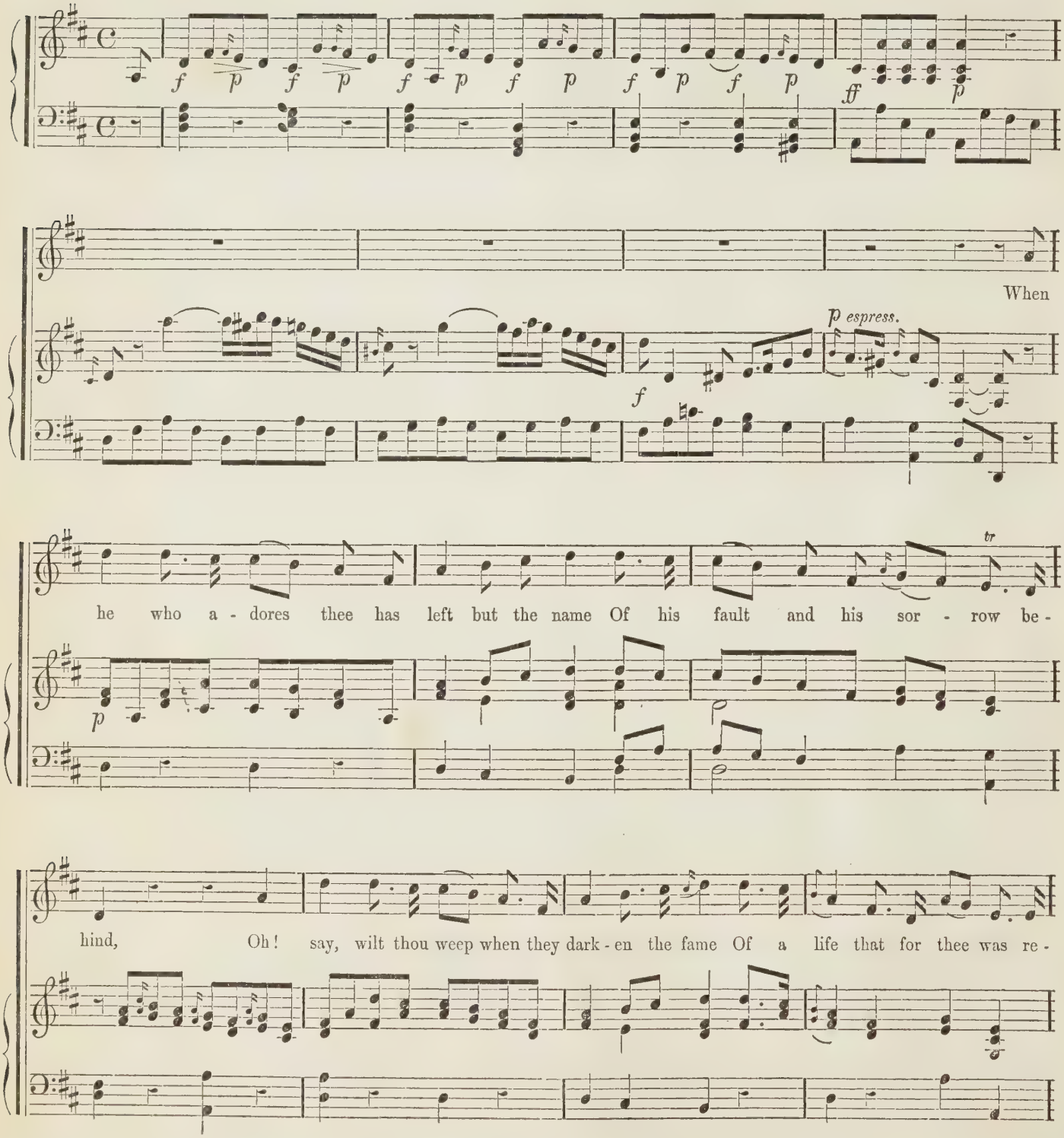
2ND VERSE.

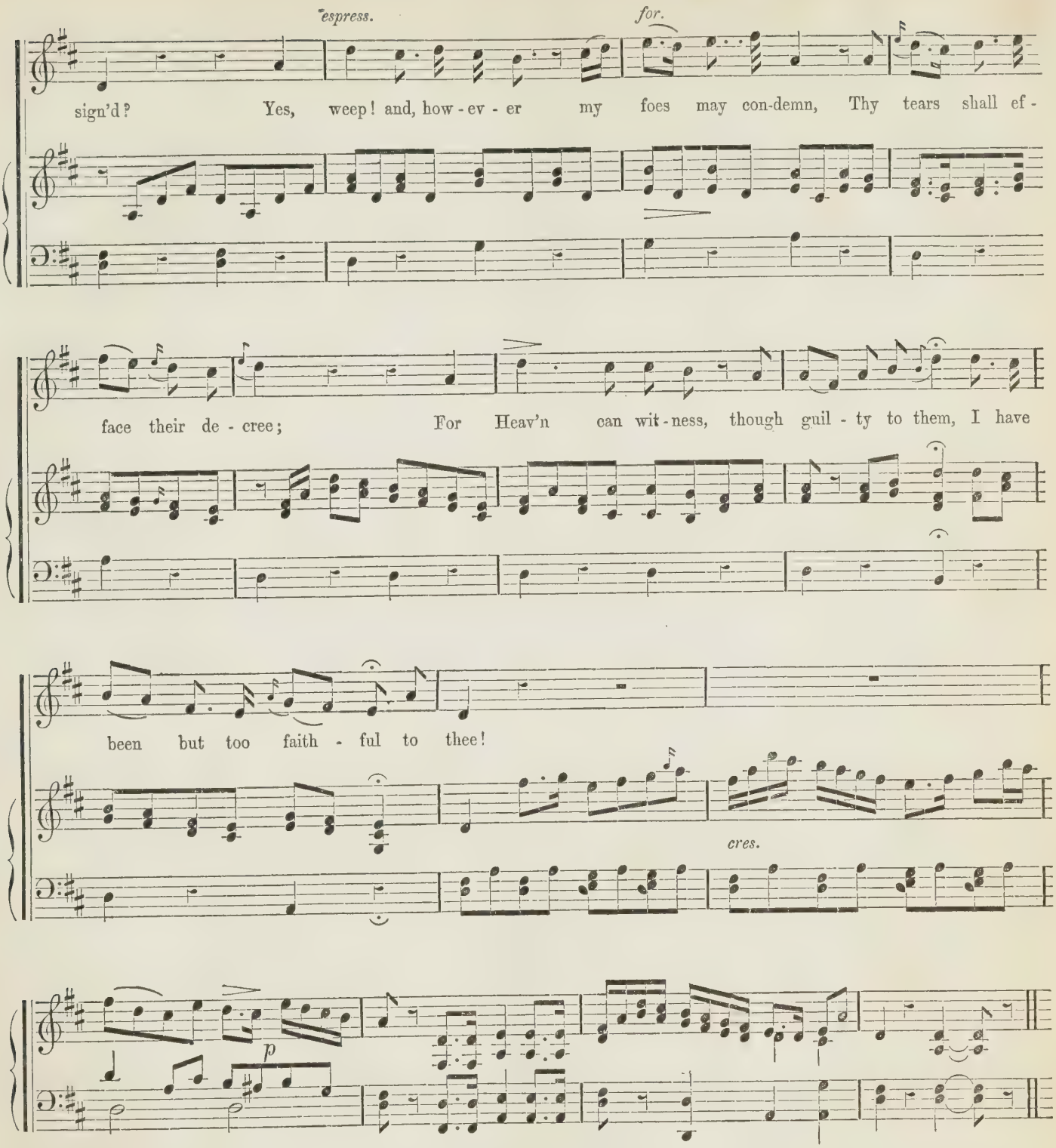


WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

Slow and with feeling.

AIR—THE FOX'S SLEEP.

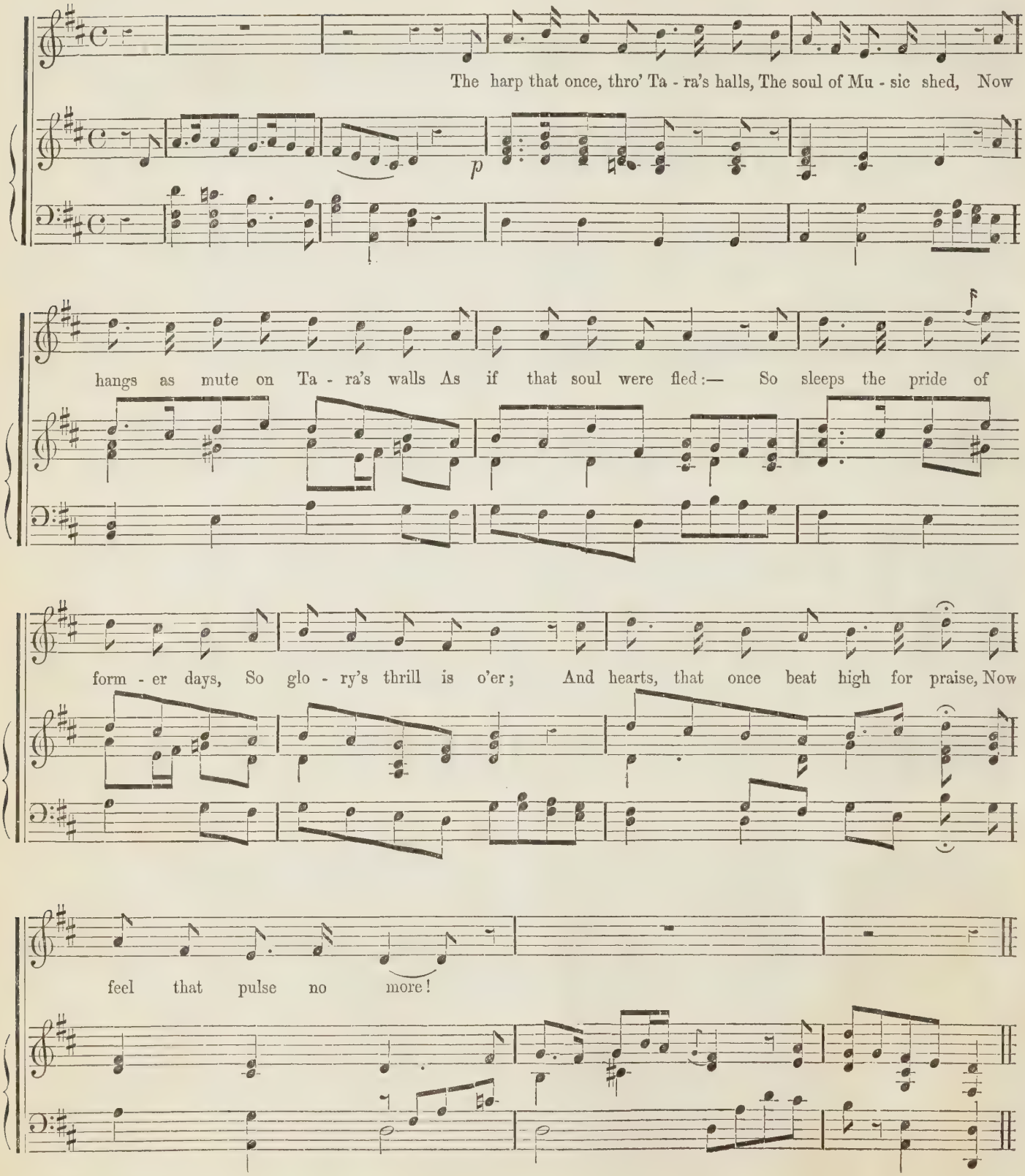


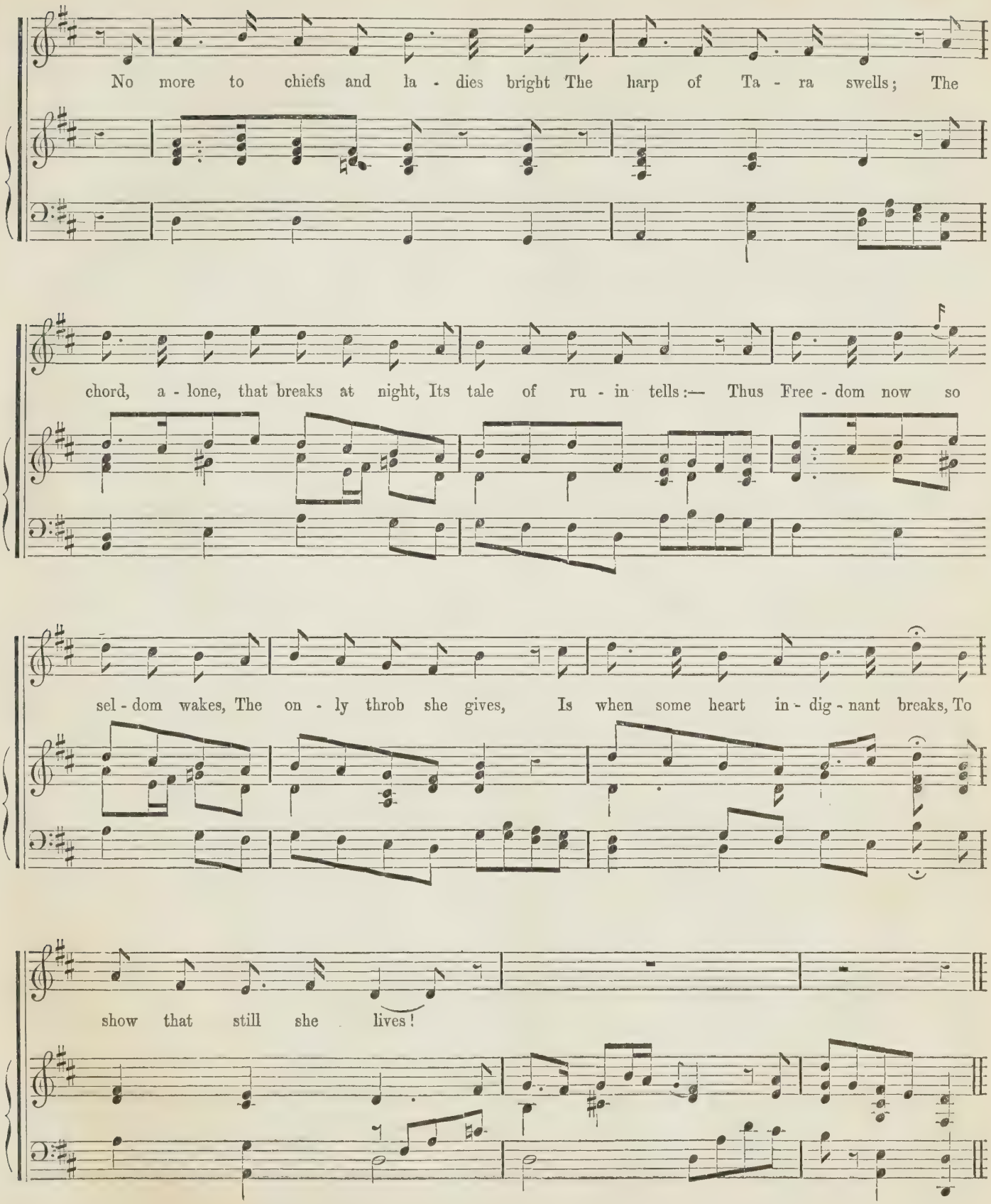


With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine:—
In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

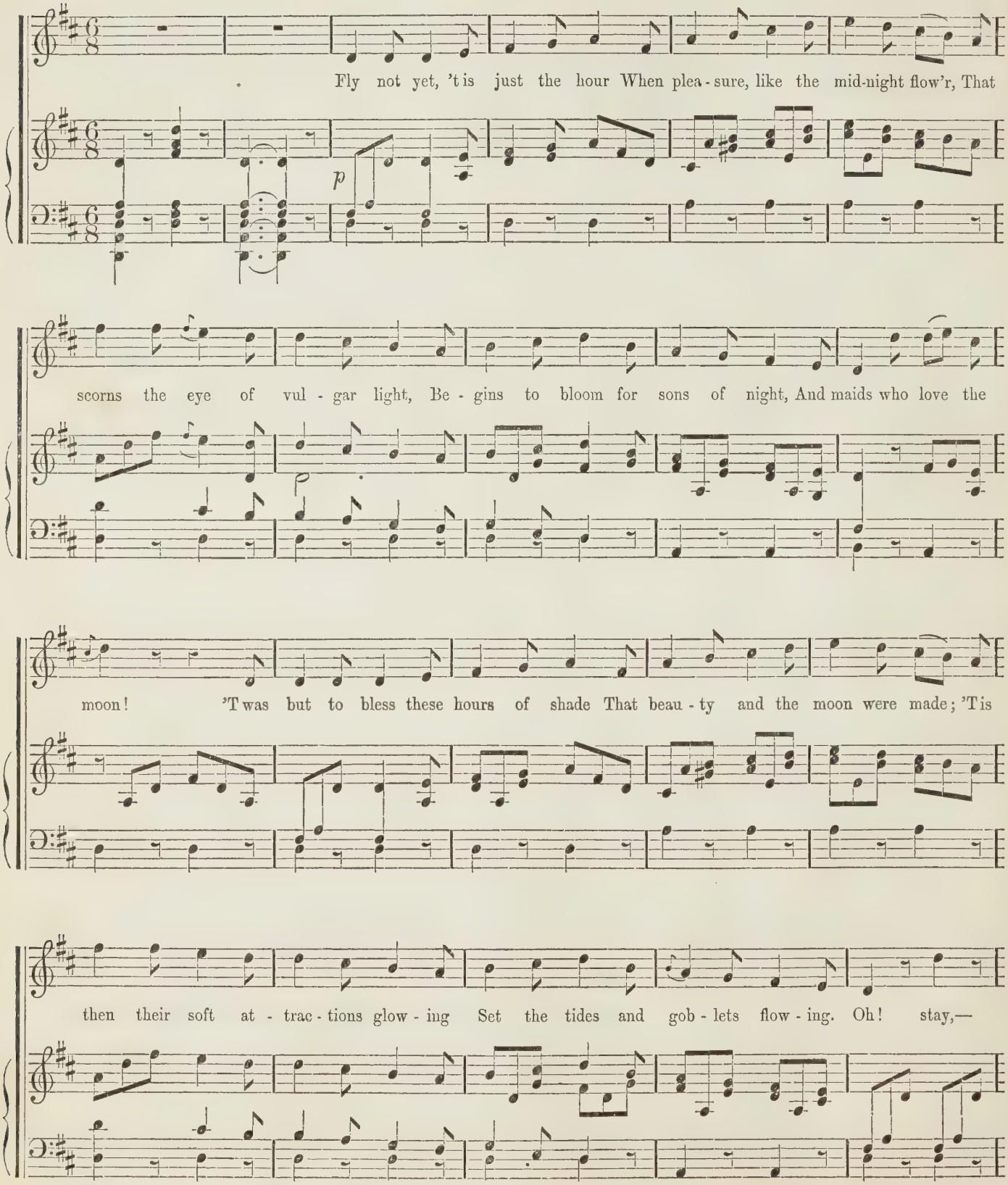
Slow. AIR—GRAMACHREE.

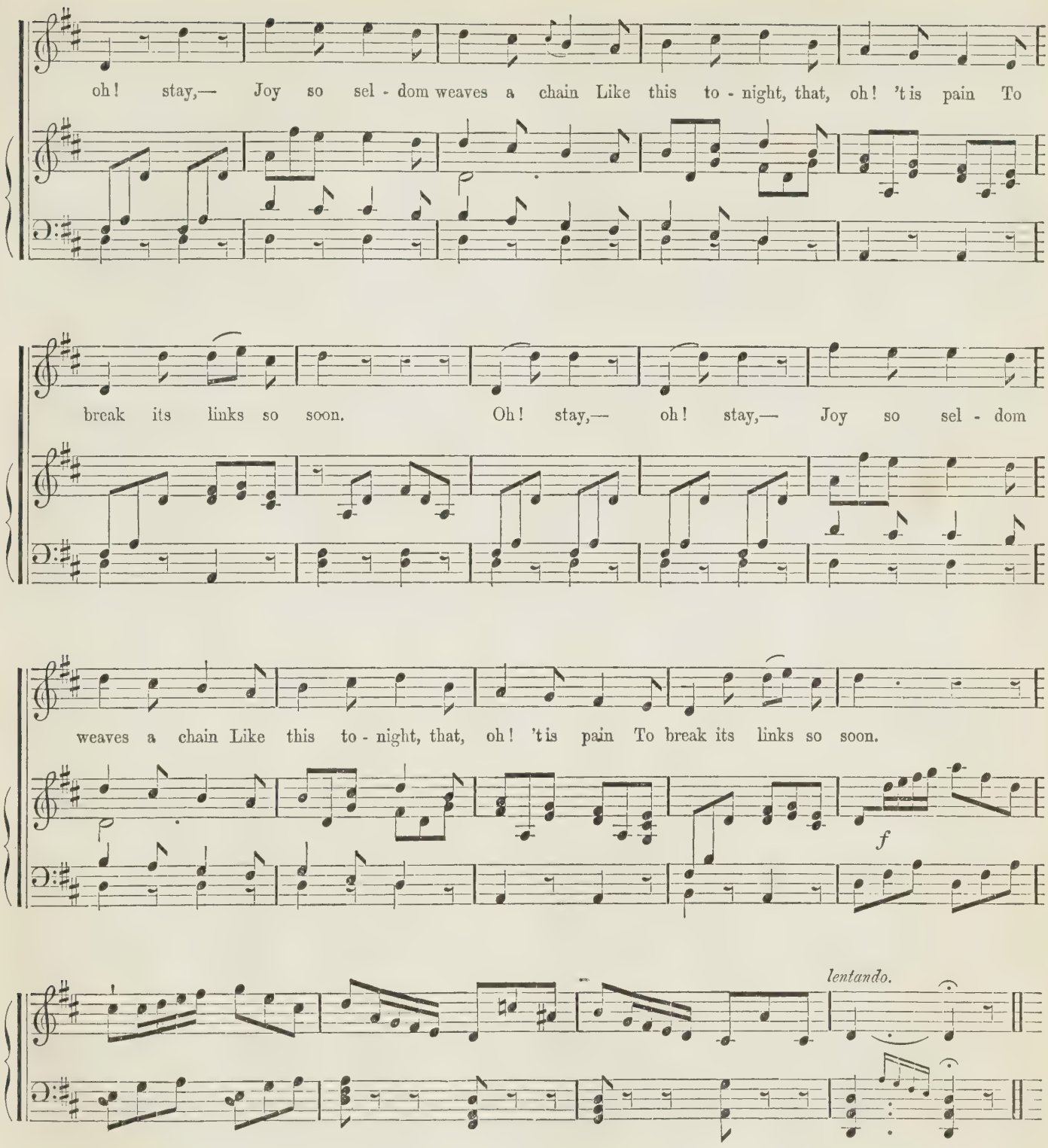



No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The
chord, a - lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells:— Thus Free - dom now so
sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To
show that still she lives!

FLY NOT YET.

Lively. AIR—PLANXTY KELLY.



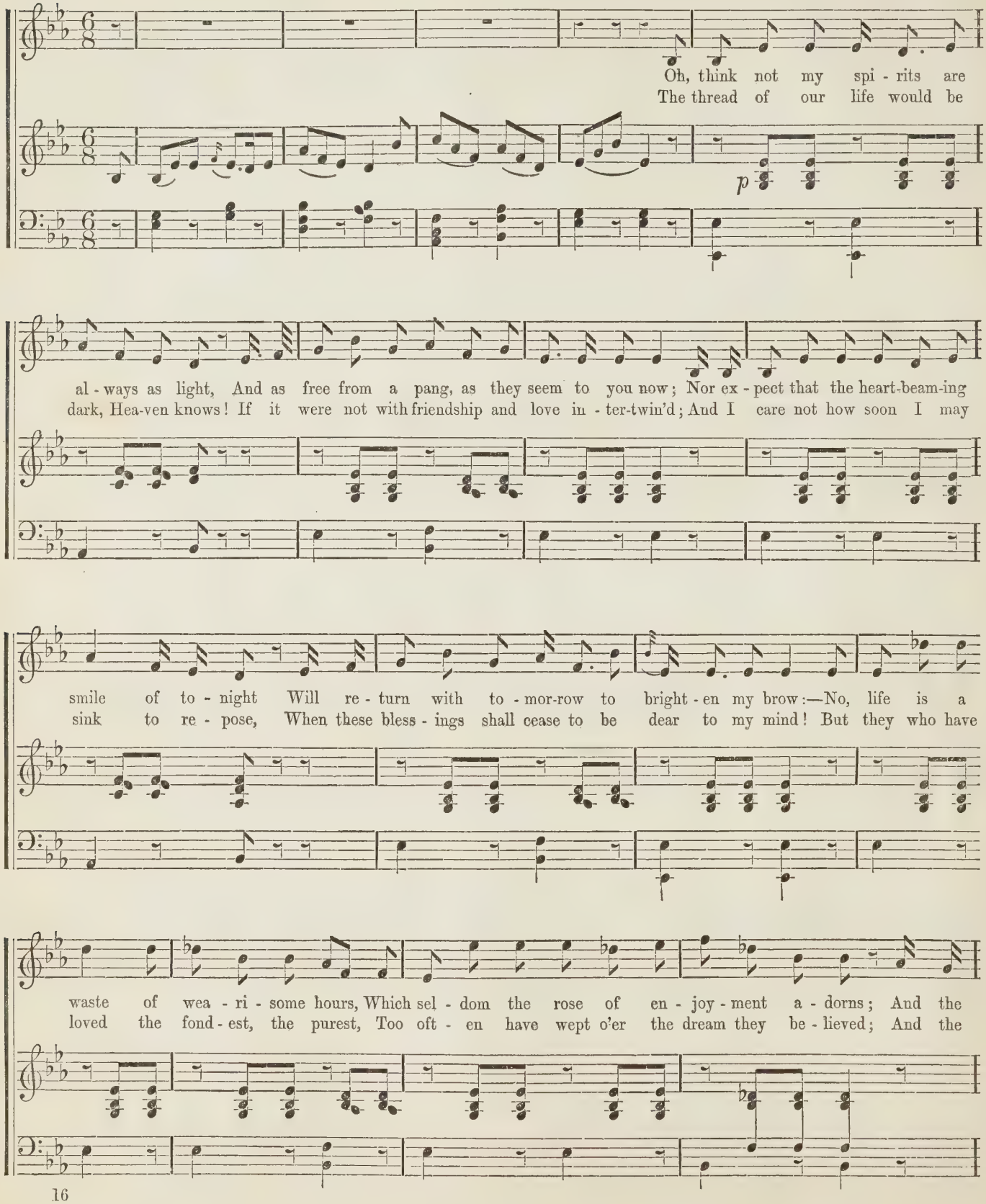


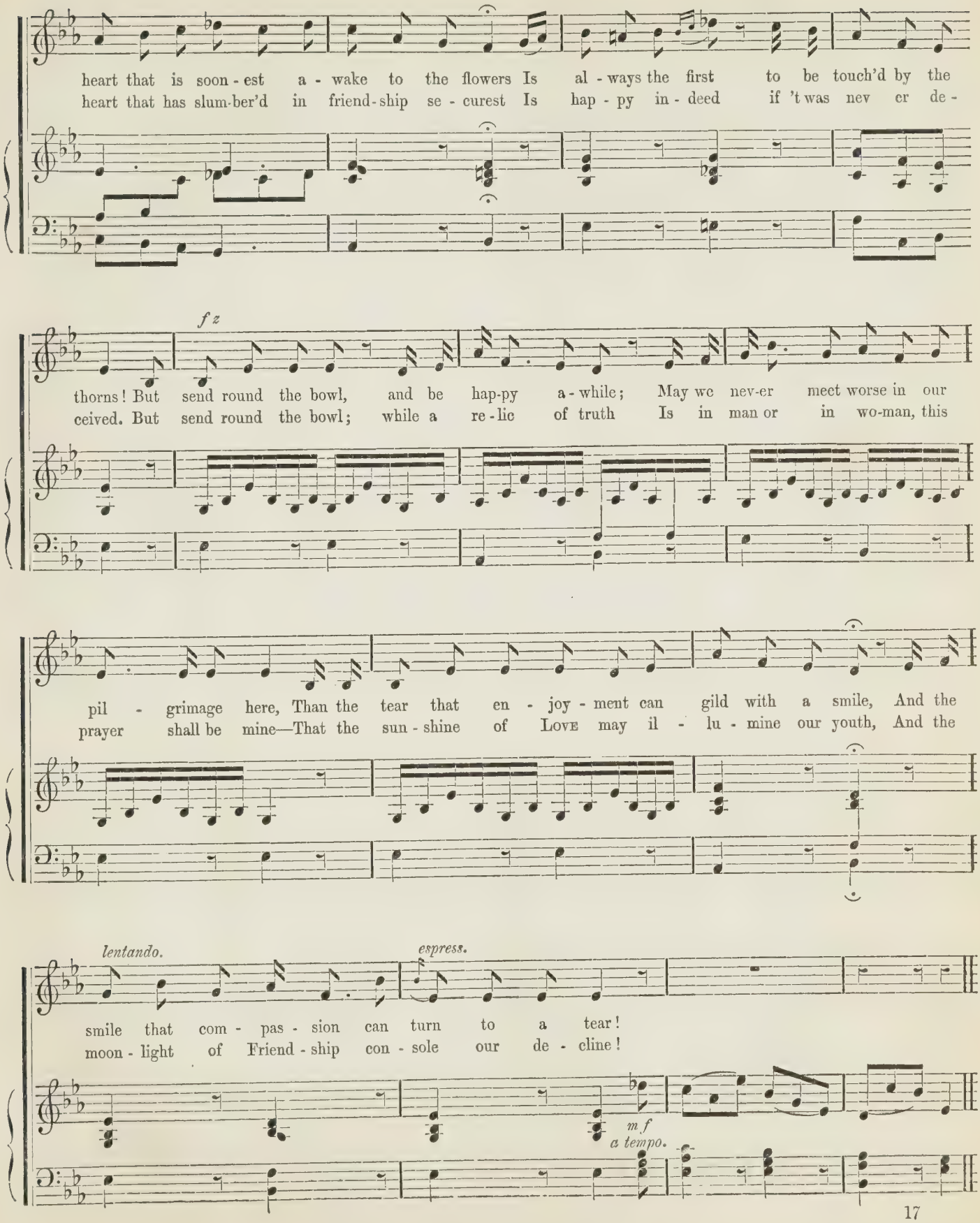
Fly not yet; the fount that play'd,
In times of old, through Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near;
And thus should women's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake,
As those that sparkle here!

OH, THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

Playful.

AIR—JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE.

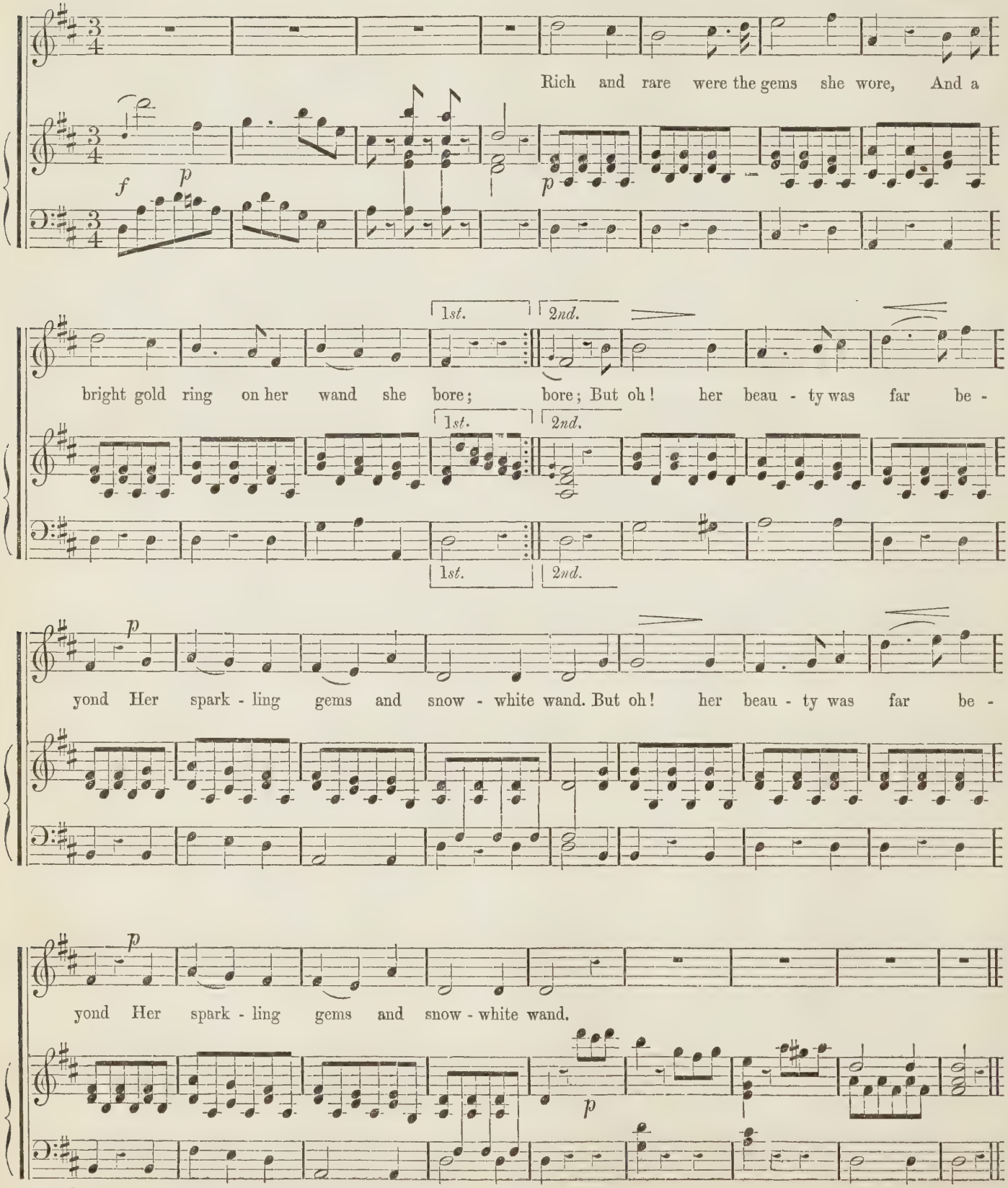



heart that is soon - est a - wake to the flowers Is al - ways the first to be touch'd by the
heart that has slum-ber'd in friend-ship se - curest Is hap - py in - deed if 't was nev er de -
fz
thorns! But send round the bowl, and be hap-py a - while; May we nev-er meet worse in our
ceived. But send round the bowl; while a re - lic of truth Is in man or in wo-man, this
pil - grimage here, Than the tear that en - joy - ment can gild with a smile, And the
prayer shall be mine—That the sun - shine of Love may il - lu - mine our youth, And the
lentando.
espress.
smile that com - pas - sion can turn to a tear!
moon - light of Friend - ship con - sole our de - cline!
m f
a tempo.

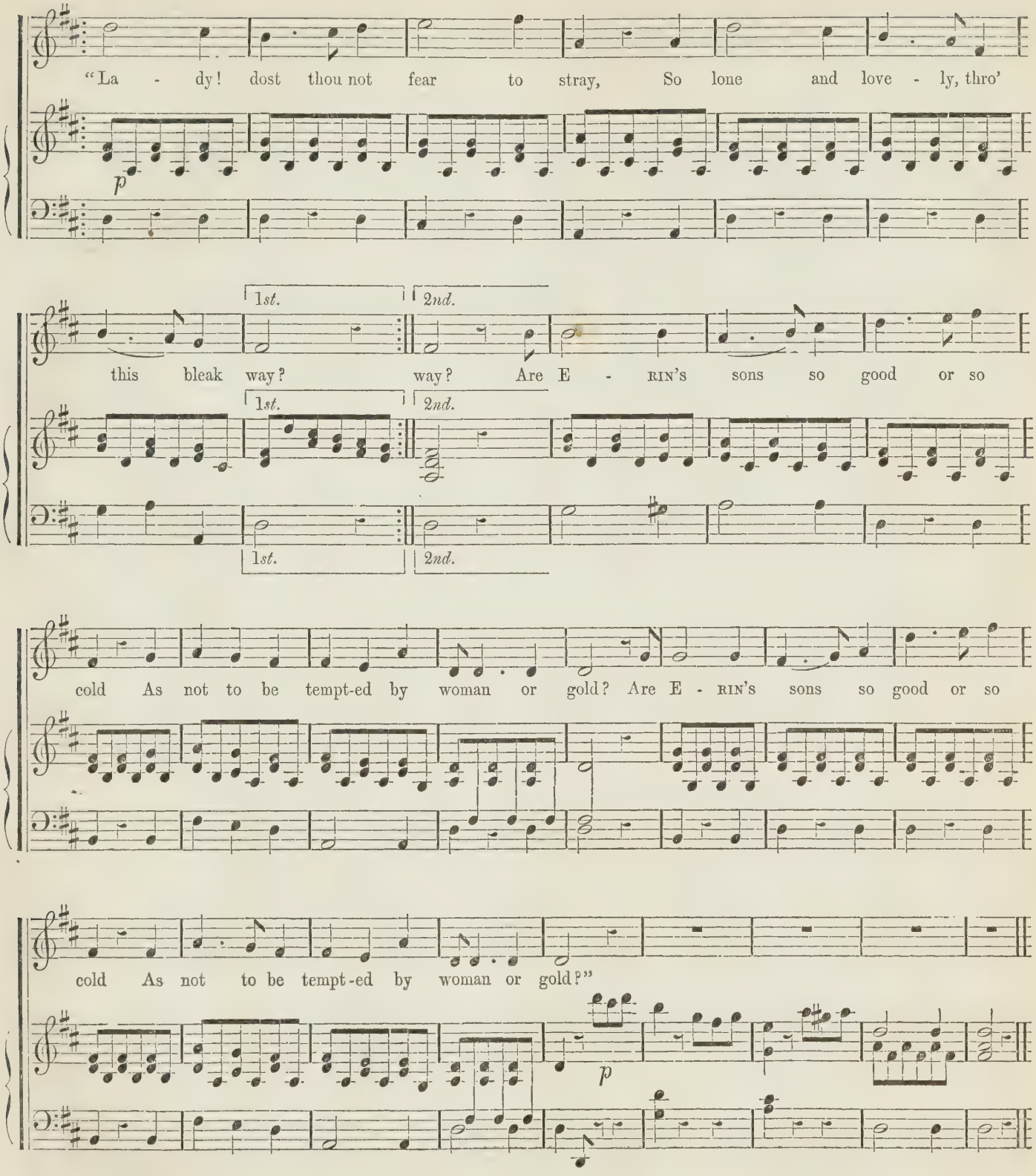
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Moderate time.

AIR—THE SUMMER IS COMING.



2ND VERSE.



III.

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of ERIN will offer me harm;
For, tho' they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more!"

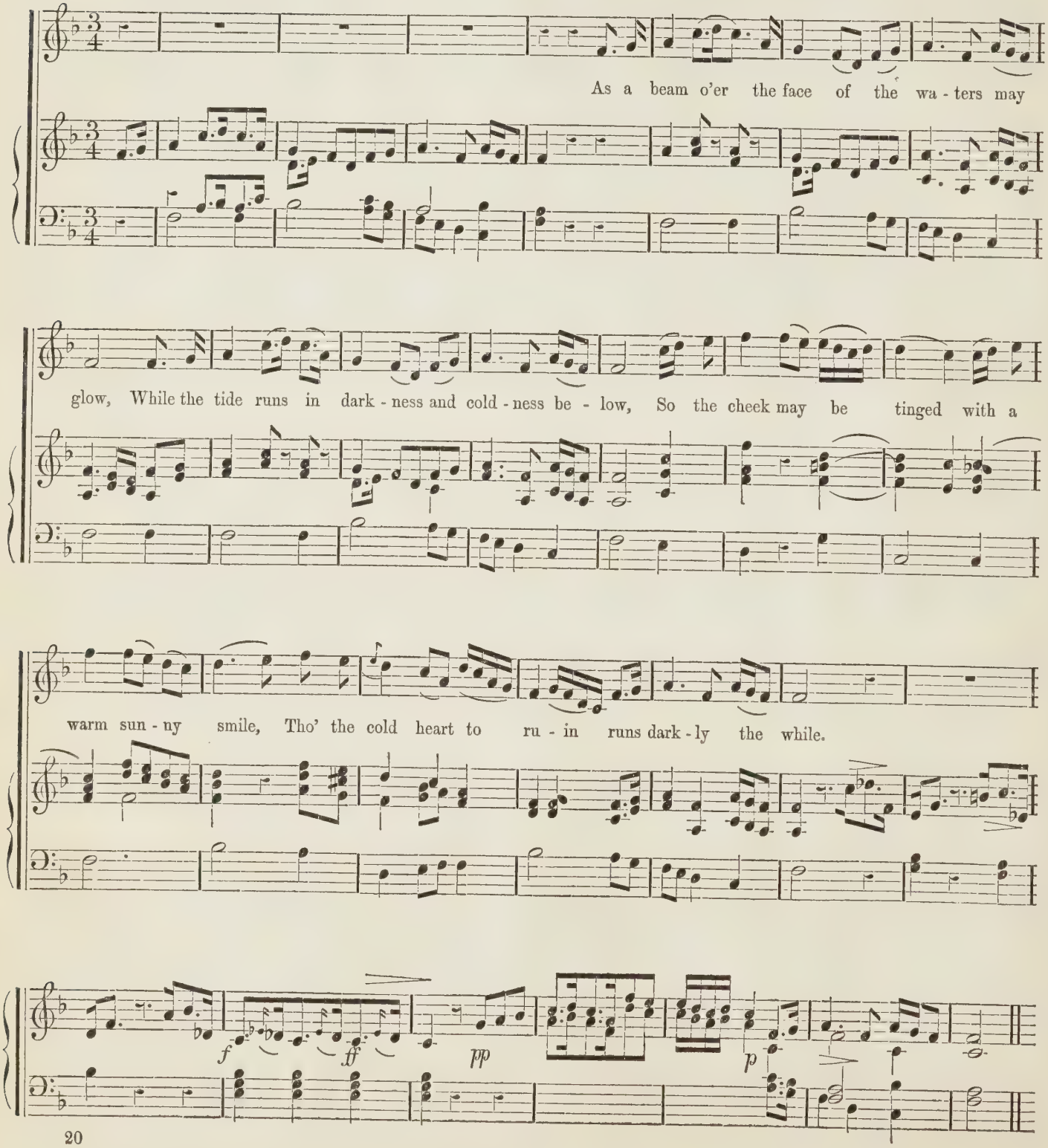
IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And bless'd for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

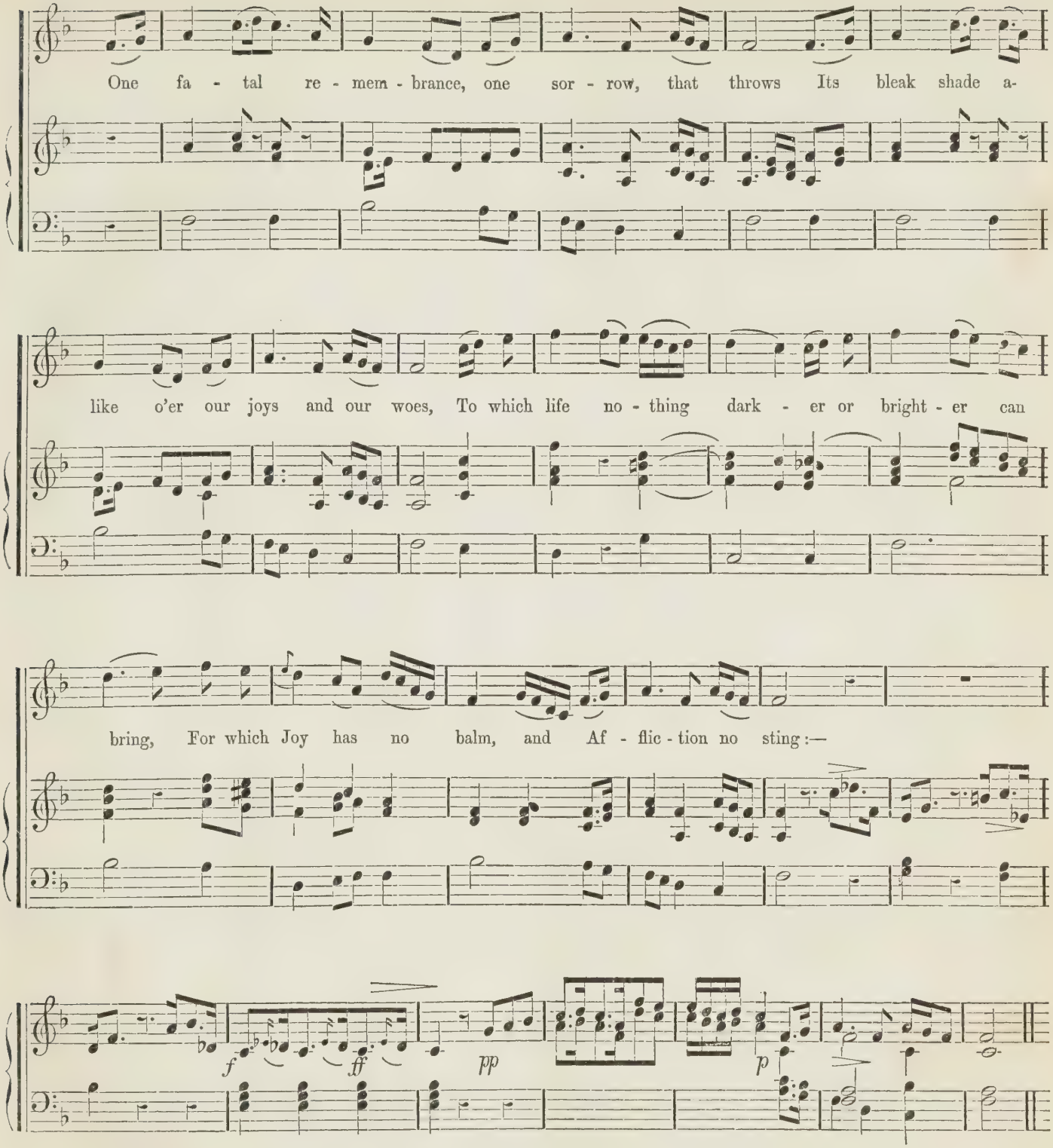
AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

Pensively.

AIR—THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.



2ND VERSE.



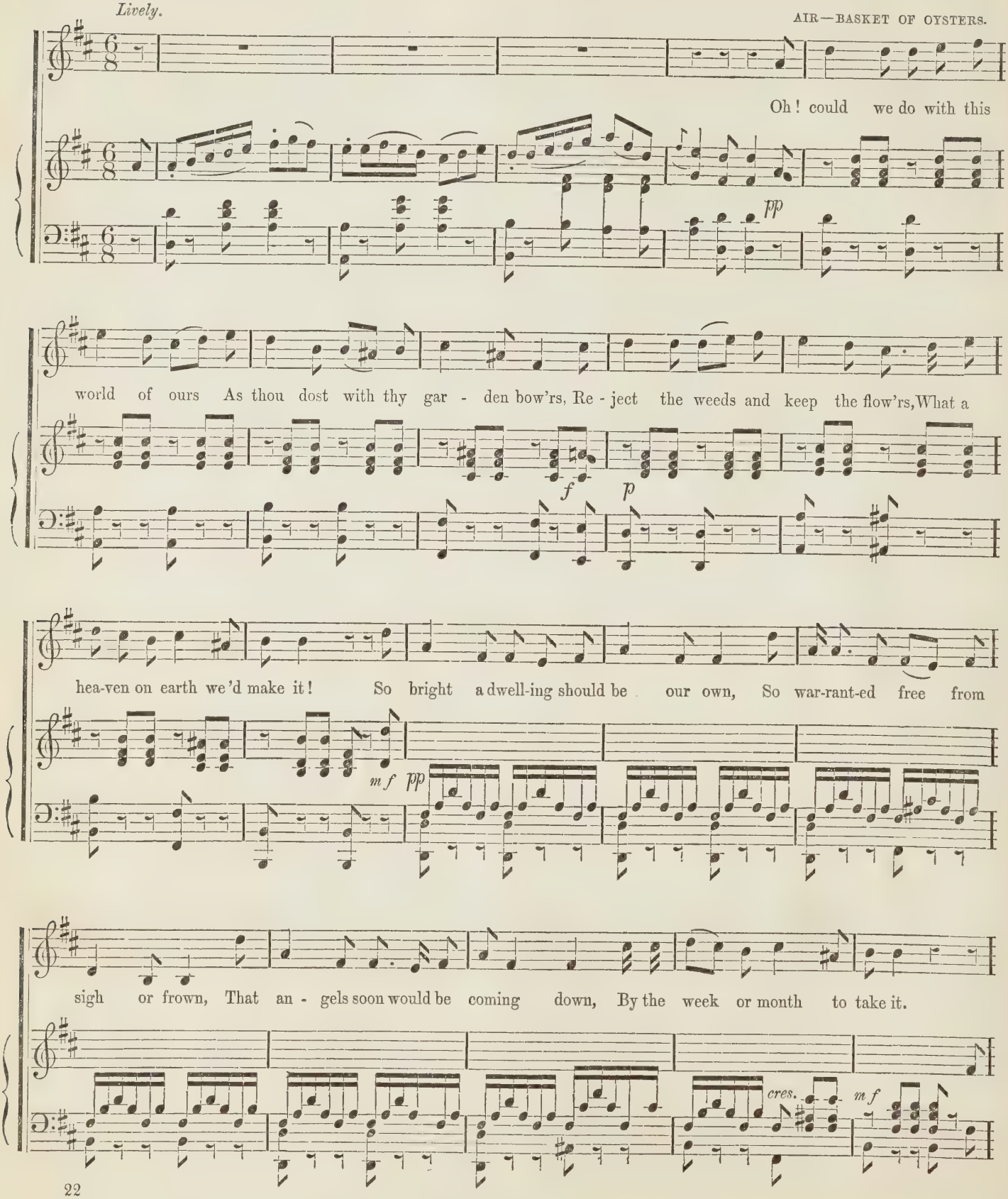
III.

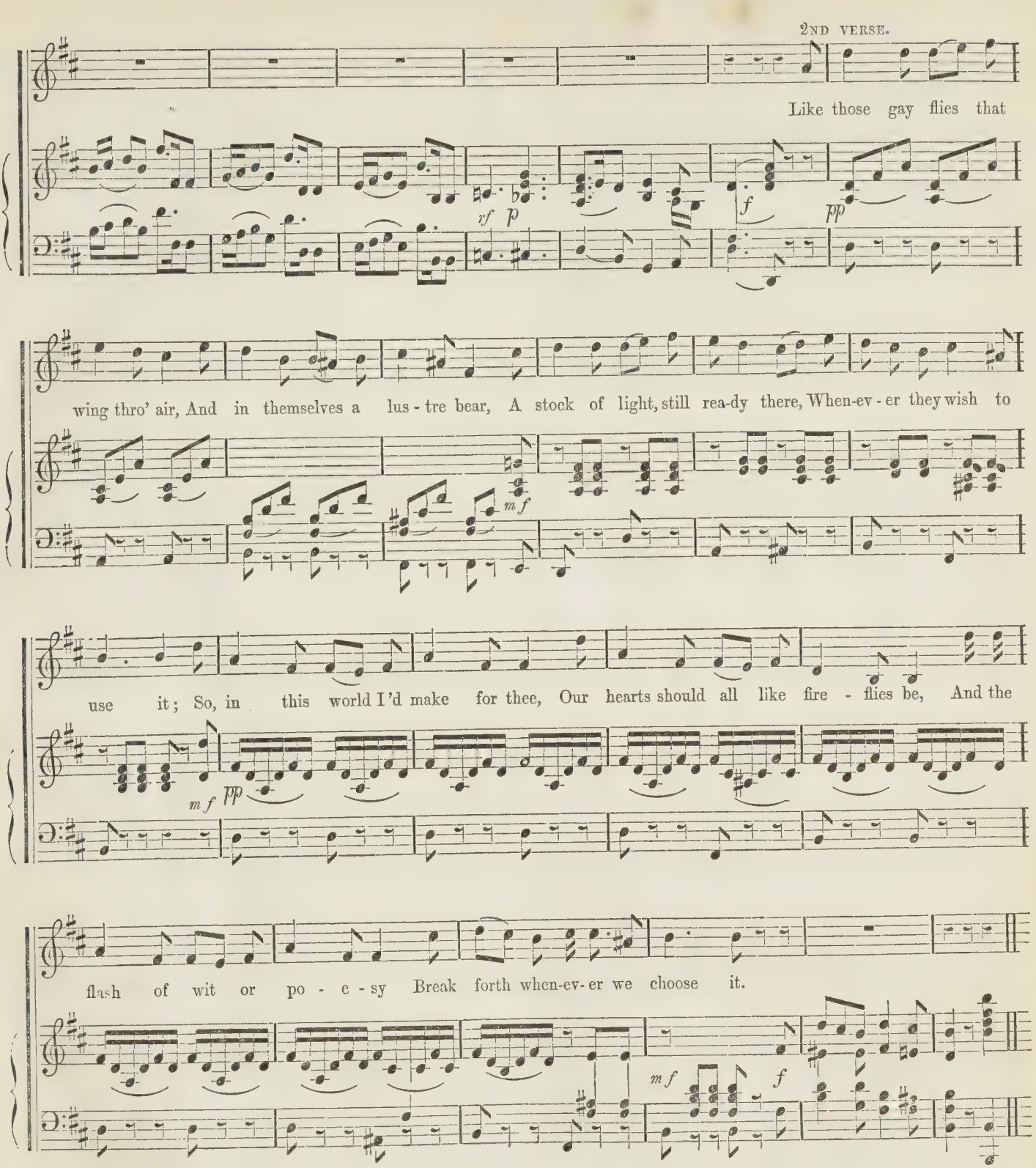
Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm Sun play round it in vain—
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

OH! COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

Lively.

AIR—BASKET OF OYSTERS.



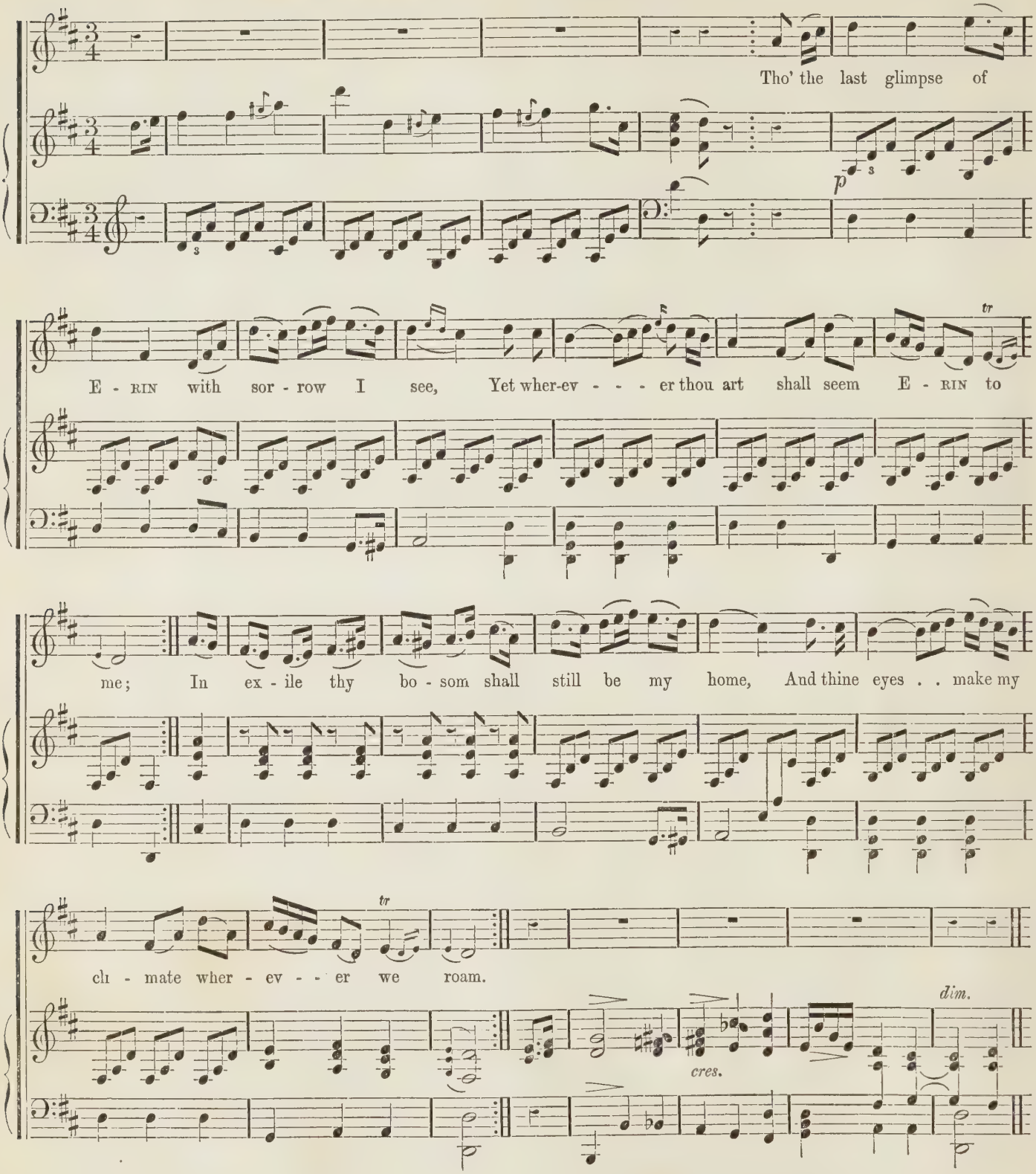


While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hov'ring near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
Such shadows will all be omitted:—

Unless they 're like that graceful one
Which, when thou 'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
Each spot where it hath flitted.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

Slow. AIR—COULIN.



II.

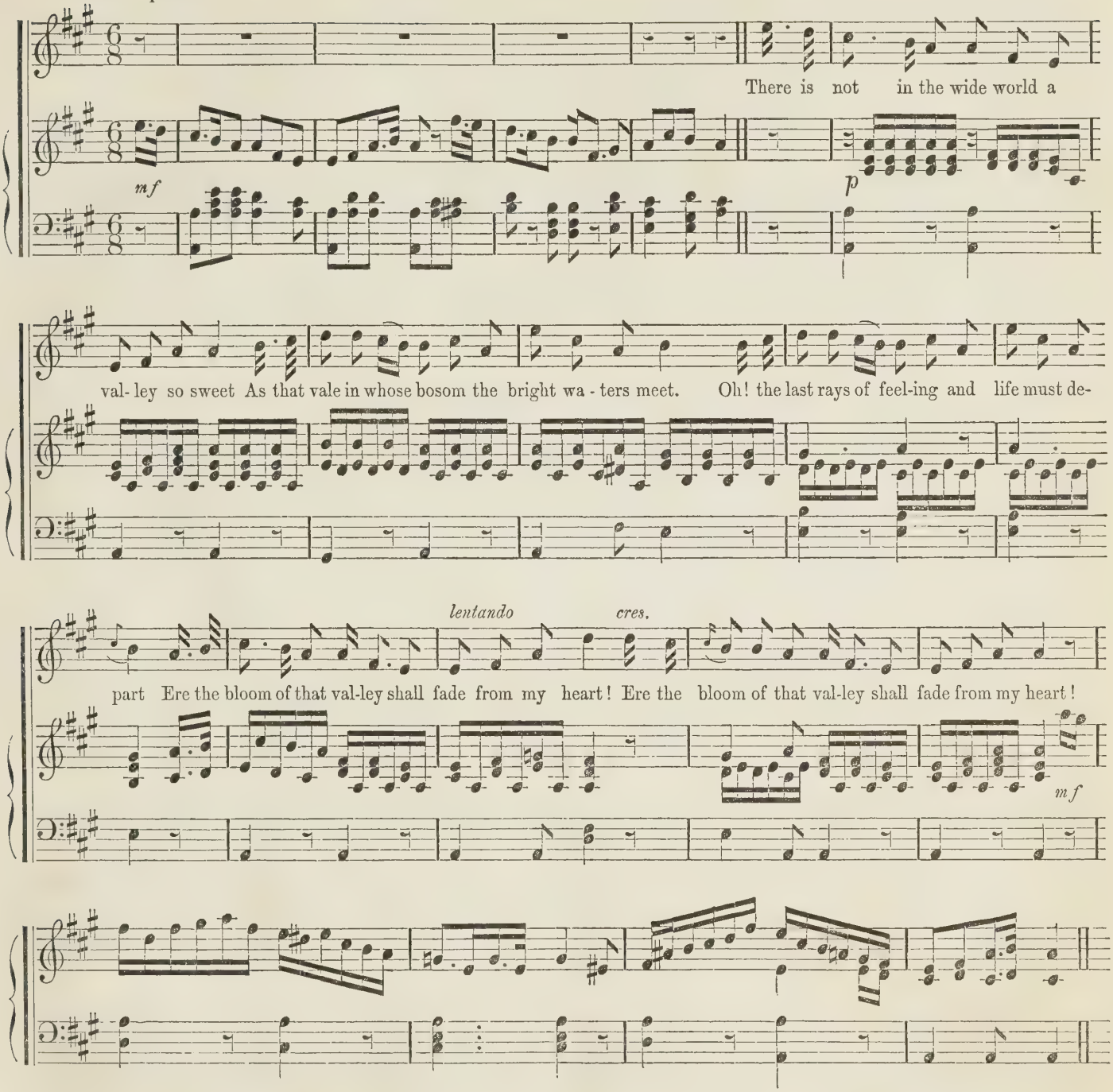
To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind:—

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

With expression. AIR—THE OLD HEAD OF DENIS.



II.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er tne scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still:—

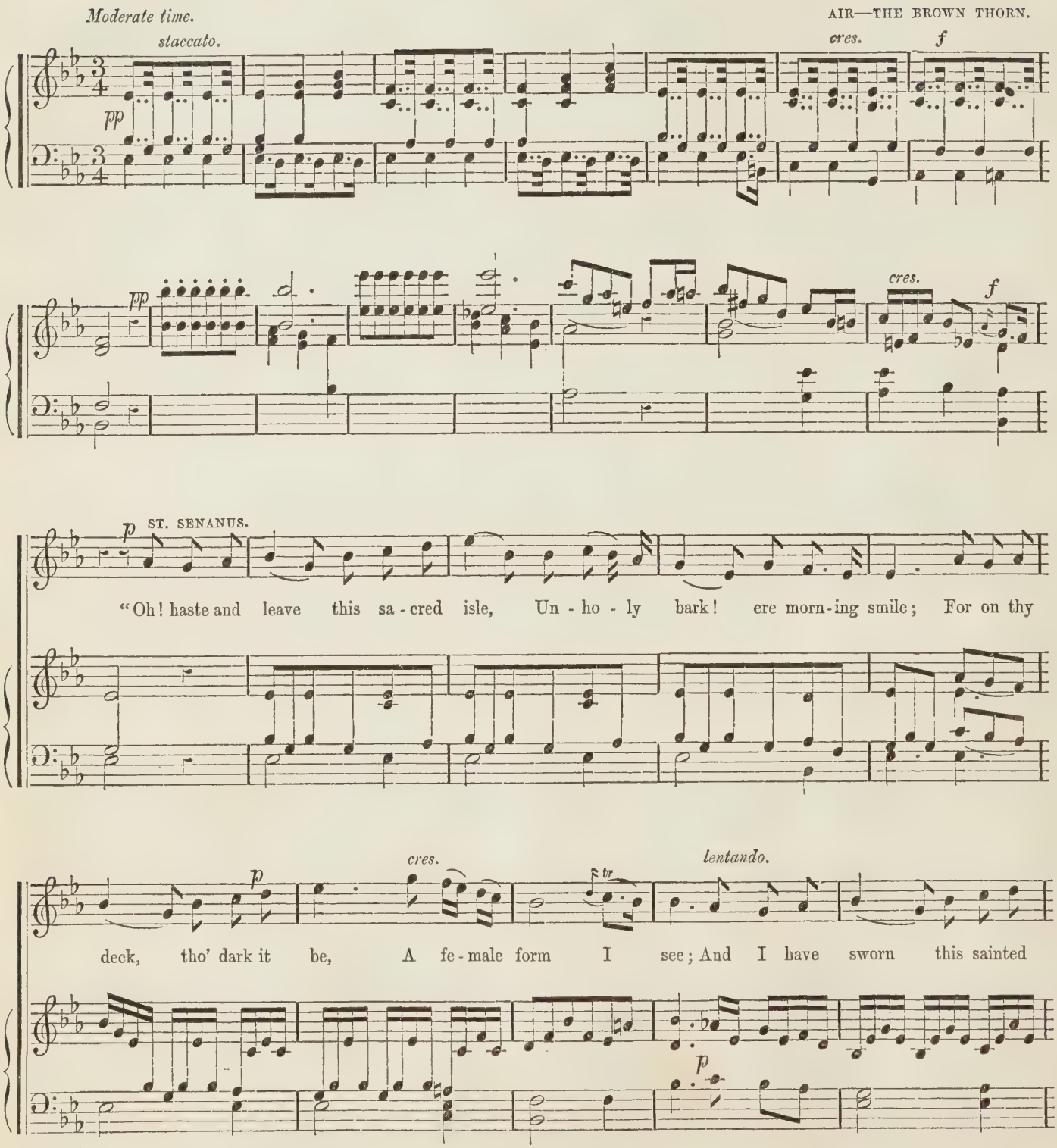
III.

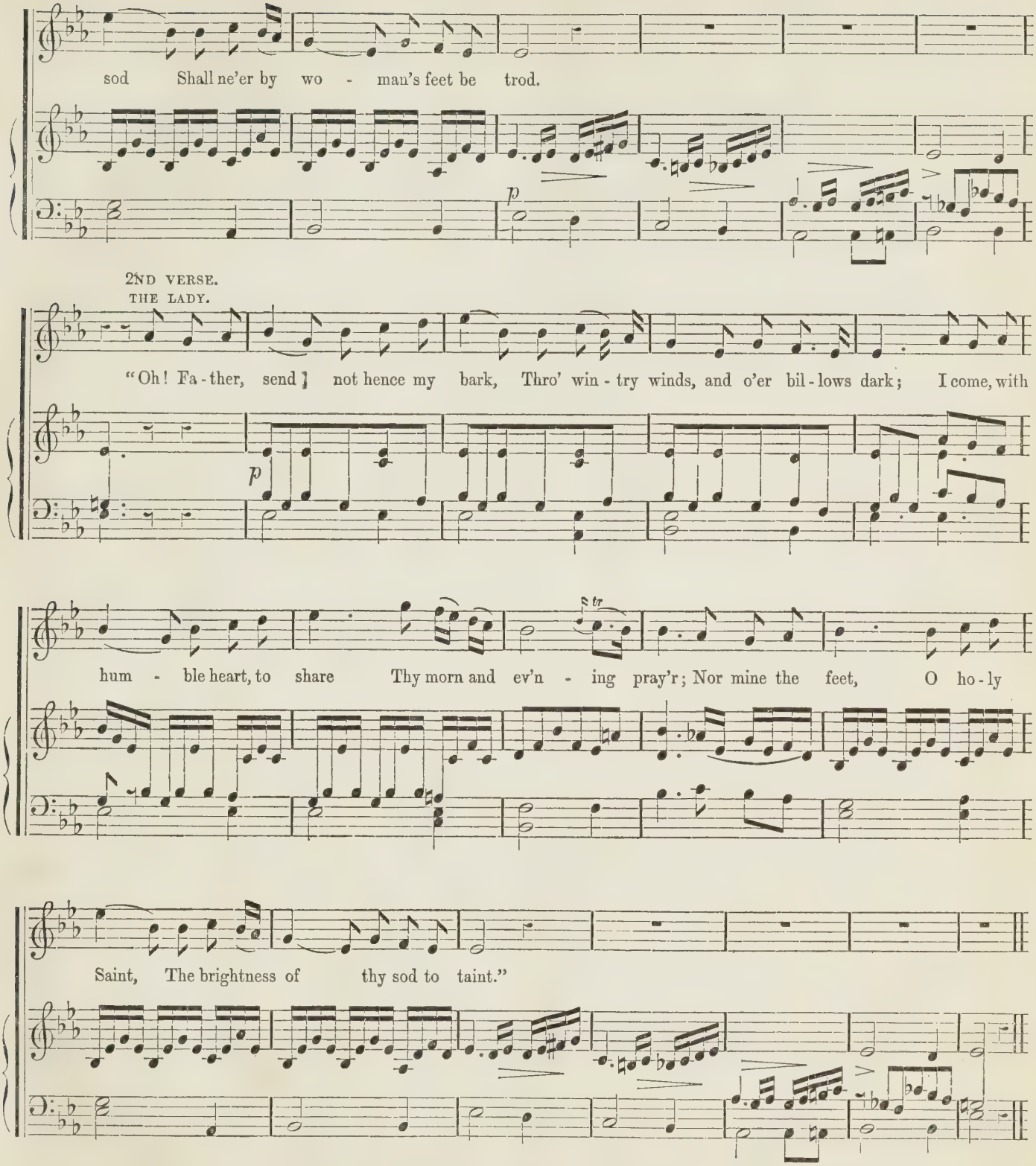
'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.



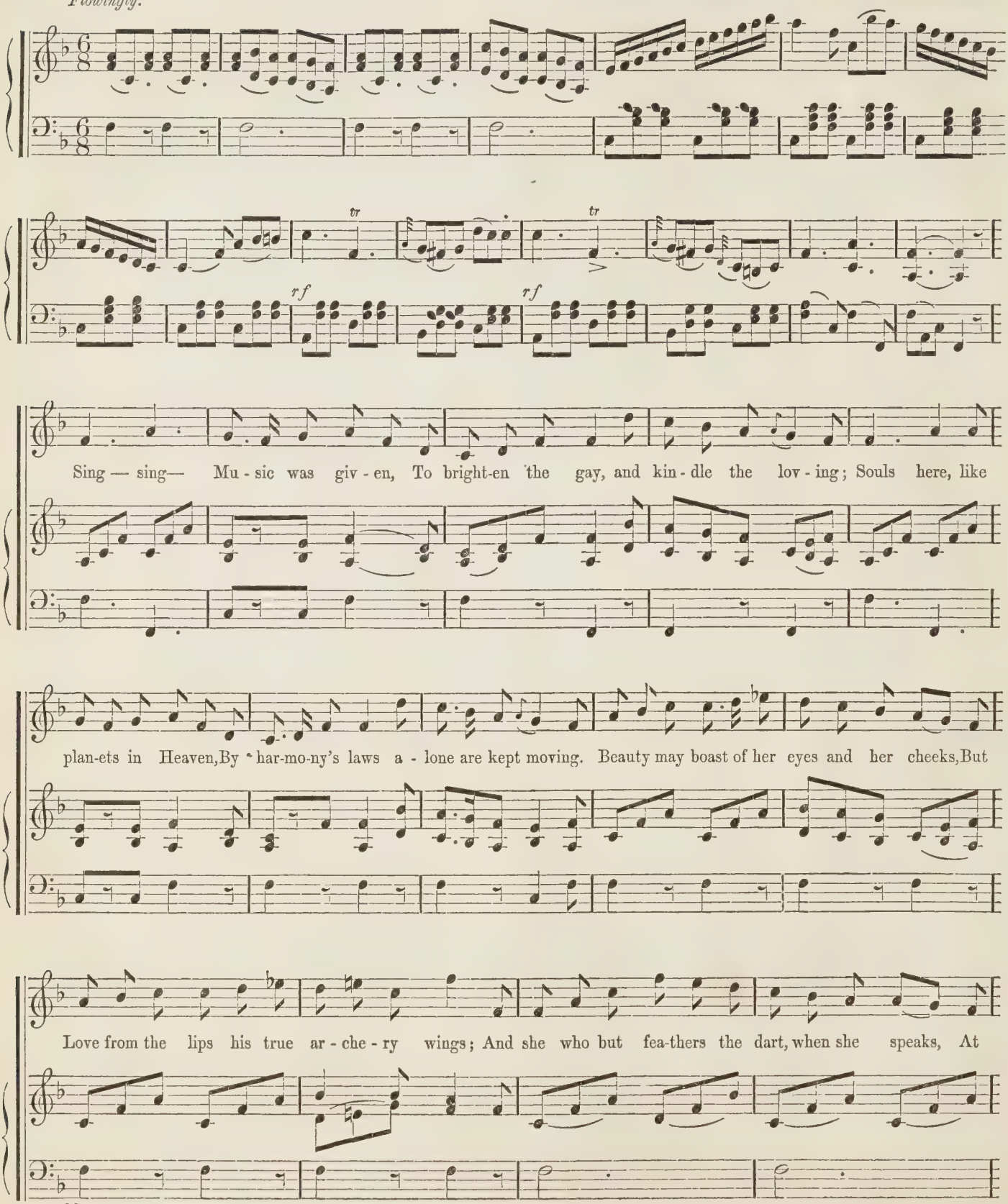


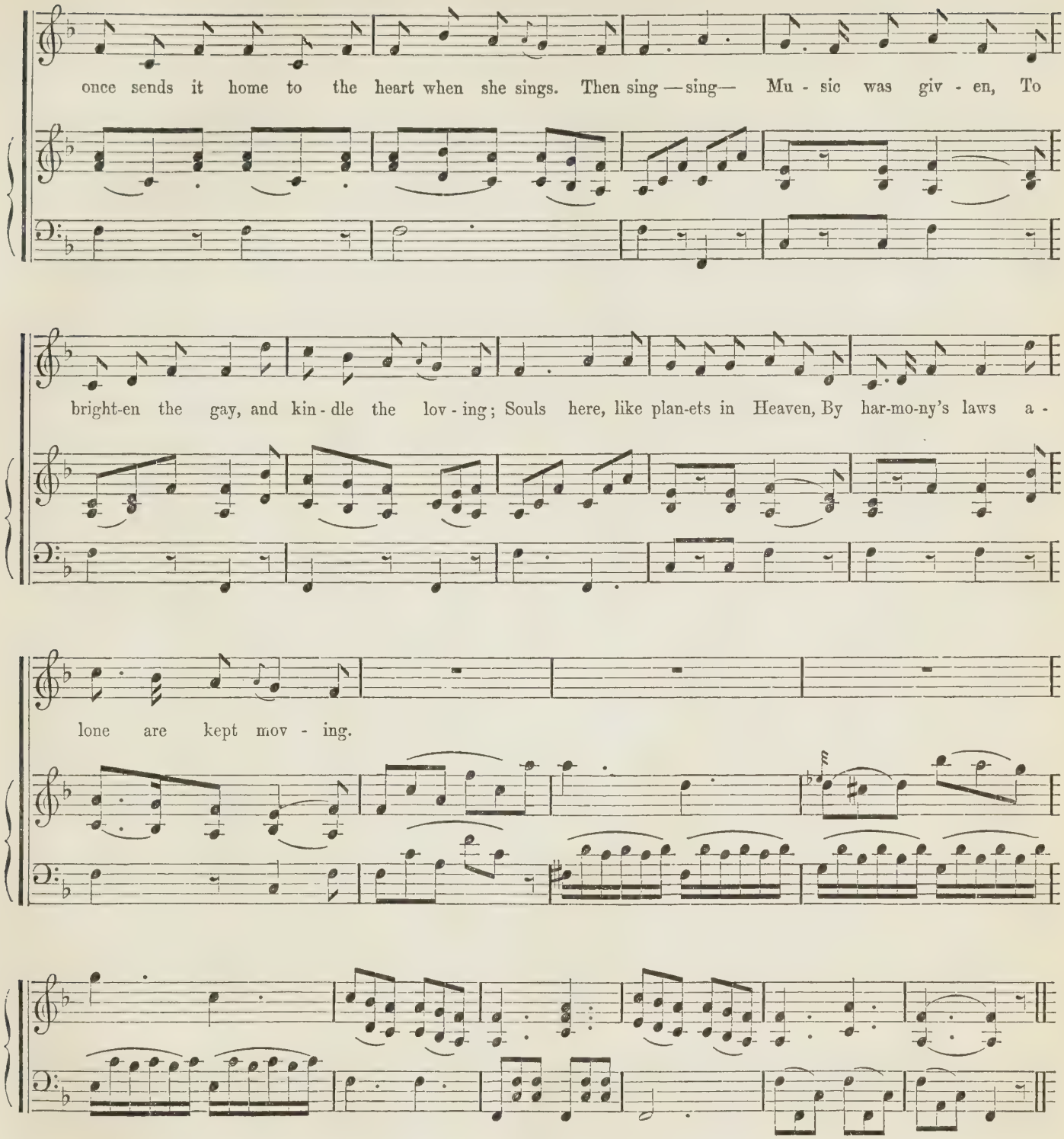
The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
The wind blew fresh, and the bark return'd;
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the Saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

Flowingly.

AIR—THE HUMOURS OF BALLAMAGUIRY; OR, THE OLD LANGOLEE.

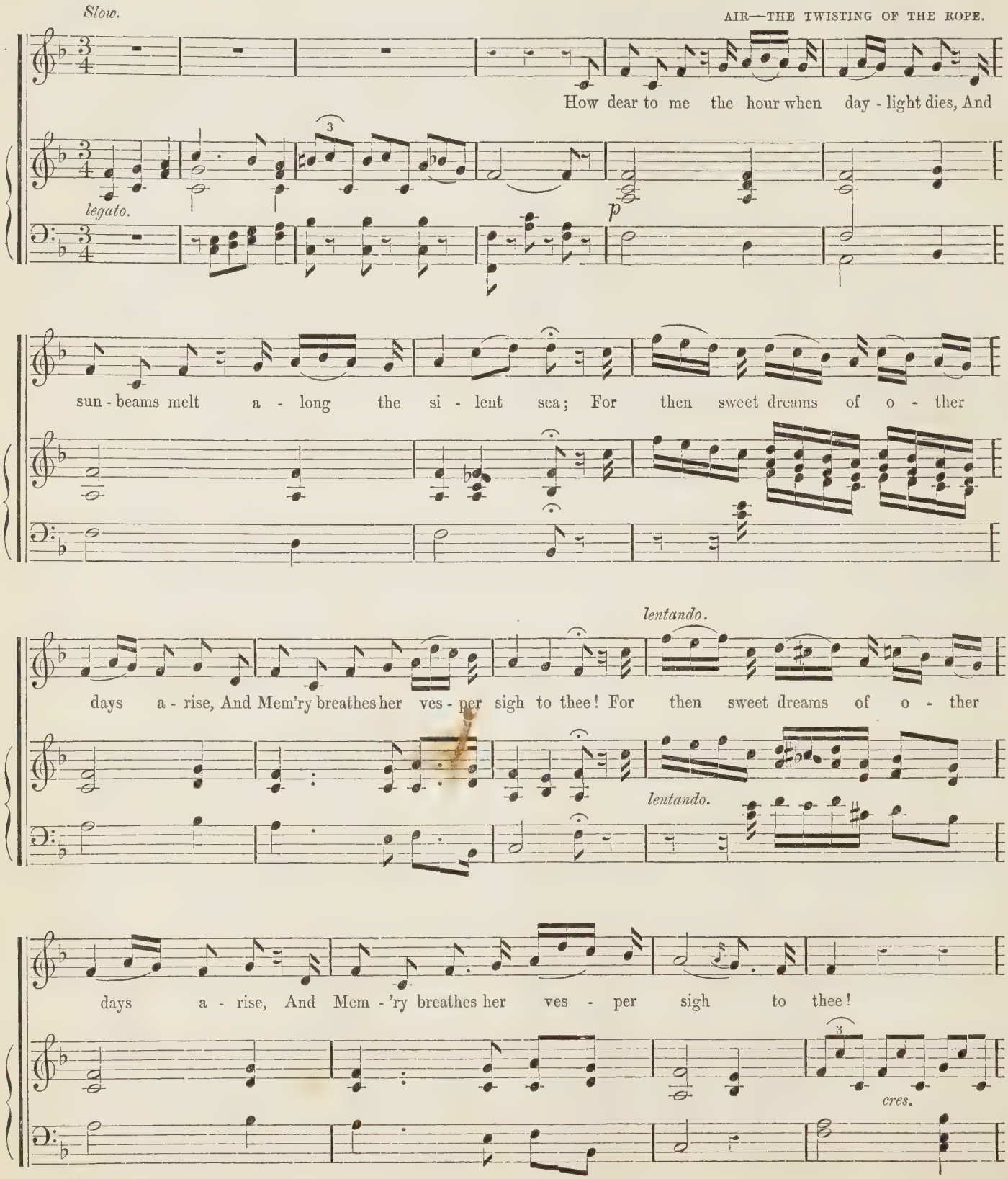




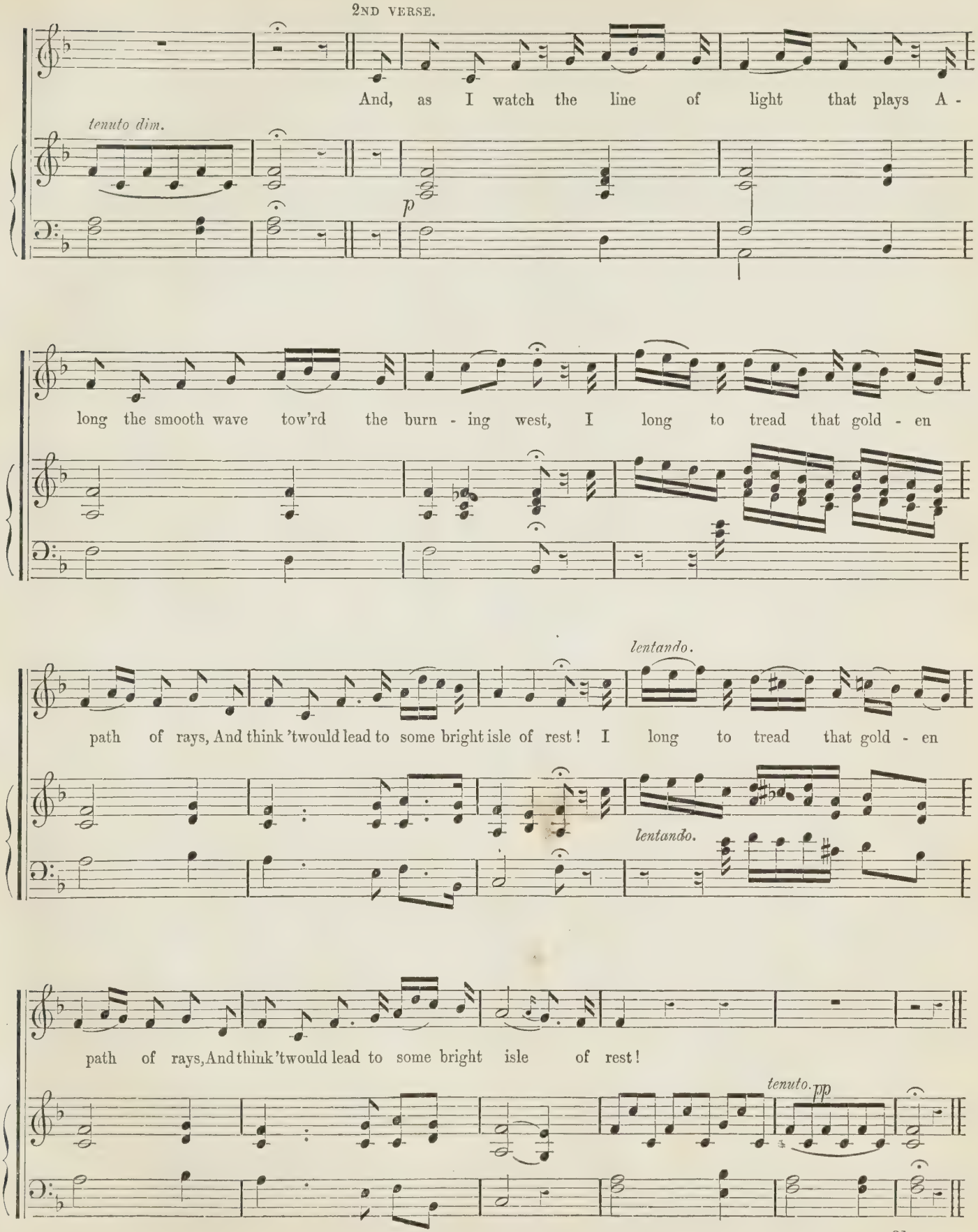
When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
Dreaming of music, he slumber'd the while,
Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,

And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
Then sing—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAY-LIGHT DIES.



2ND VERSE.


And, as I watch the line of light that plays A -
tenuto dim.
p
long the smooth wave tow'rd the burn - ing west, I long to tread that gold - en
lentando.
path of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest! I long to tread that gold - en
lentando.
path of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!
tenuto.
pp

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

[WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.]

With feeling. AIR—DERMOTT.

mf

p

Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - writ - ten still; Some hand, more

lentando.

calm and sage, The leaf must fill. Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as ev'n

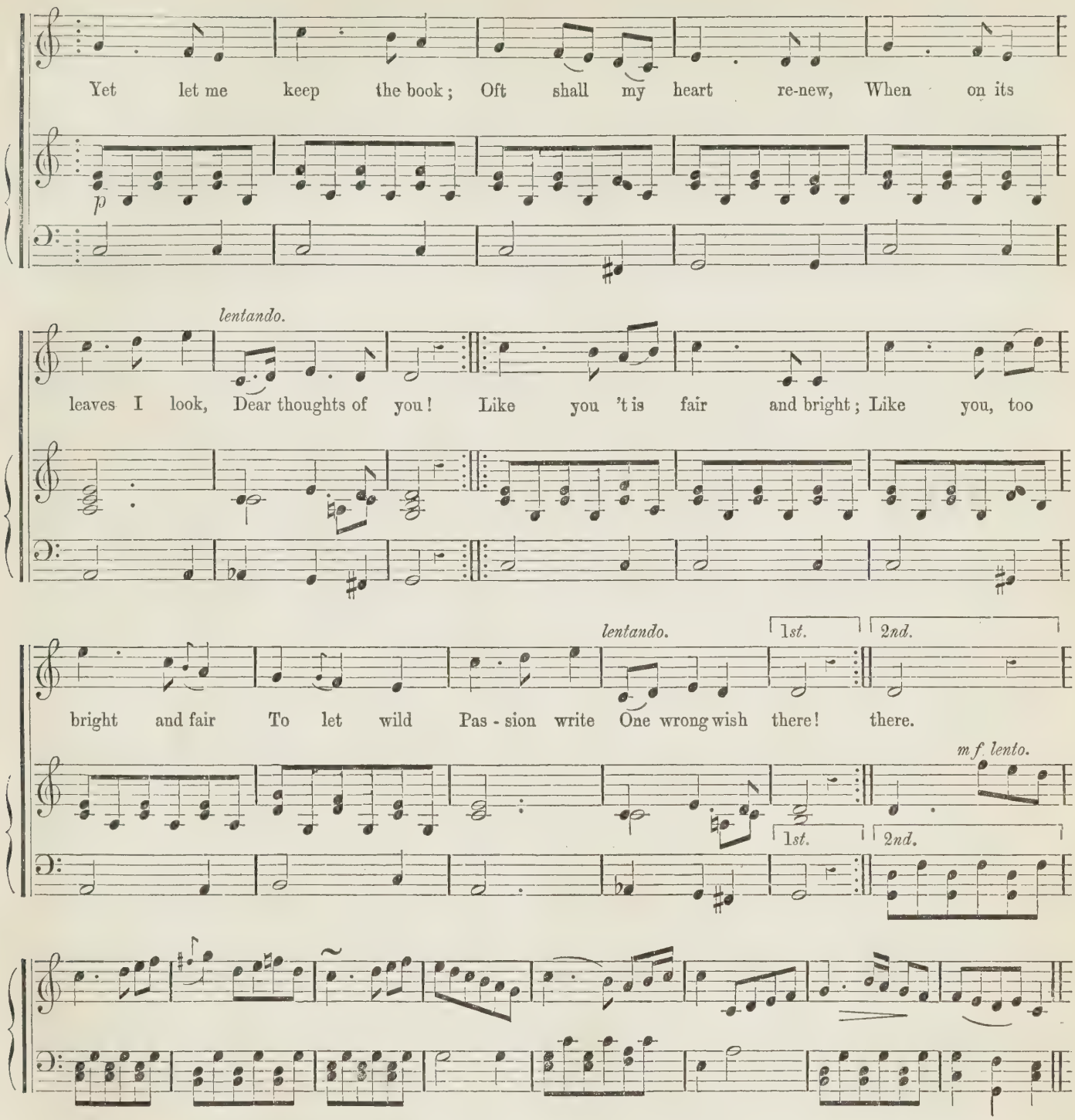
lentando. 1st. 2nd.

you re-quire; But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

mf lento.

1st. 2nd.

2ND VERSE.

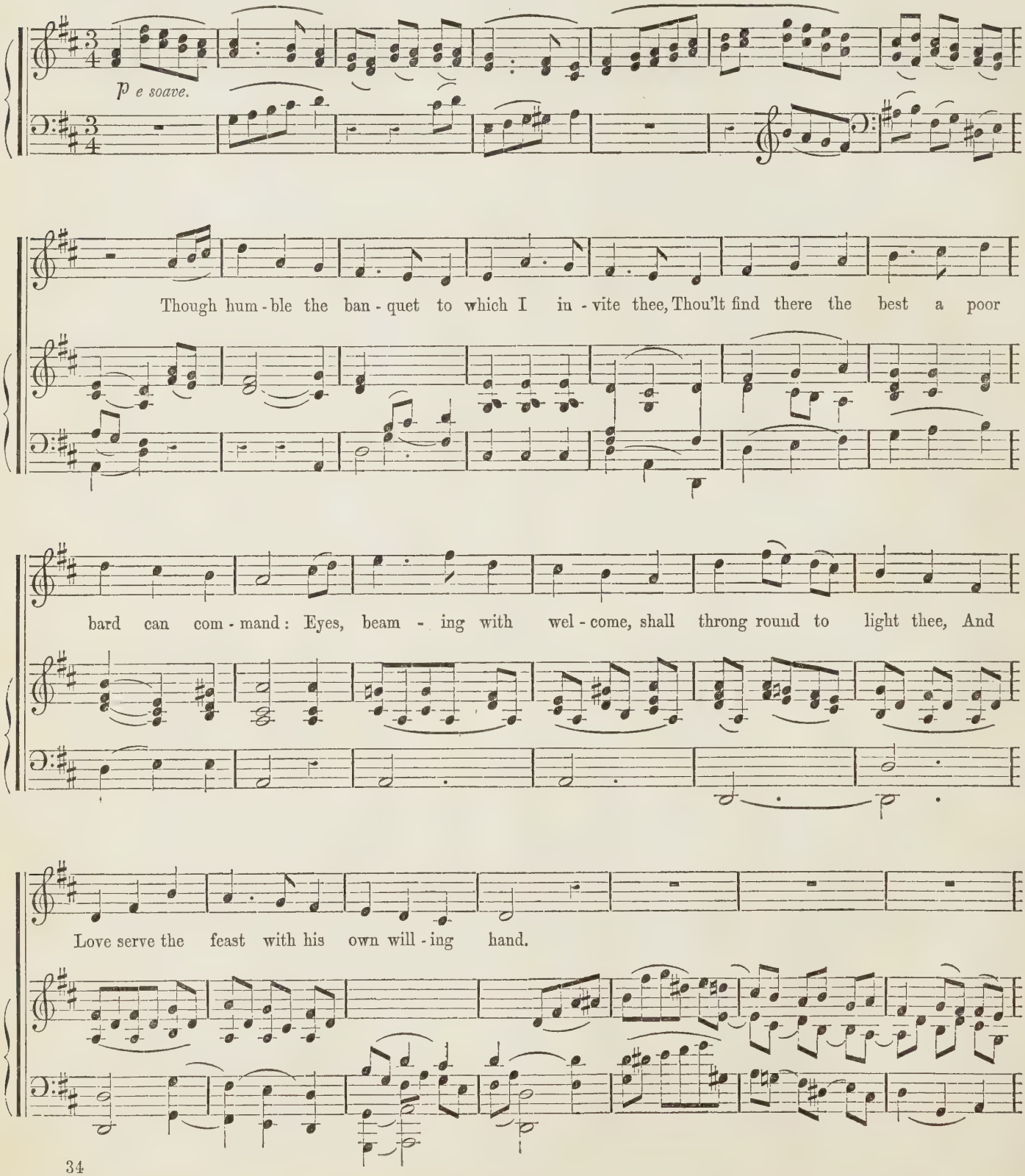


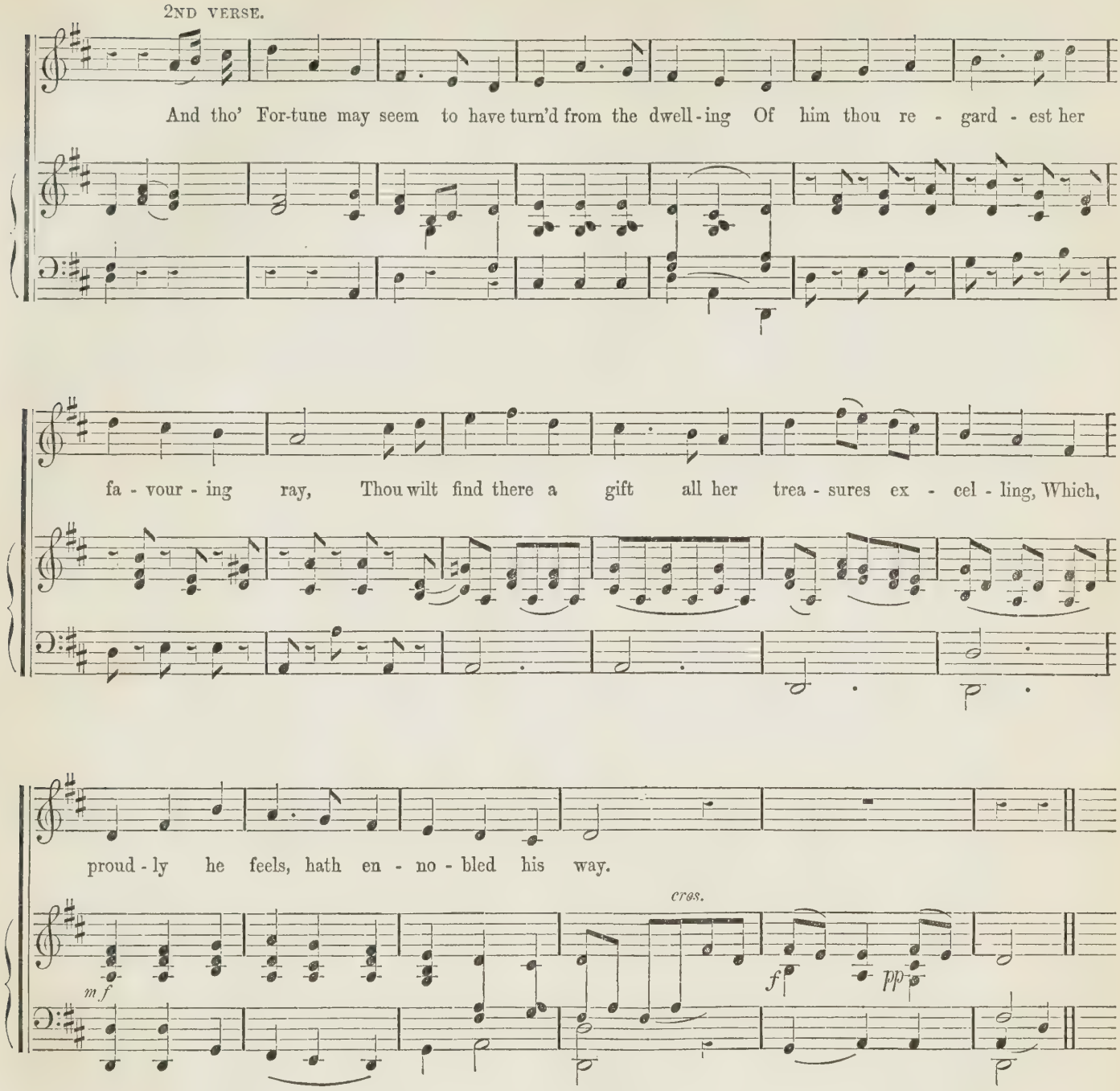
Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rds you and home,
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet;
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet!

And, as the records are,
Which wand'ring seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star
Through winter's deep;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way!

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

In moderate time and with spirit. AIR—FAREWELL, EAMON.





III.

'T is that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves;
Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,
Holds upward its course to the light which it loves.

IV.

'T is this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
And, with this, though of all other treasures bereaved,
The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received.

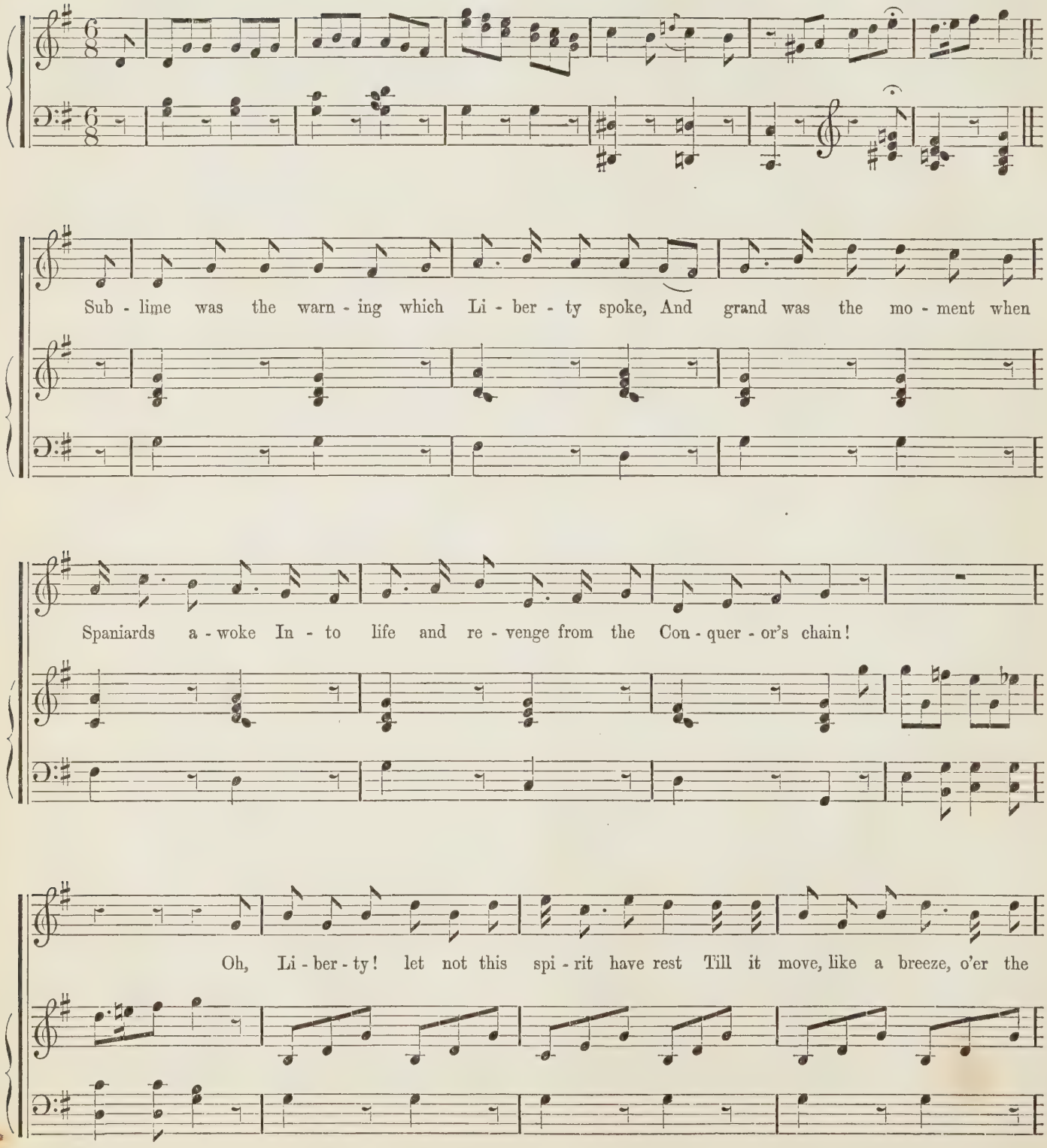
V.

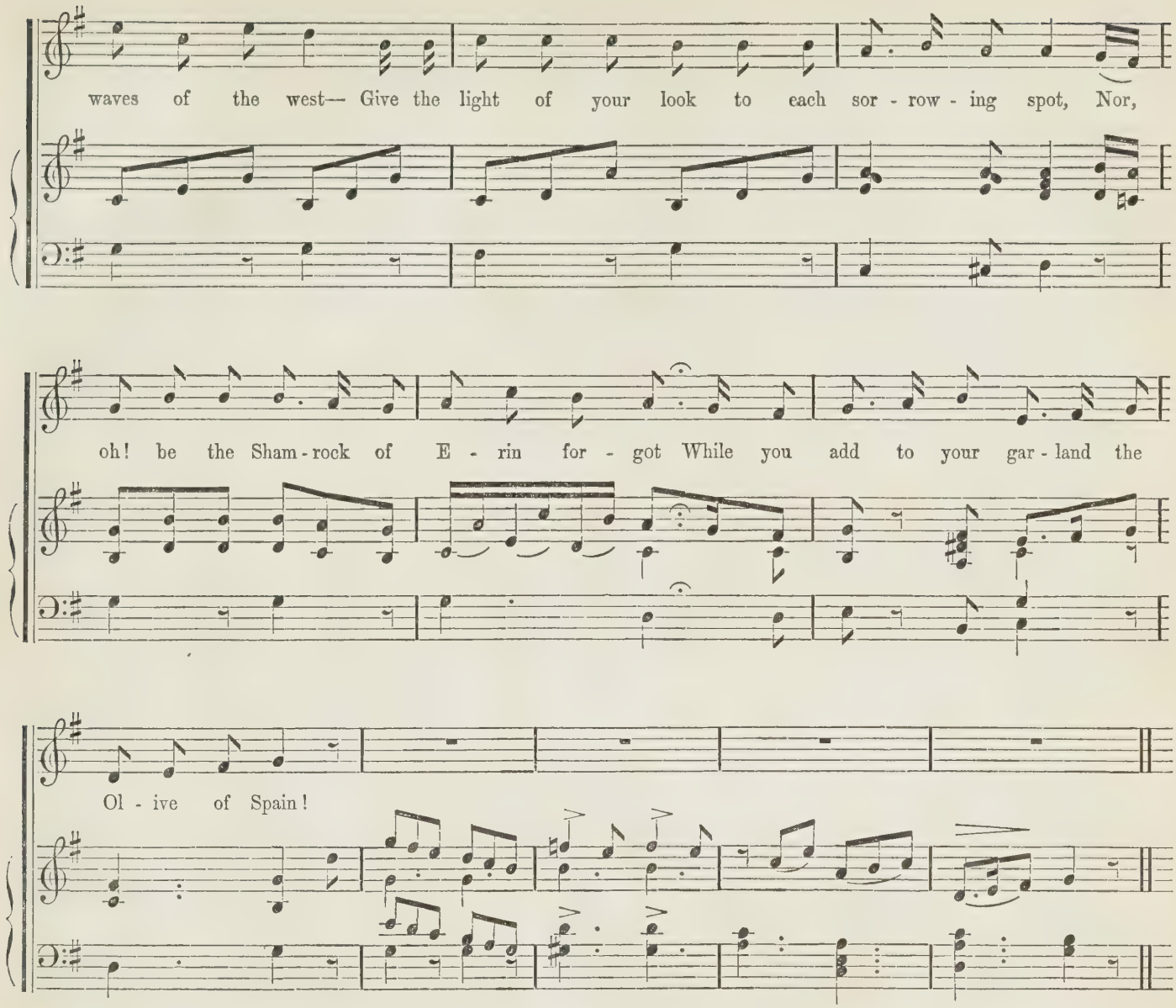
Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
And there 's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING WHICH LIBERTY SPOKE.

With spirit.

AIR—THE BLACK JOKE.





II.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm and to home its delights;
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain;
Then, ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same—
And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into Victory's breath
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

III.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Breathe a hope that the magical flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
And forgive even Albion, while, blushing, she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

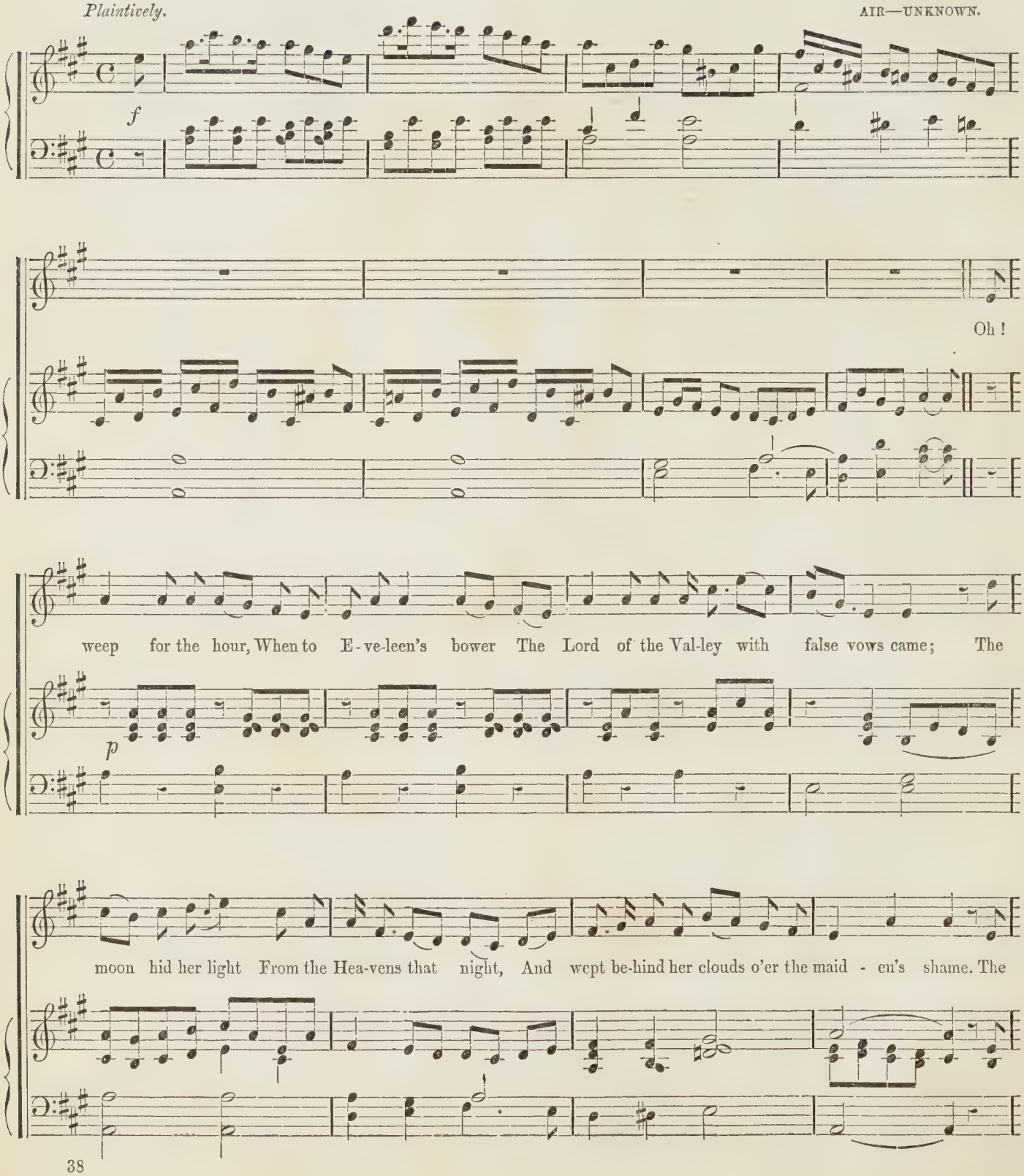
IV.

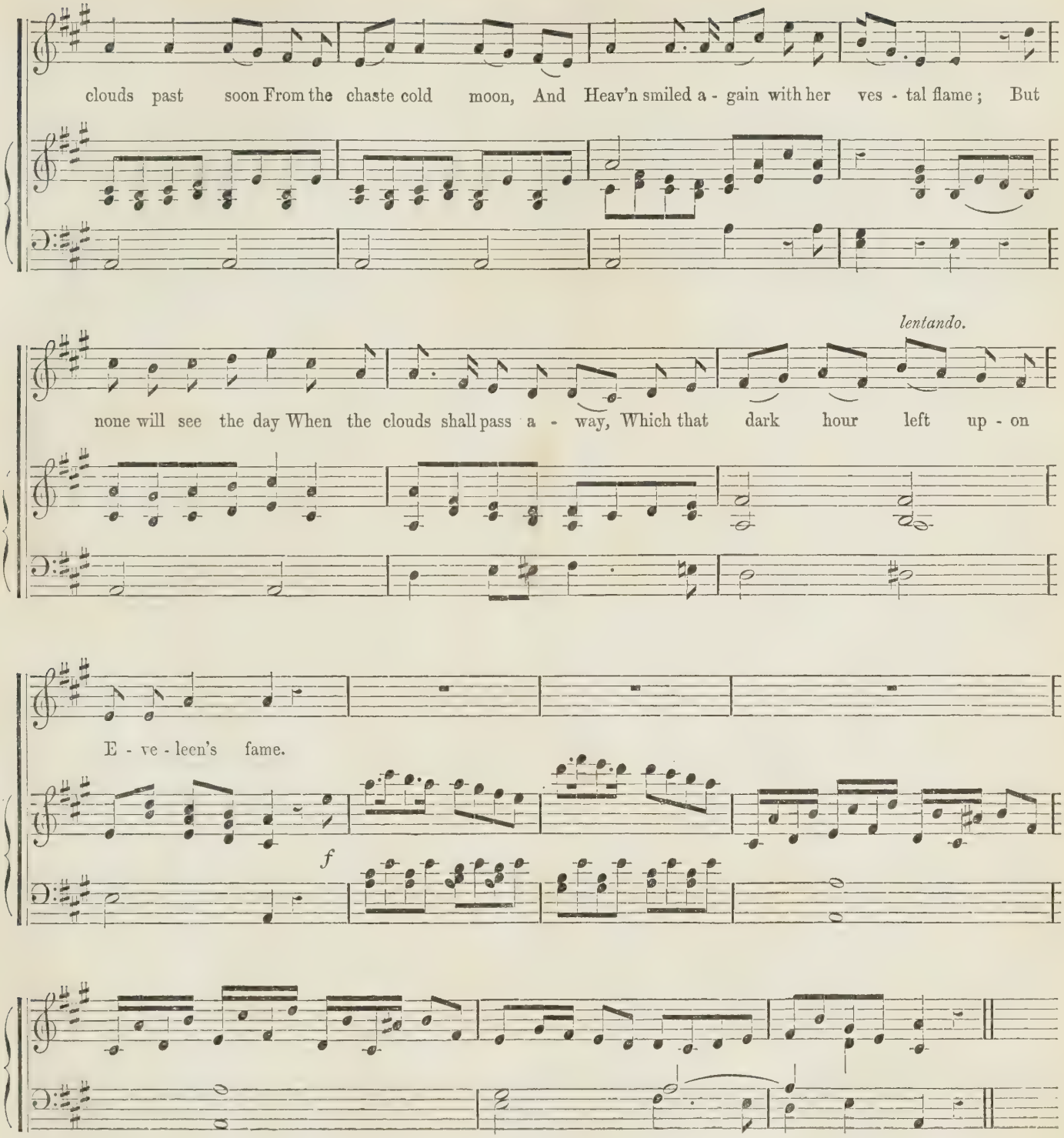
God prosper the cause!—Oh! it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain:
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Plaintively.

AIR—UNKNOWN.



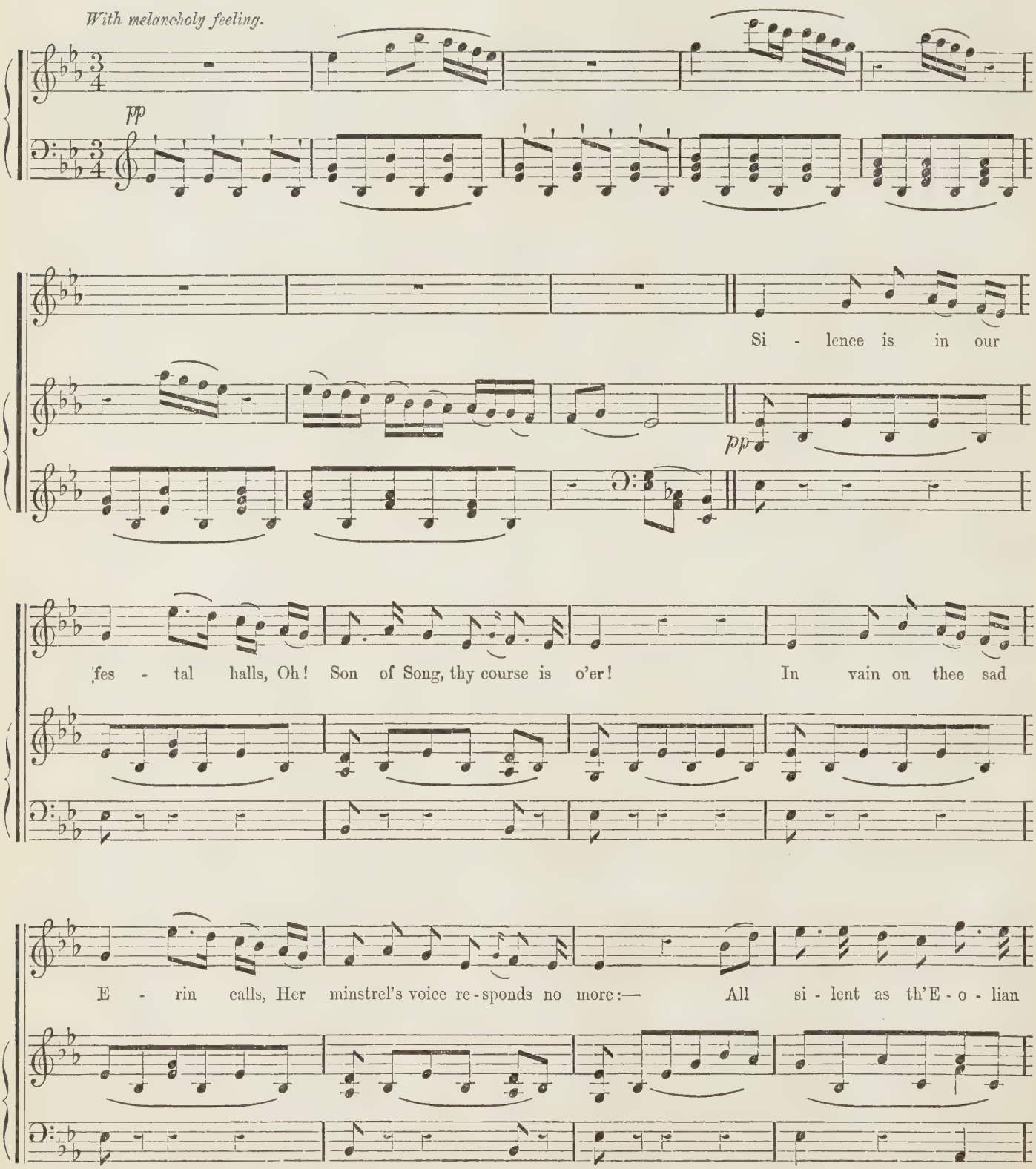


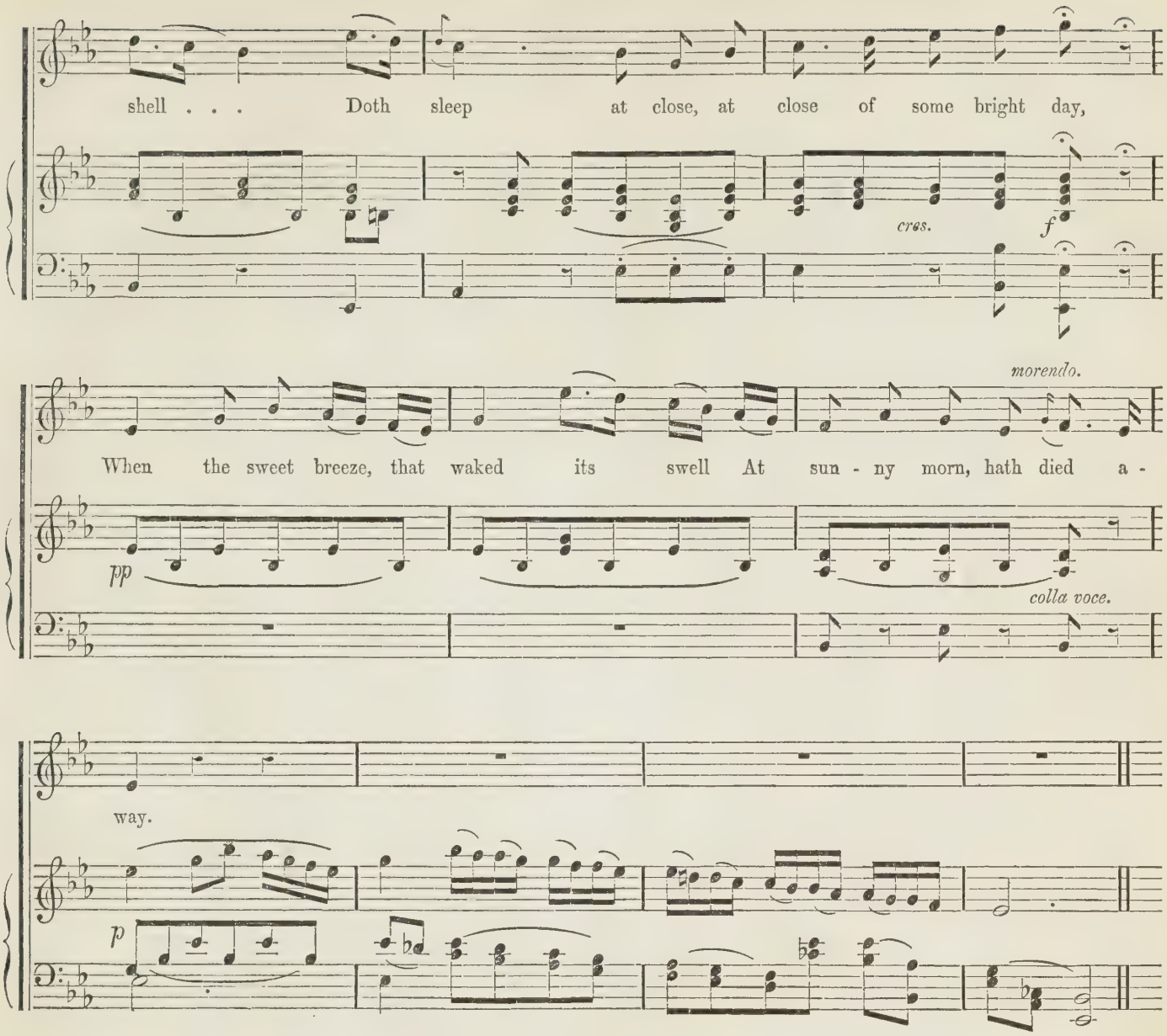
The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
Where the Lord of the Valley crost over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there 's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.

AIR—THE GREEN WOODS OF TRUIGHA.





II.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,
Awaked by music's spell, shall rise;
For, name so link'd with deathless song
Partakes its charm and never dies:
And ev'n within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.

III.

But, where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when, by thy side,
He, who now weaves this parting lay,
His skilless voice with thine allied;
And sung those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

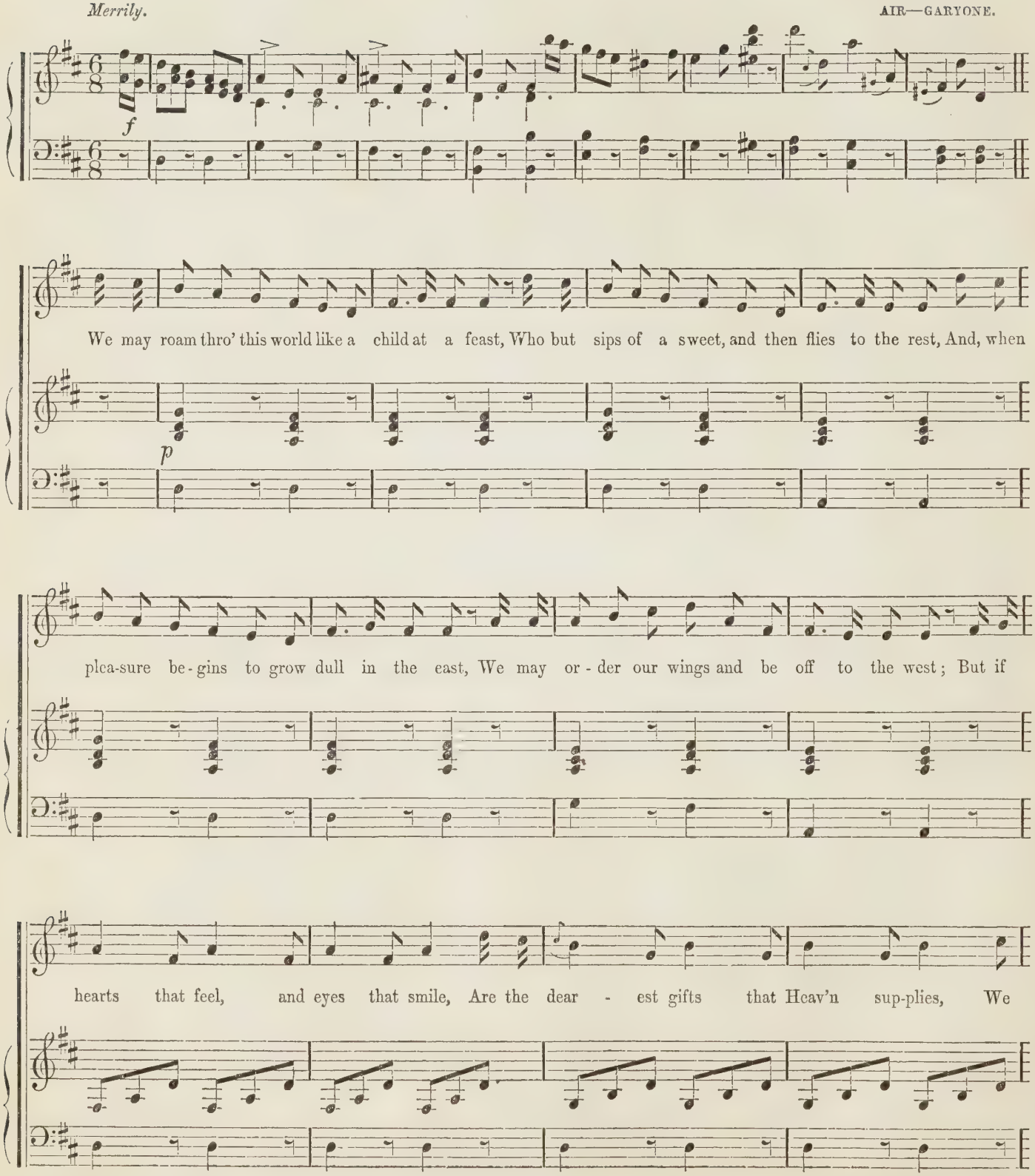
IV.

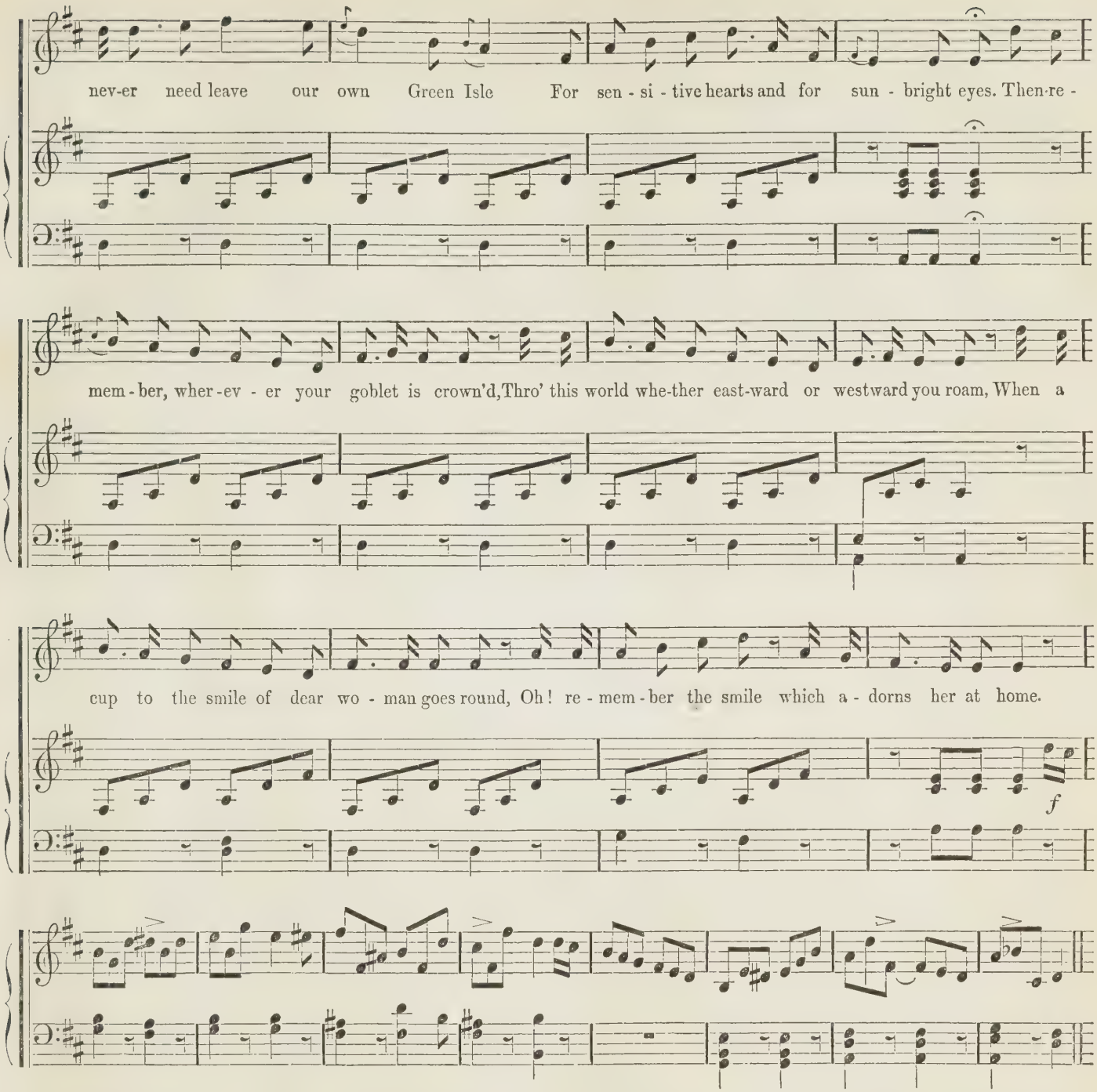
Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame—
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As ev'ning closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

Merrily.

AIR—GARYONE.





II.

In England the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, placed within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd, after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flow'rs of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

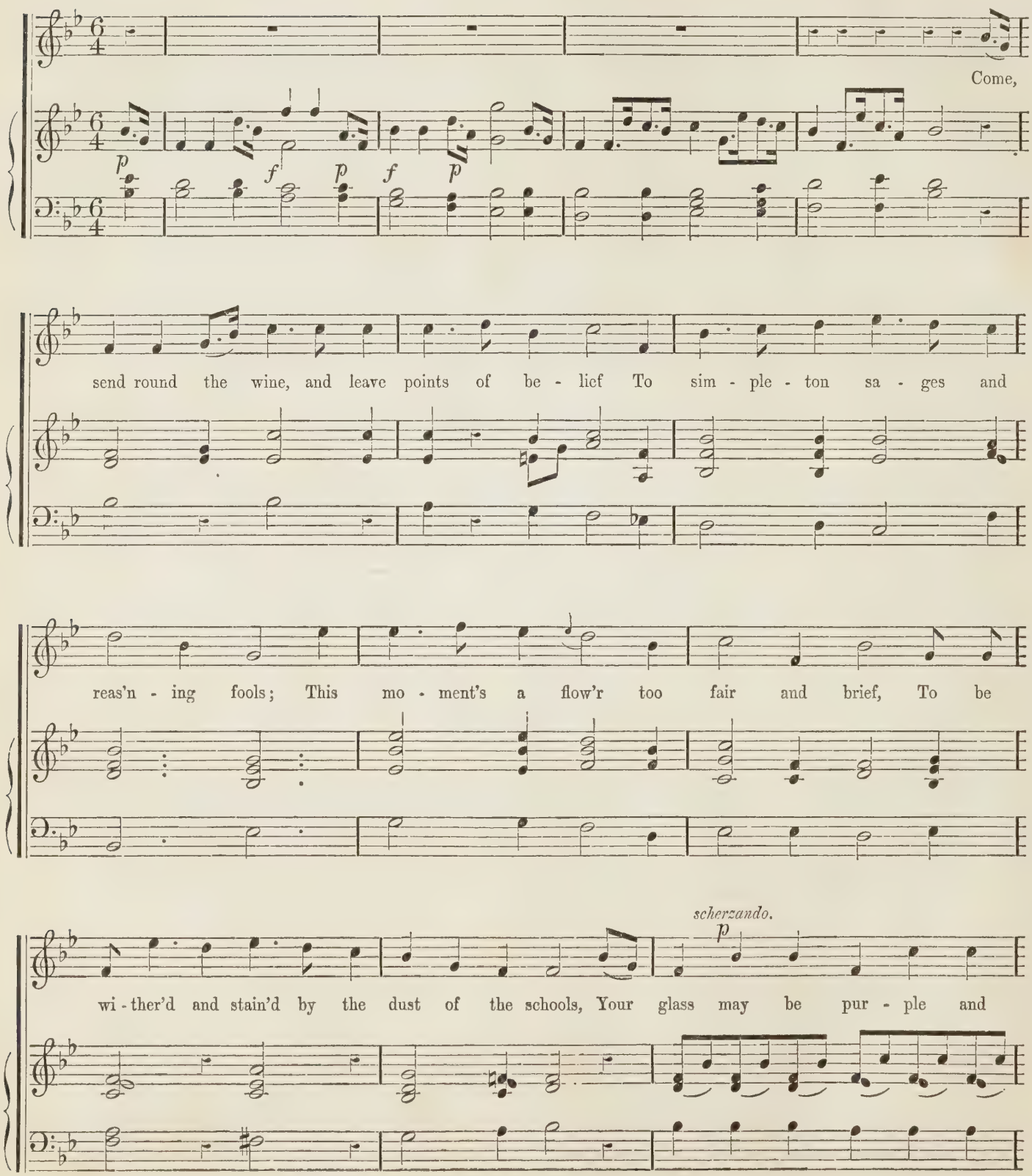
III.

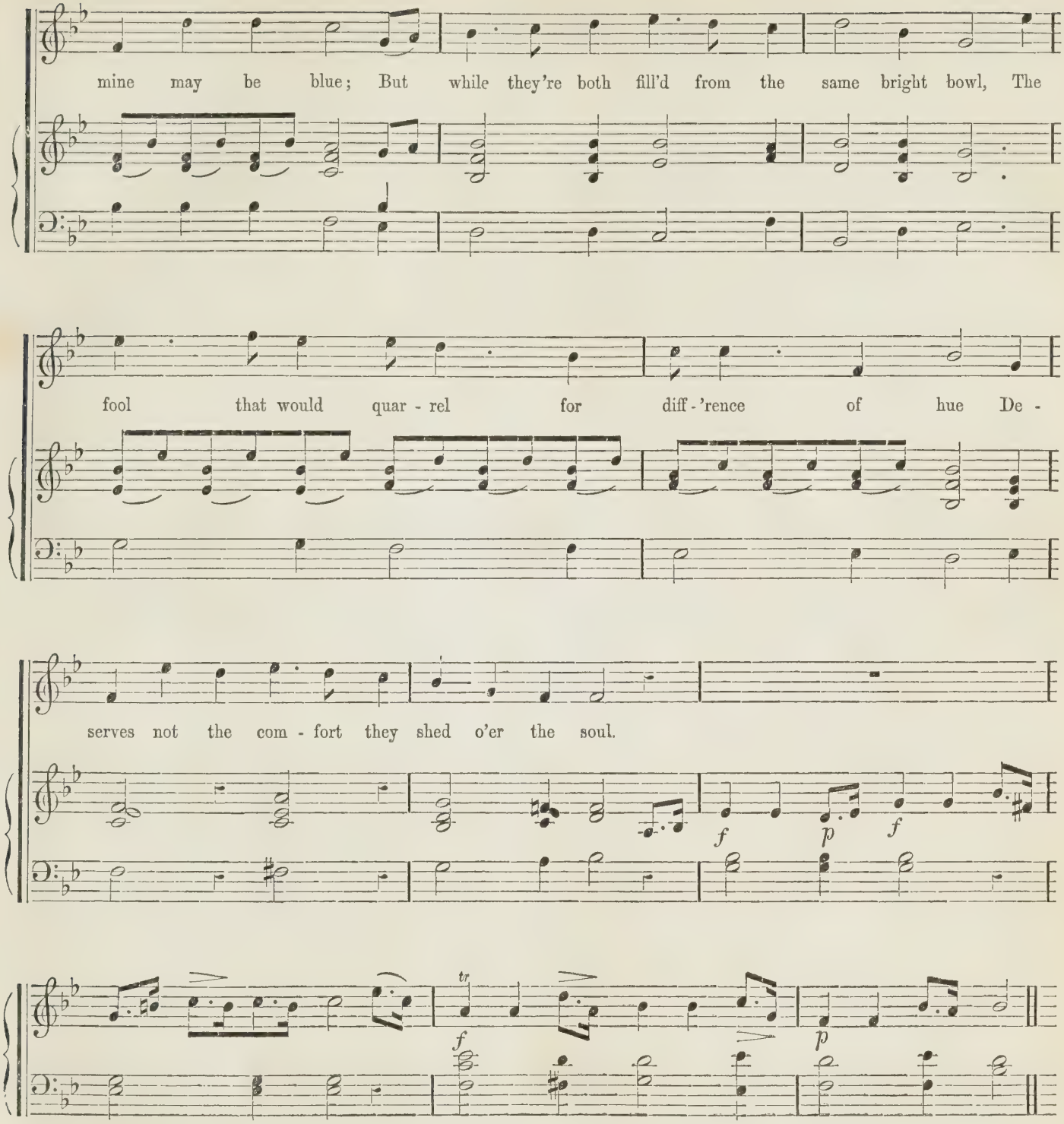
In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye!
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Thro' billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Spirited.

AIR—WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US.



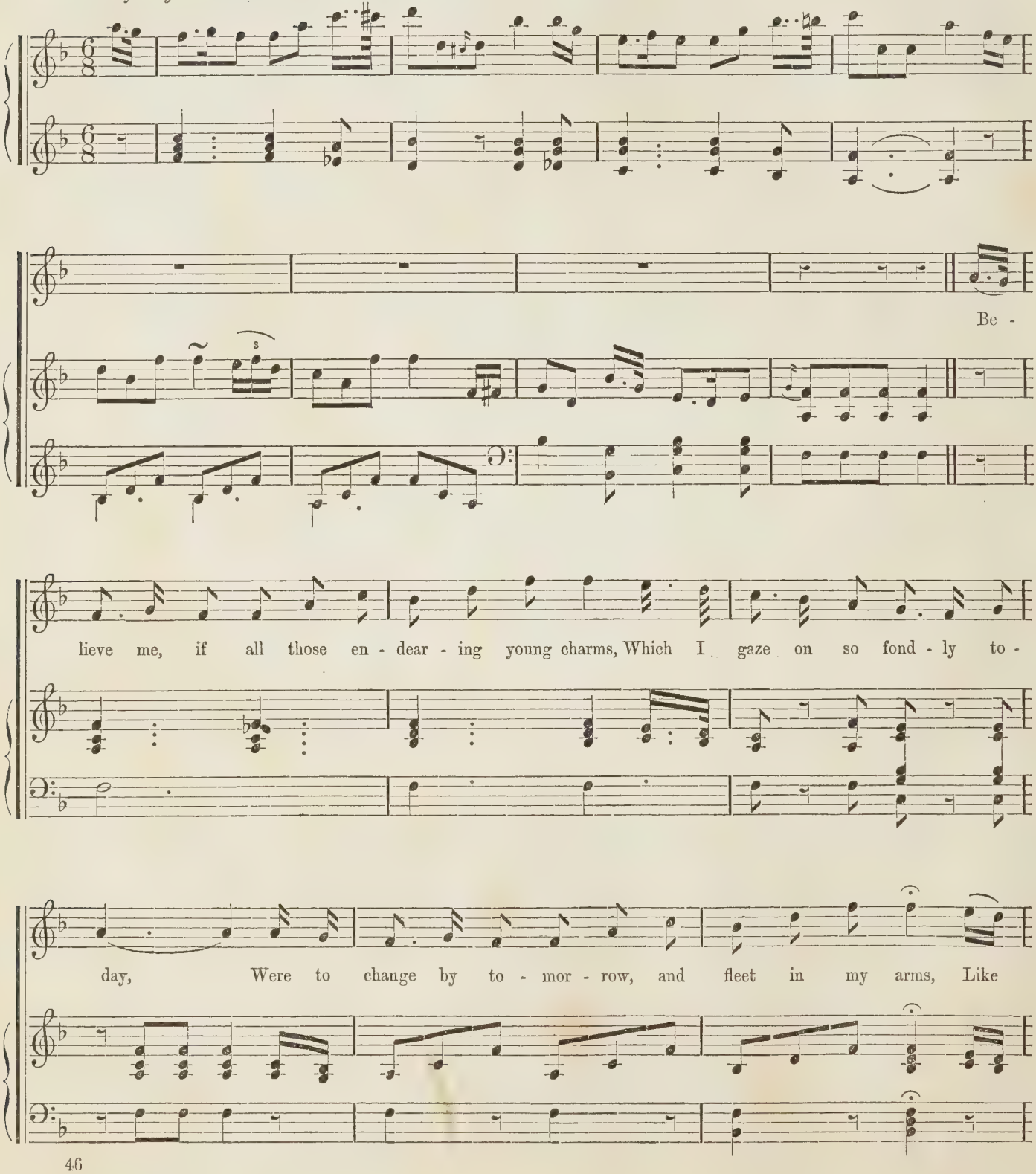


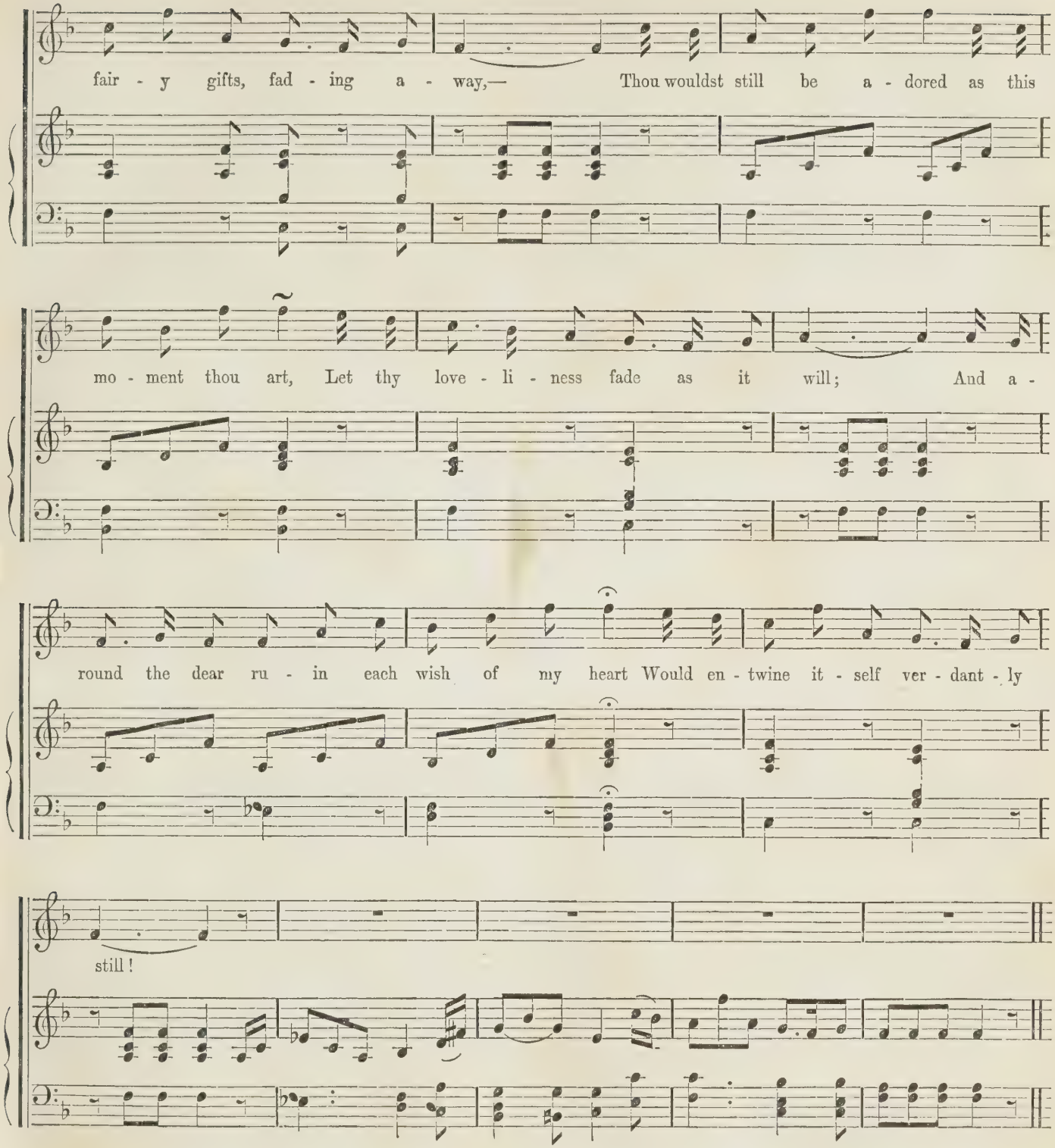
Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

With feeling.

AIR—MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.



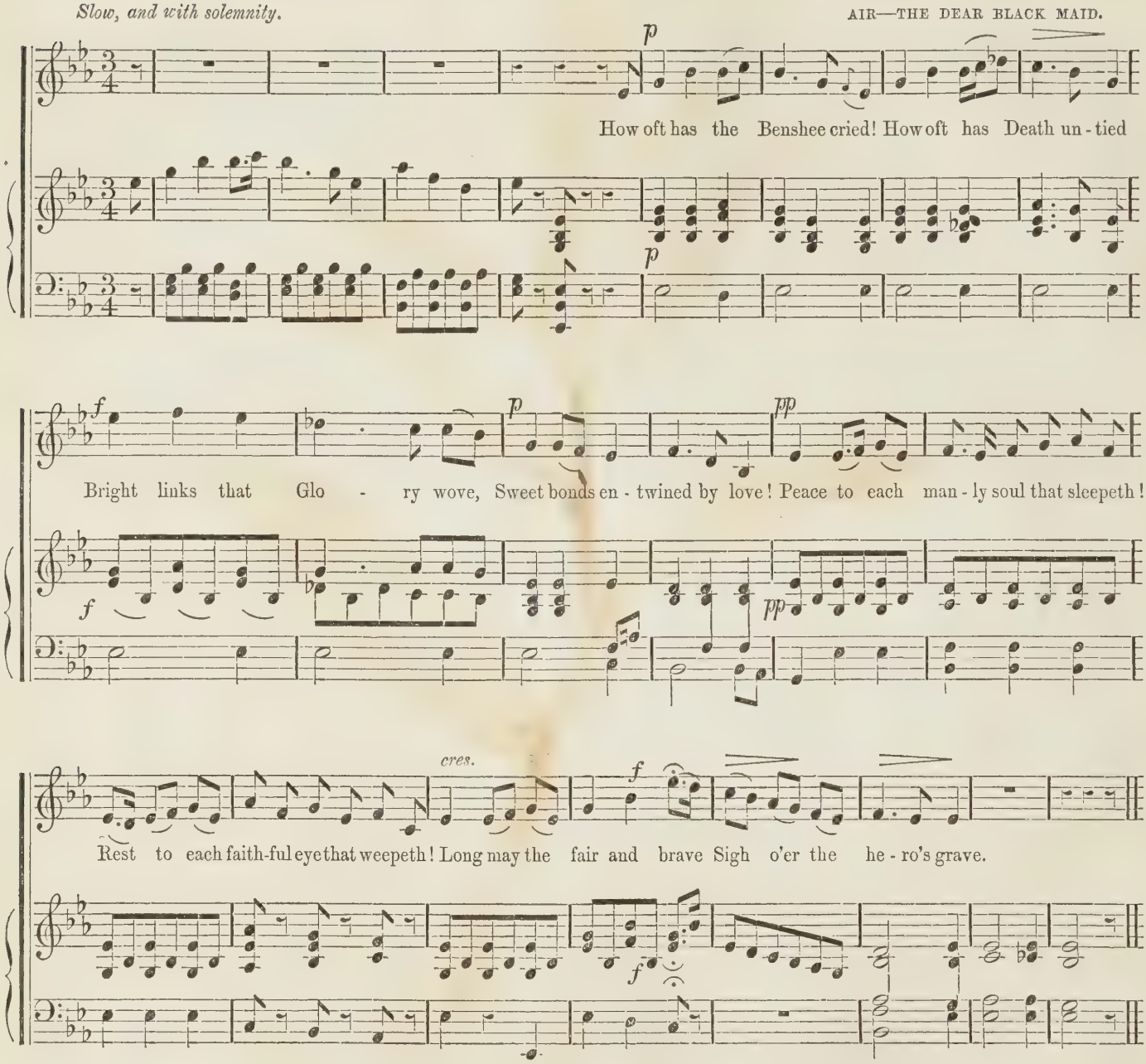


It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart, that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose!

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

Slow, and with solemnity.

AIR—THE DEAR BLACK MAID.



II.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days;
Star after star decays:
Ev'ry bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy or hope, that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er the hero's bier!

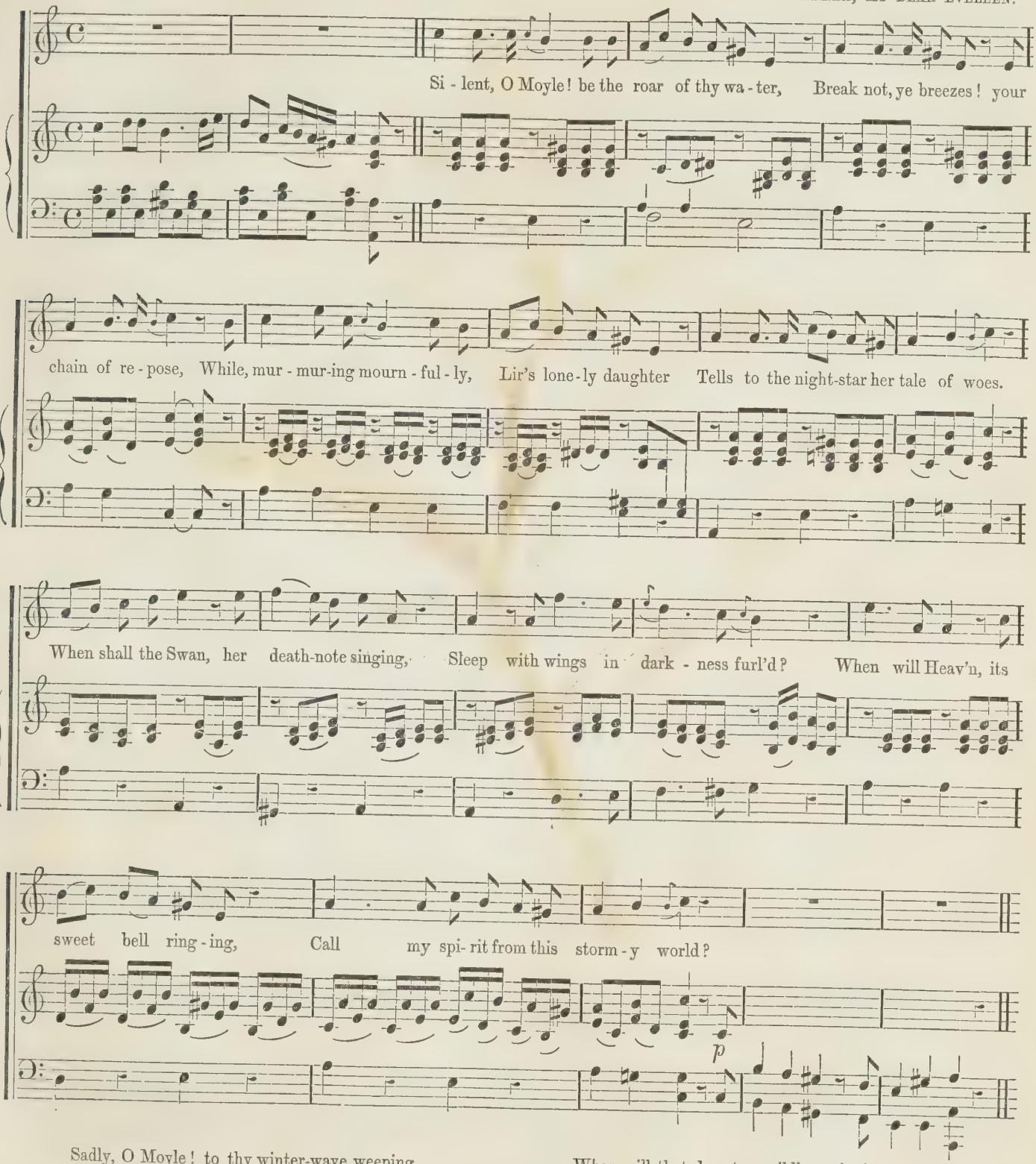
III.

Oh! quench'd are our beacon-lights,
Thou, of the hundred fights!
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom, hung!
Both mute—but, long as Valour shineth,
Or Mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died!

SILENT, O MOYLE! BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER.

Moderato.

AIR—ARRAH, MY DEAR EVELEEN.



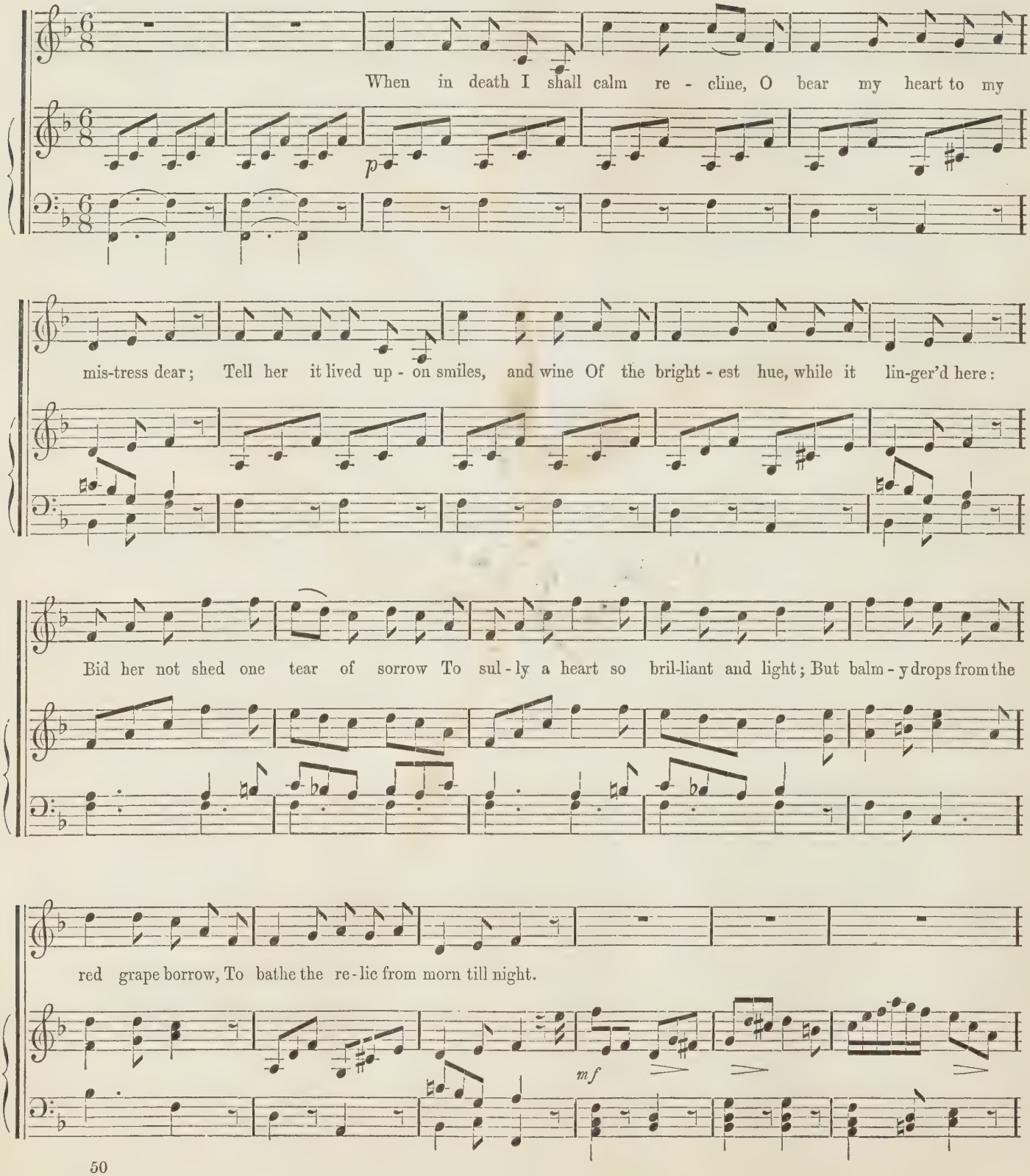
Sadly, O Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!

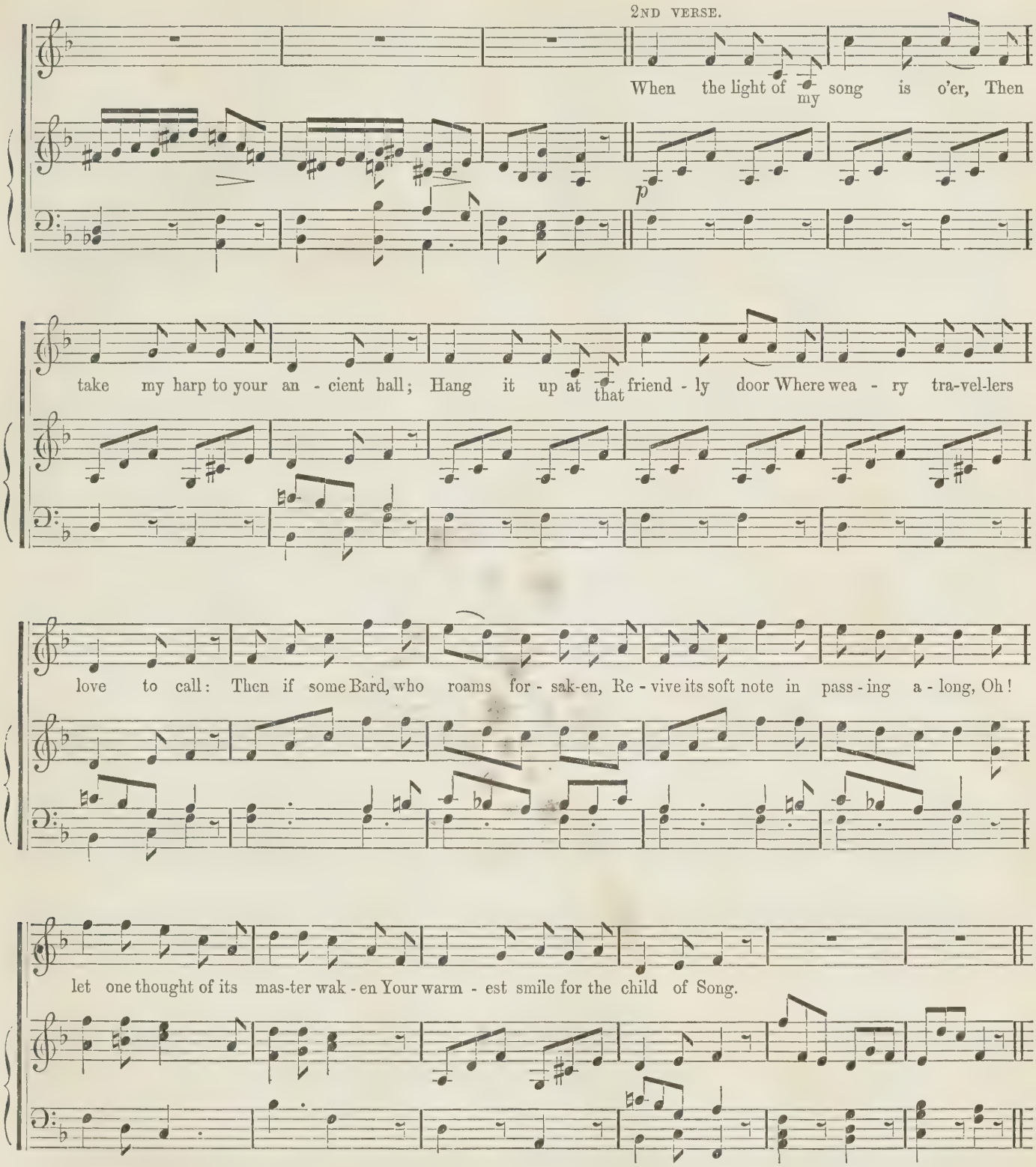
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our Isle with peace and love?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.

With Feeling and Gaiety.

AIR—UNKNOWN.





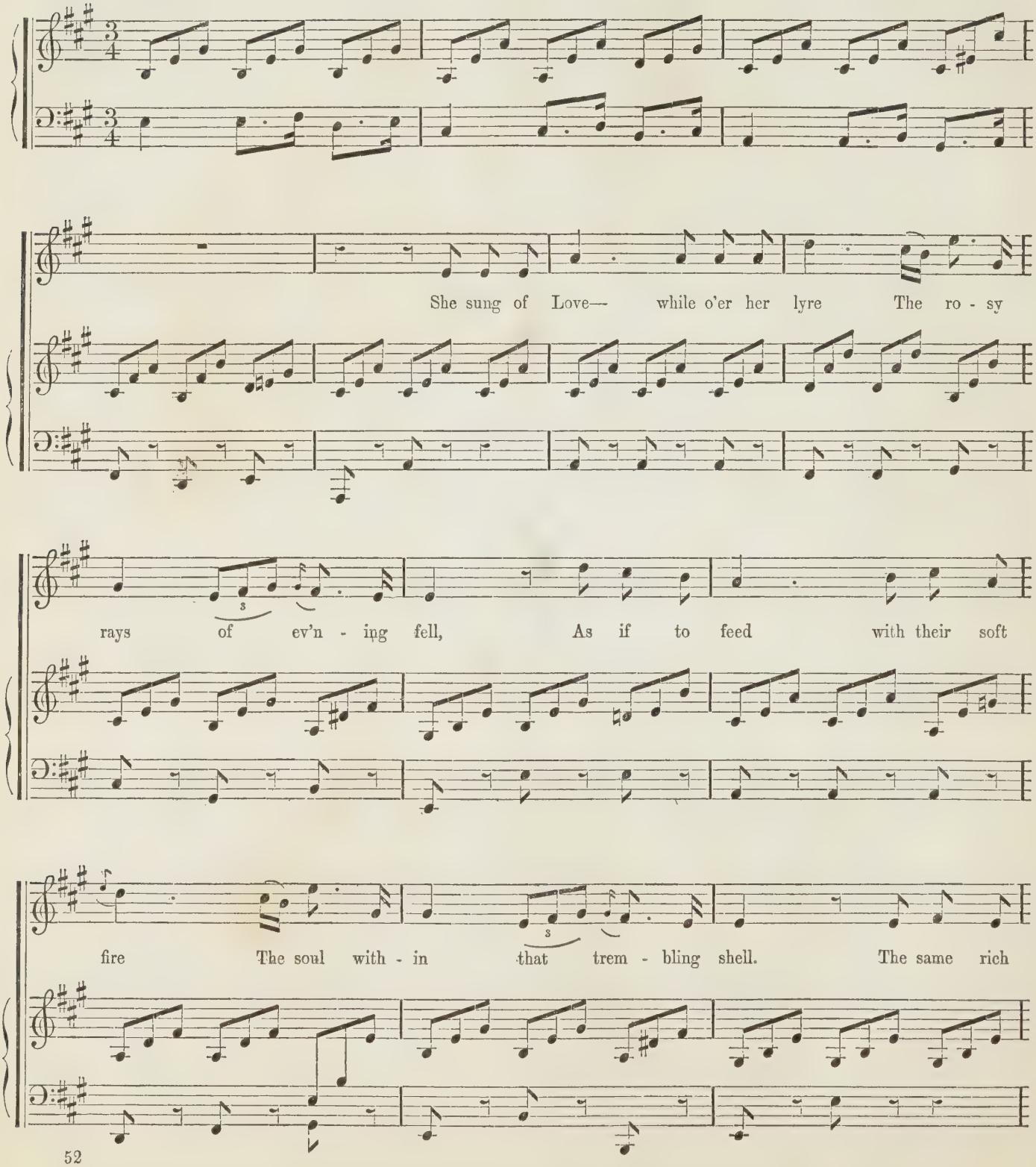
Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never, its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!

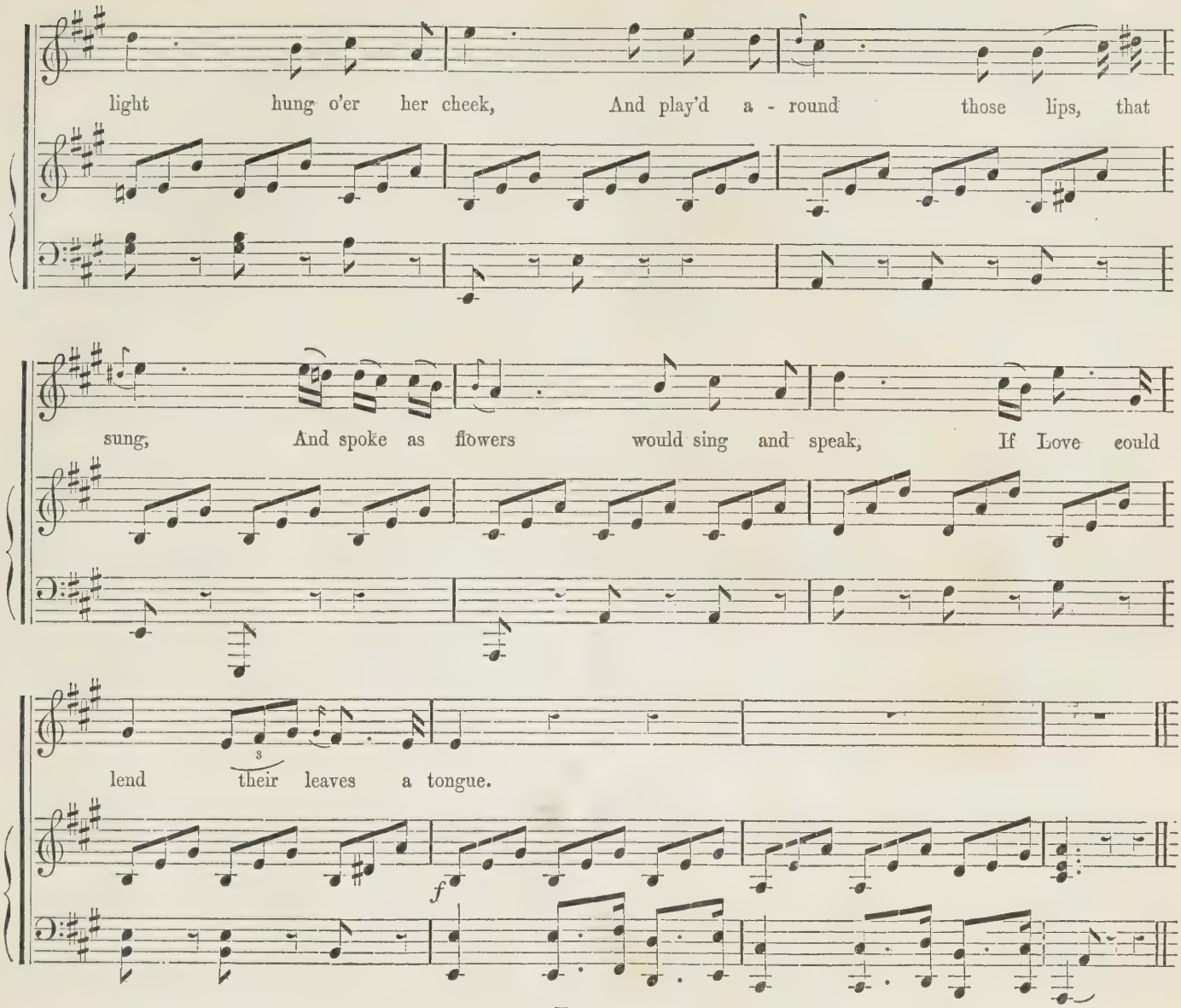
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

SHE SUNG OF LOVE.

With expression.

AIR—THE MUNSTER MAN.





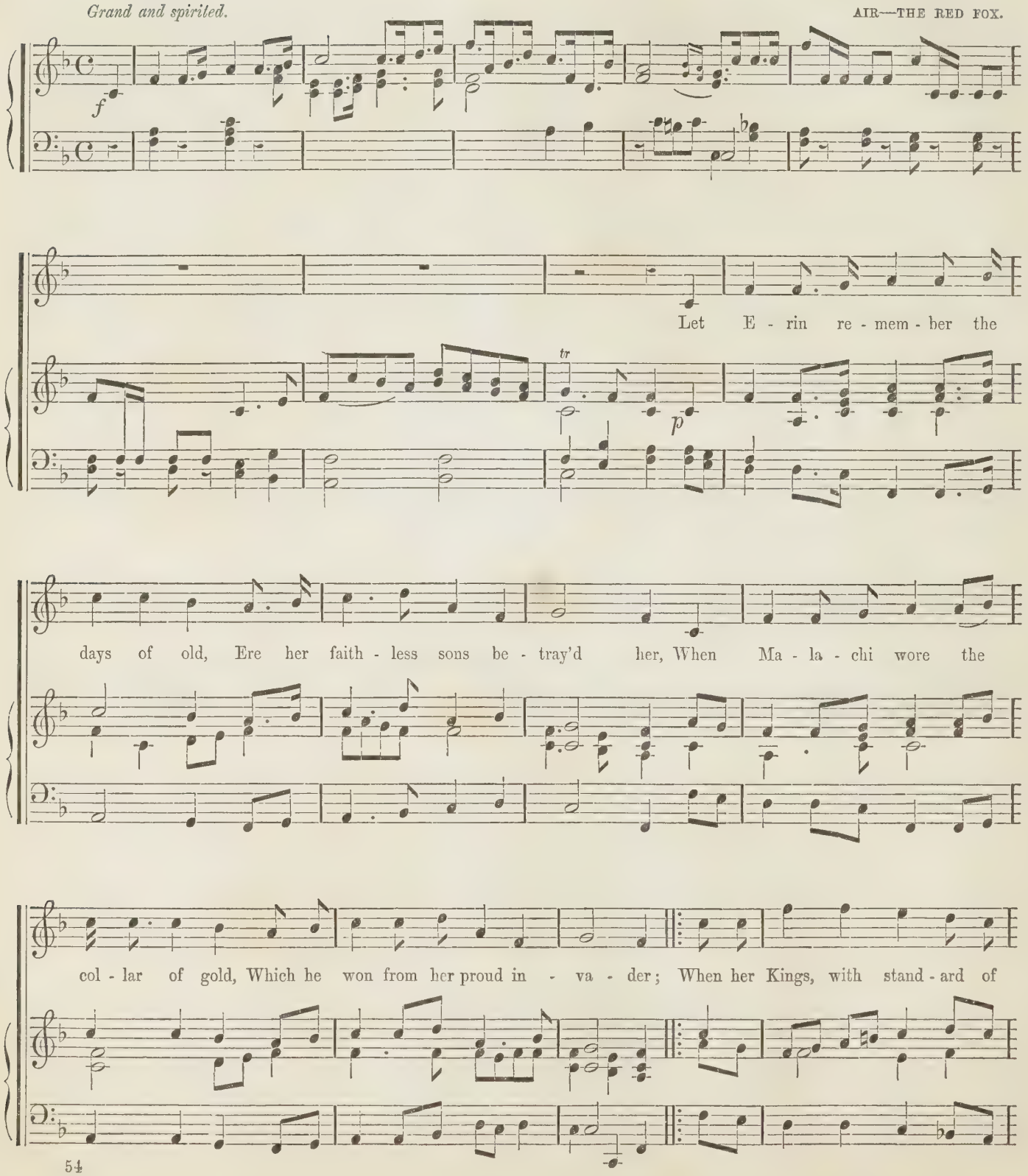
II.

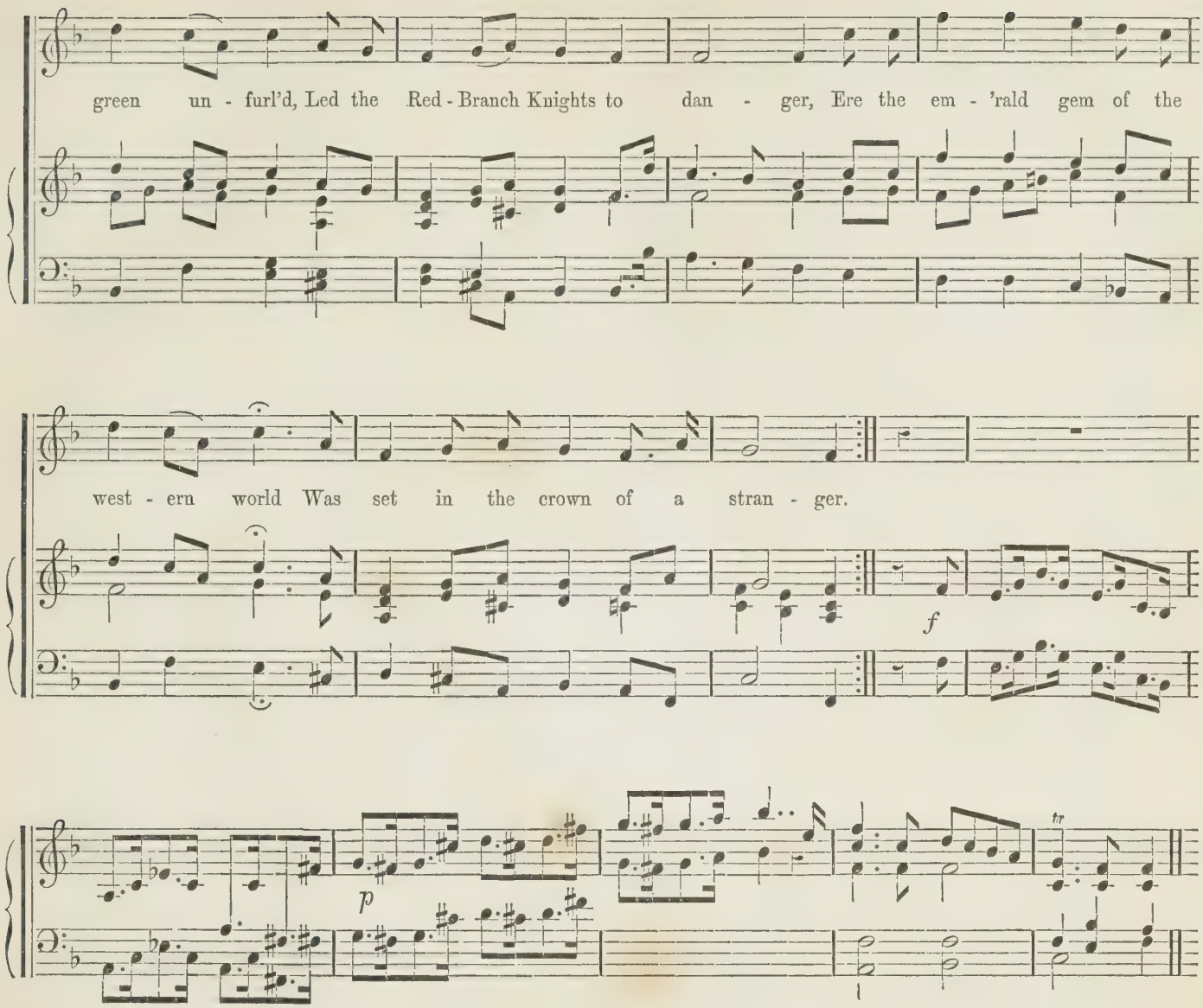
But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;
And when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if *her* light and Heav'n's were one,
The glory all had left that frame,
And from her glimm'ring lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.

III.

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
That fading image to my heart—
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.



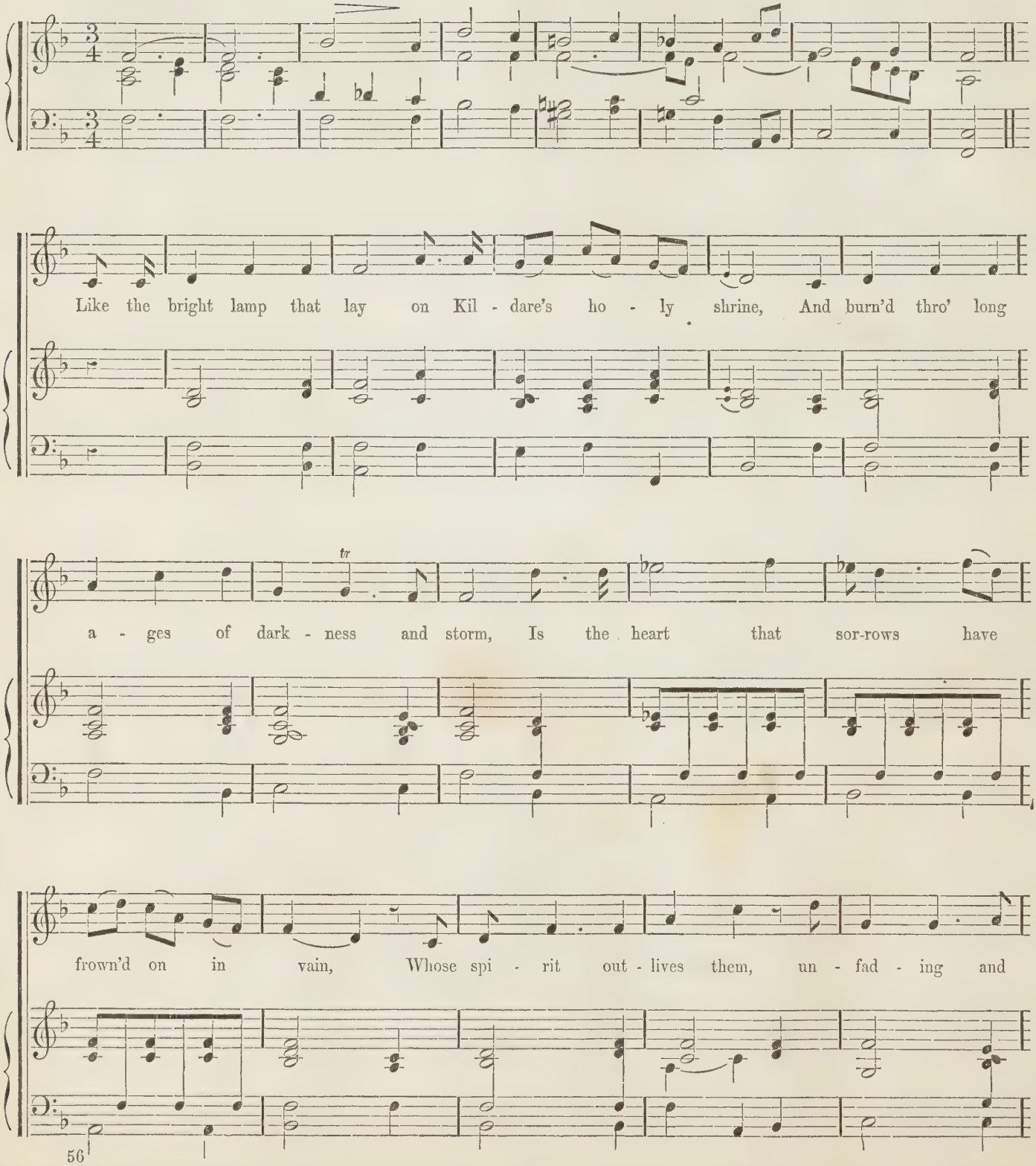


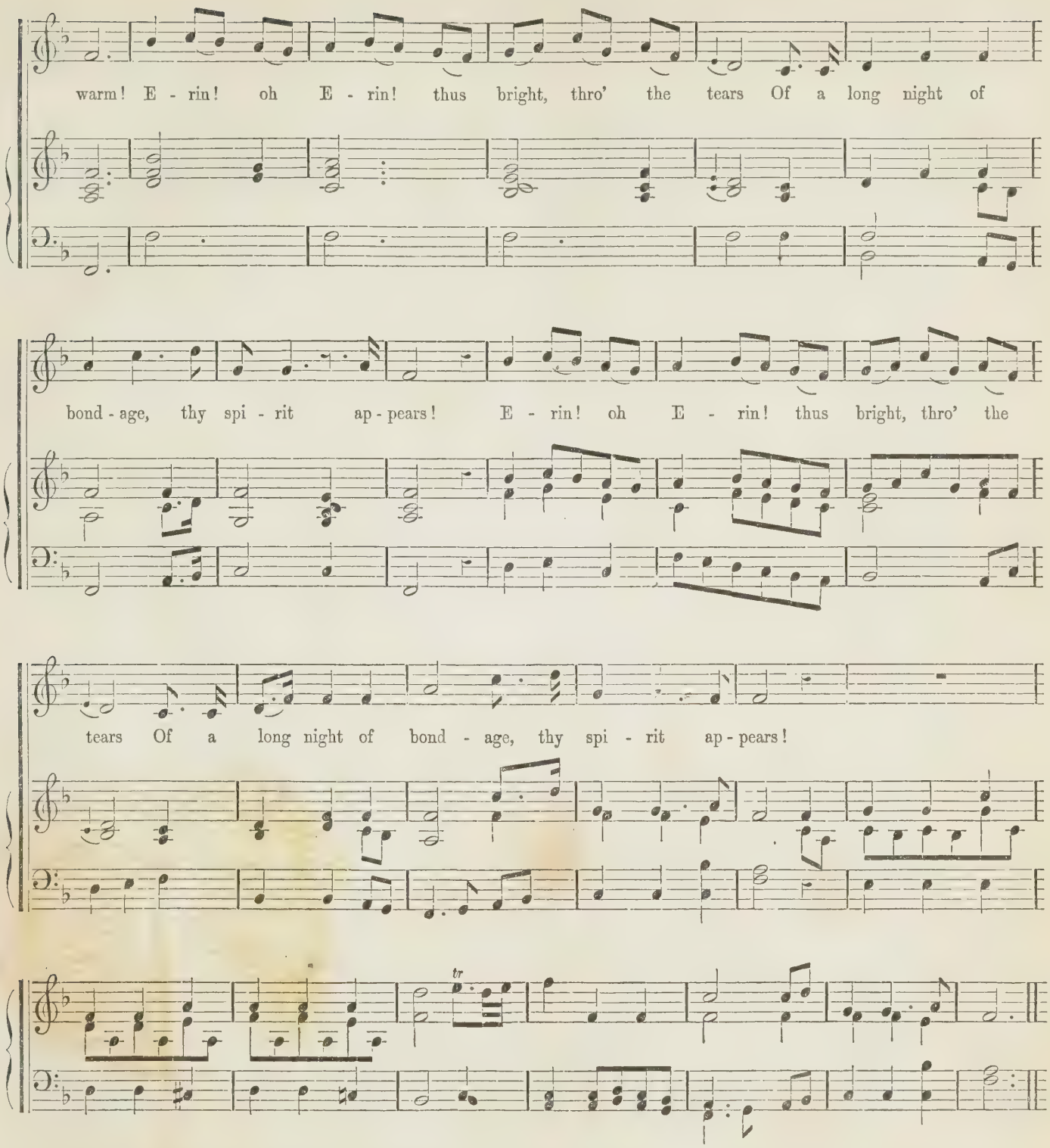
On Lough-Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall Memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of Time
For the long-faded glories they cover!

LIKE THE BRIGHT LAMP.

With feeling and solemnity.

AIR—THAMAMA HALLA.





II.

The nations have fall'n, and thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set:
And, tho' Slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! oh Erin! tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade!

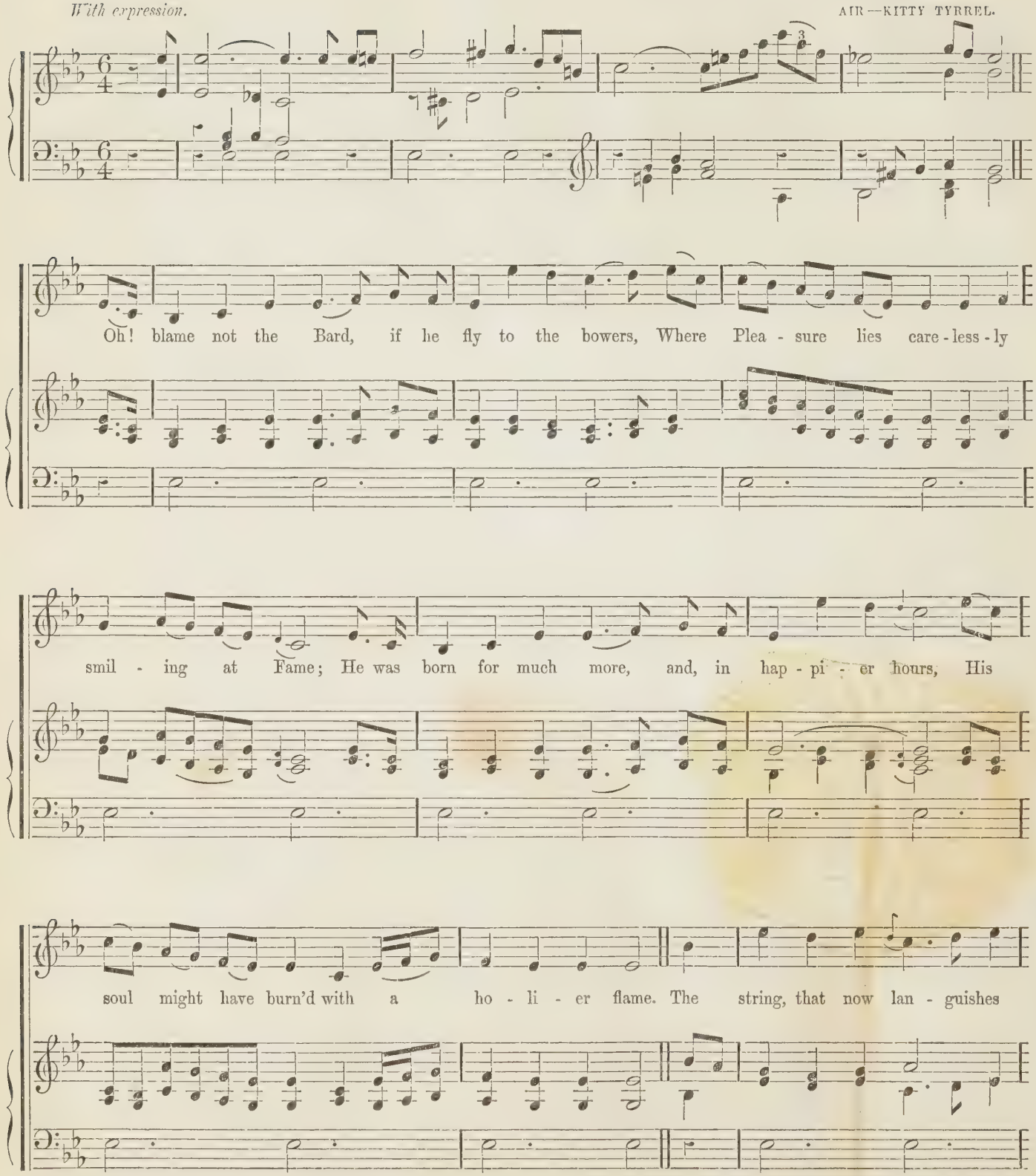
III.

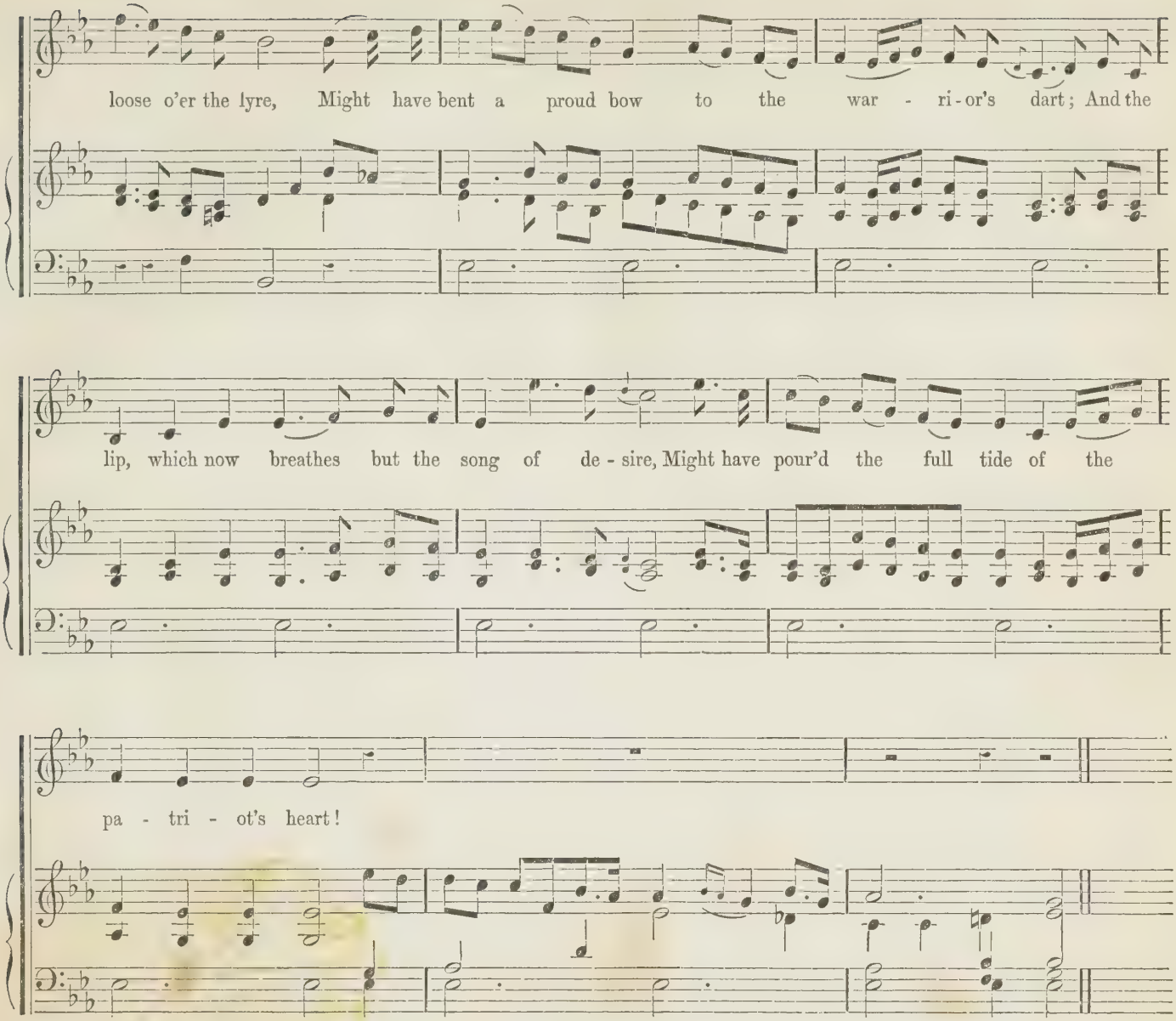
Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through Winter's cold hour,
Till the hand of Spring her dark chain unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Erin! oh Erin! *thy* Winter is past,
And the hope, that lived through it, shall blossom at last!

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

With expression.

AIR—KITTY TYRREL.





II.

But, alas for his country! her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend:
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend!
Unprized are her sons, till they 've learn'd to betray,
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires:
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

III.

Then blame not the Bard, if, in Pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget what he never can heal!
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored;
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

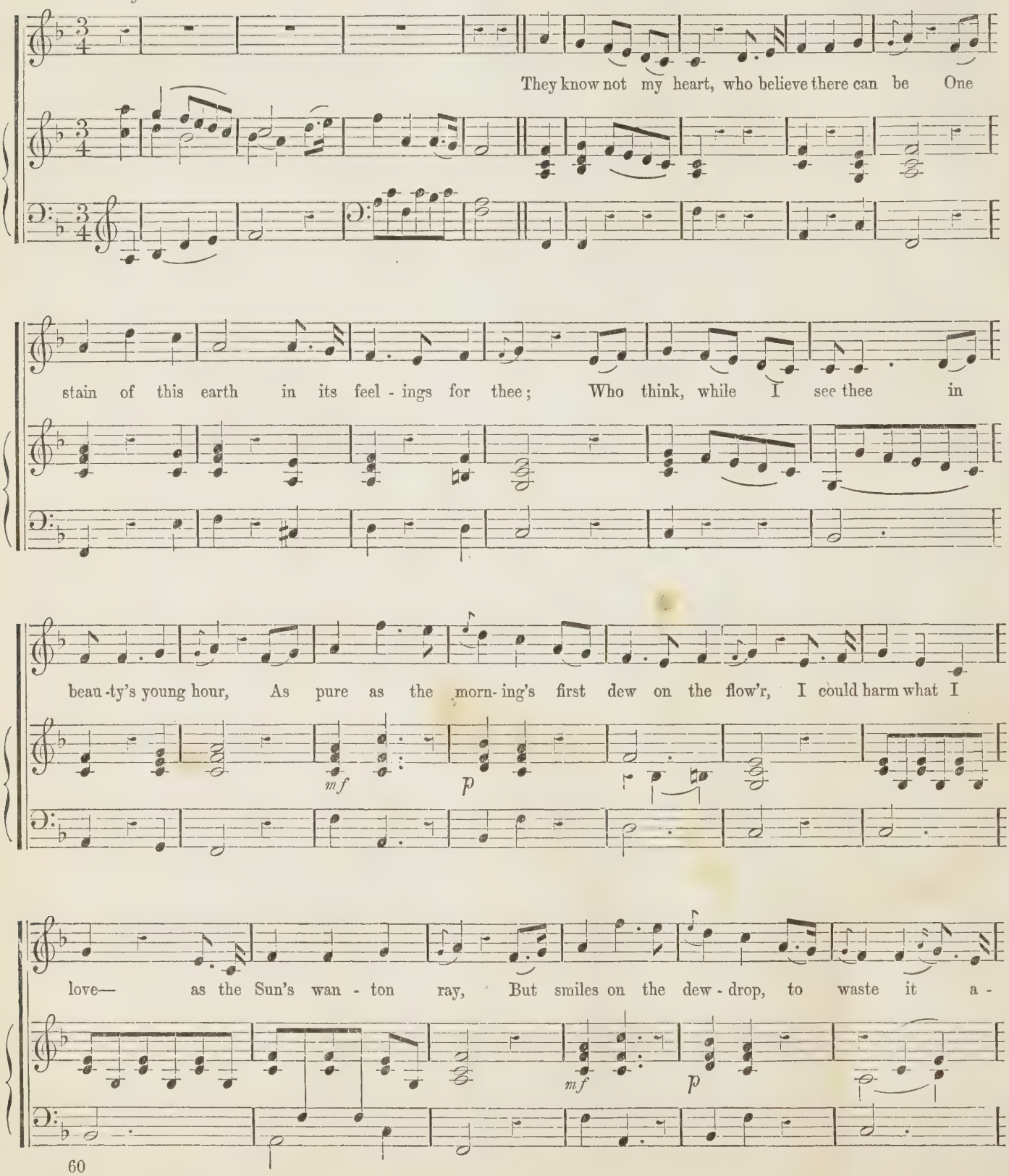
IV.

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;
Not ev'n in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy Harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

AIR—COOLON DAS.

Tenderly.



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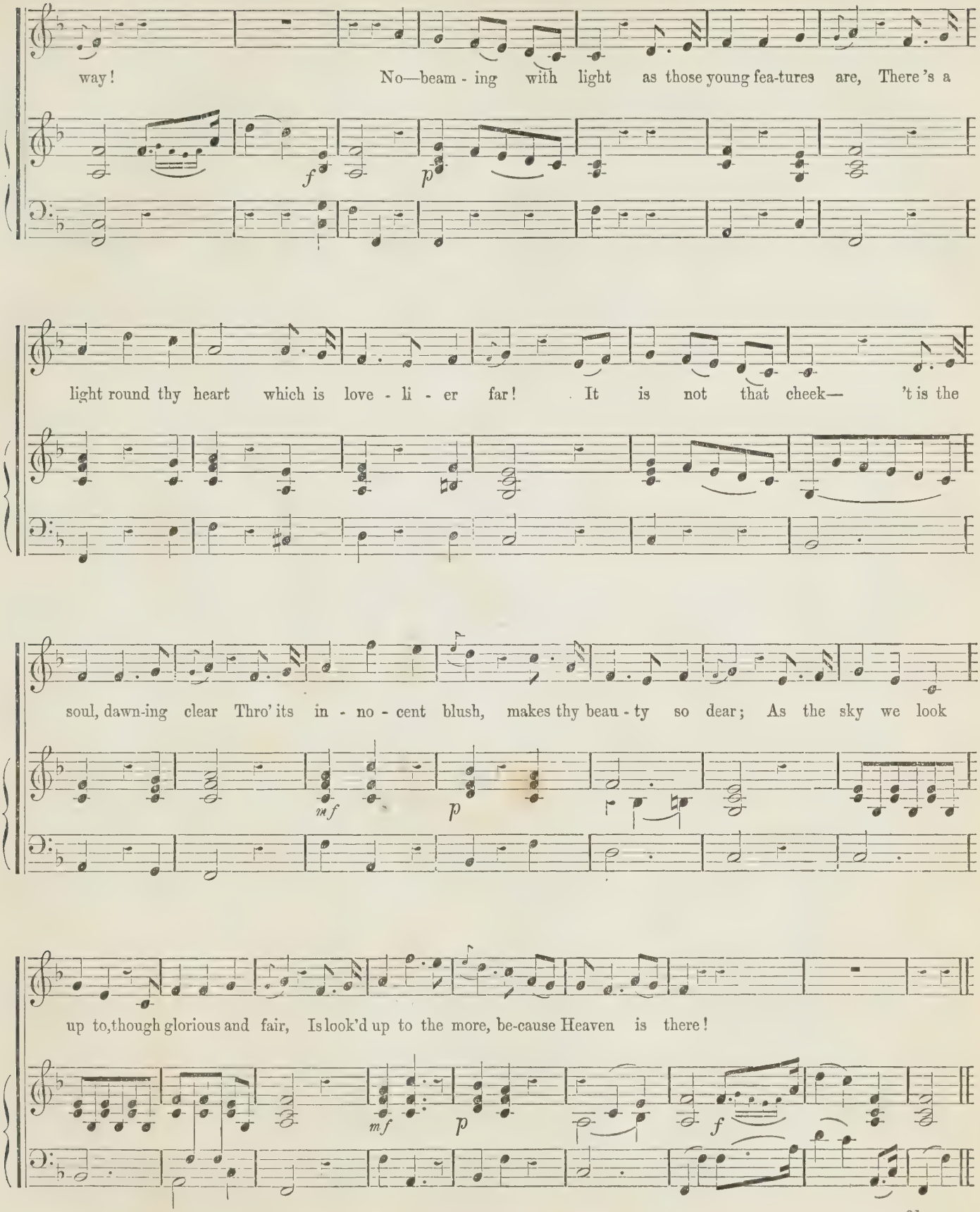
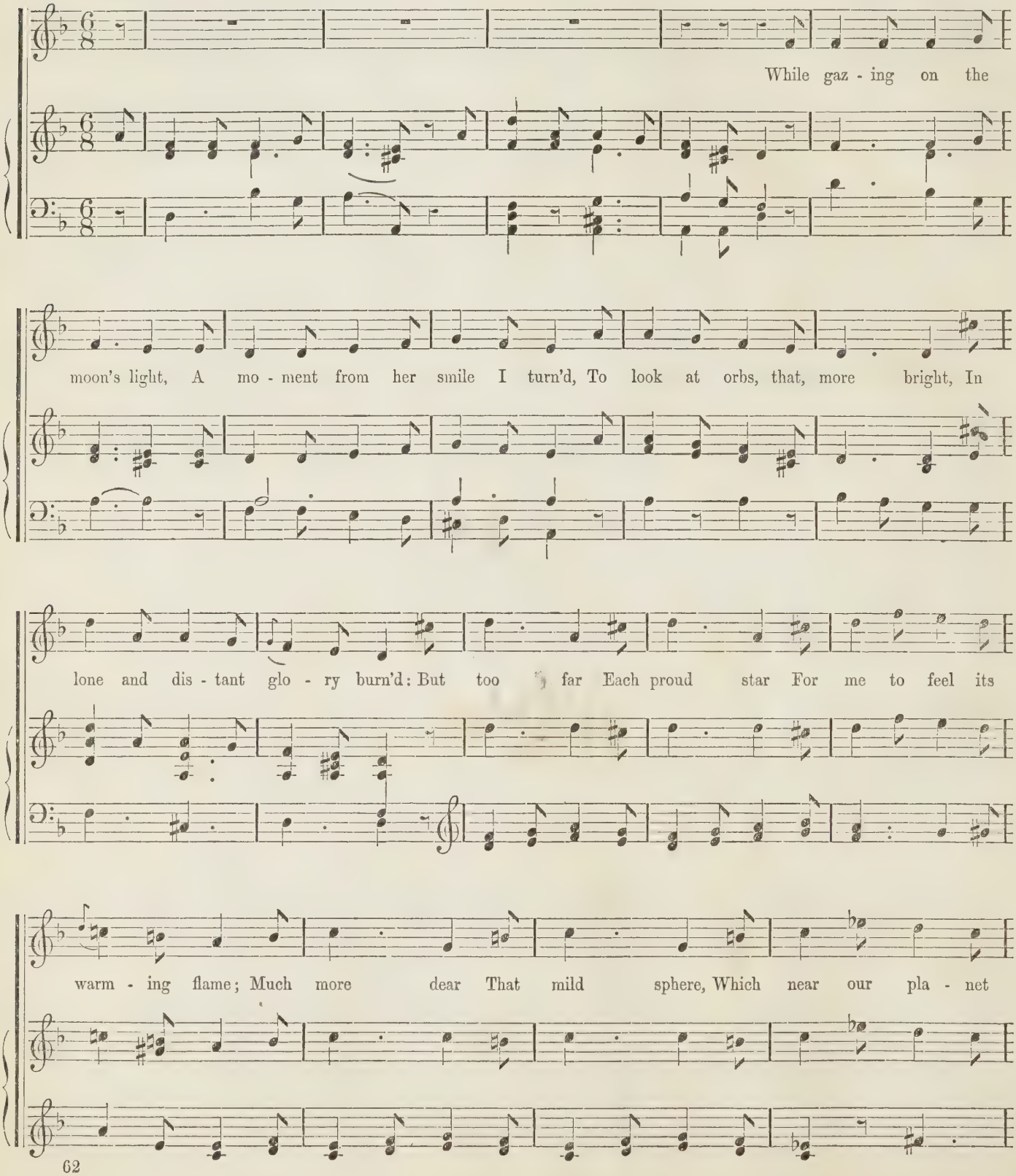
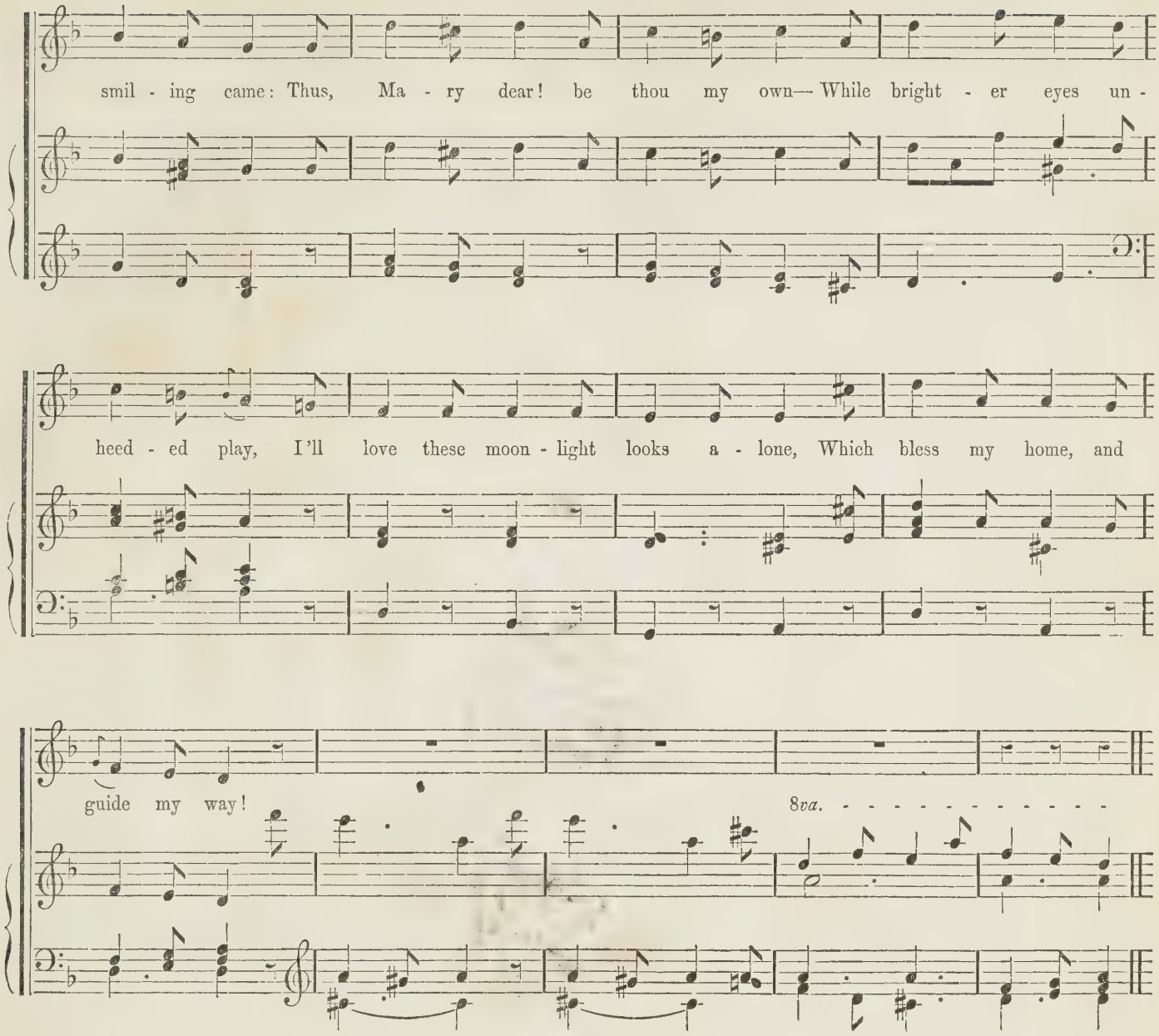

way! No—beam - ing with light as those young fea-tures are, There 's a
f p
light round thy heart which is love - li - er far! It is not that cheek— 't is the
soul, dawn-ing clear Thro' its in - no - cent blush, makes thy beau - ty so dear; As the sky we look
mf p
up to, though glorious and fair, Is look'd up to the more, be-cause Heaven is there!
mf p f

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

Tenderly.

AIR—OONAGH.



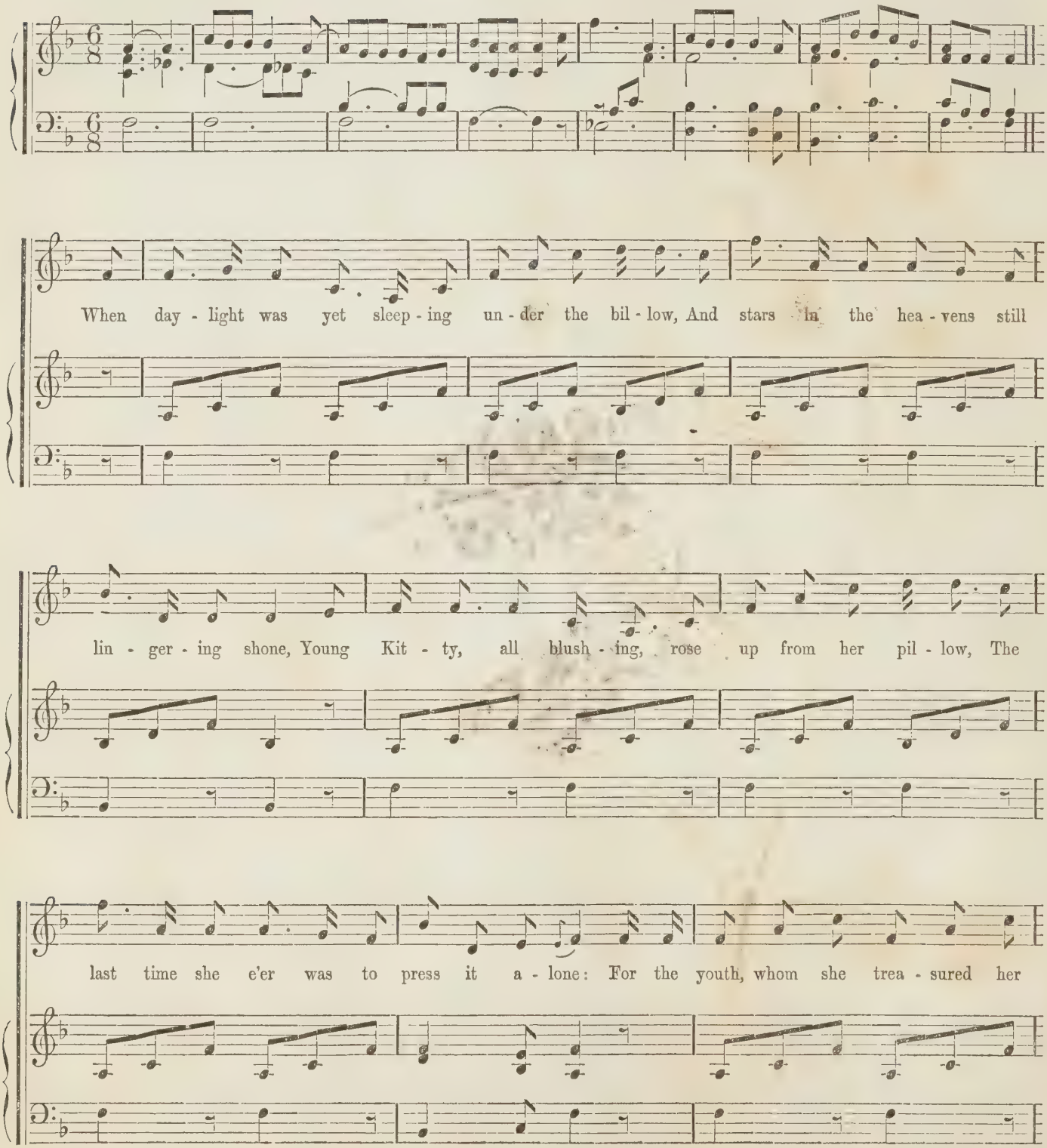


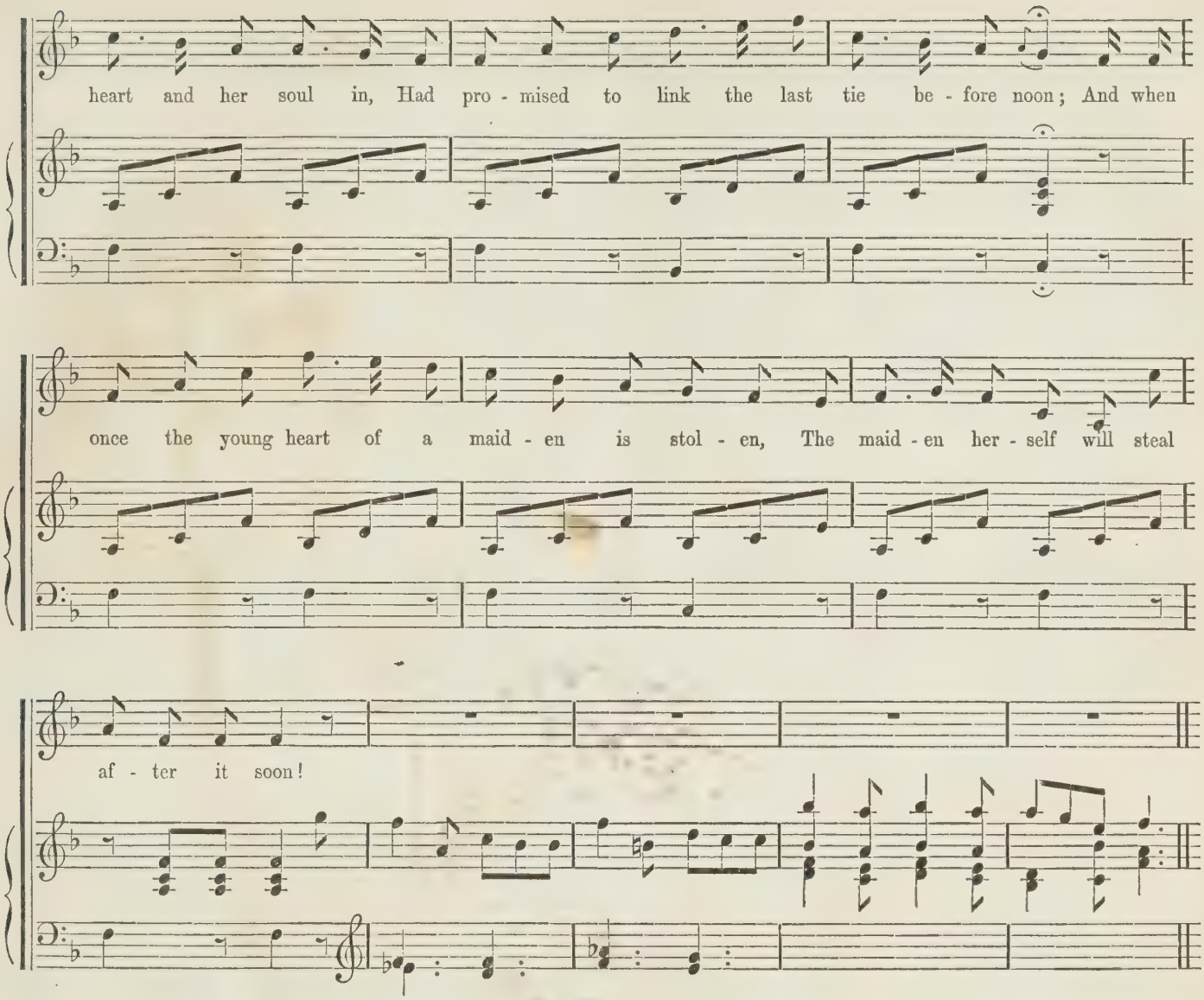
The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumined all the pale flowers,
Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
"The moon looks
On many brooks;
The brook can see no moon but this."
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee;
While, oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me!

WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING.

Moderate time.

AIR—KITTY OF COLERAINE; OR, PADDY'S RESOURCE.





II.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise:—
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies!"

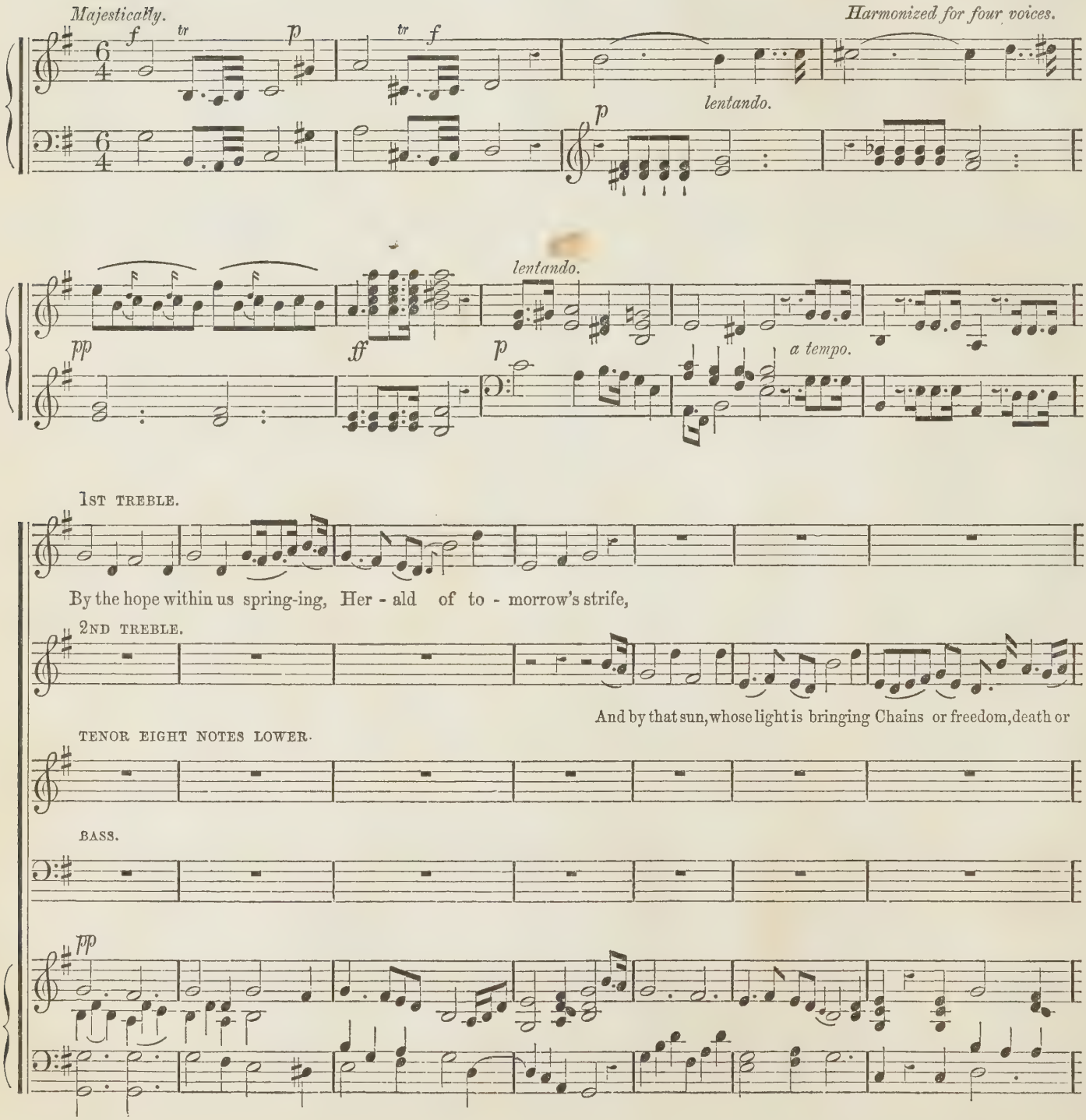
III.

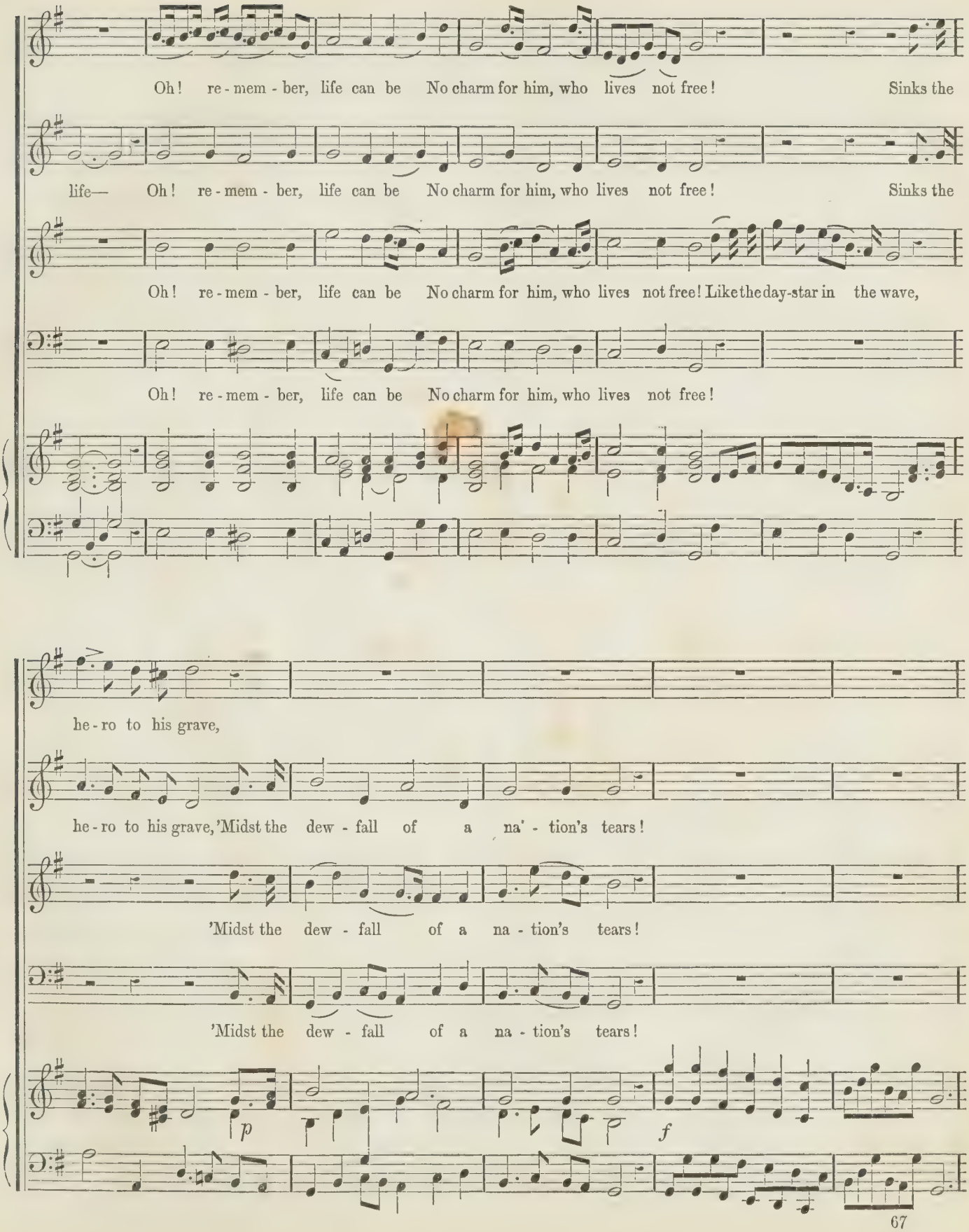
While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:—
"Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning),
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

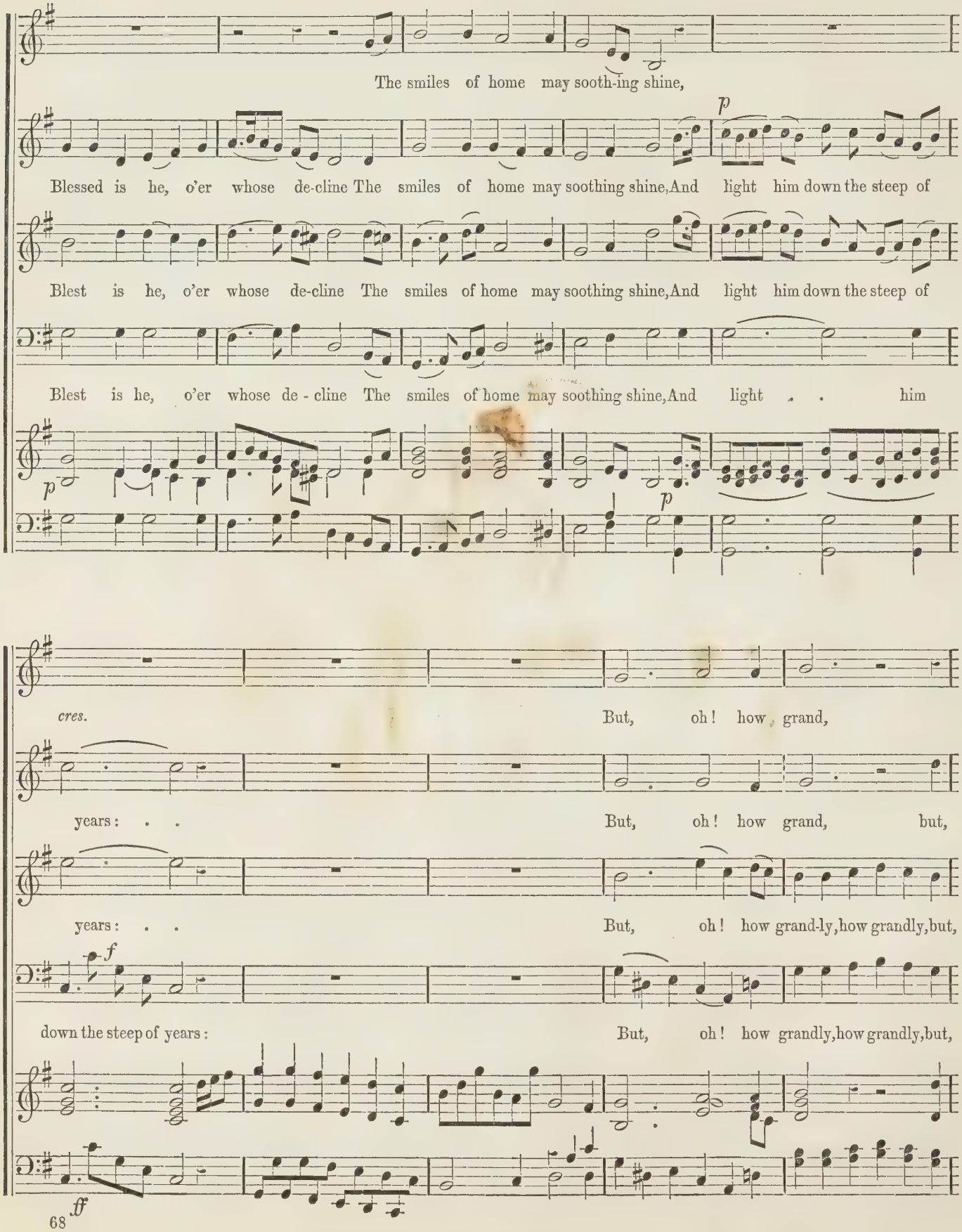
BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING

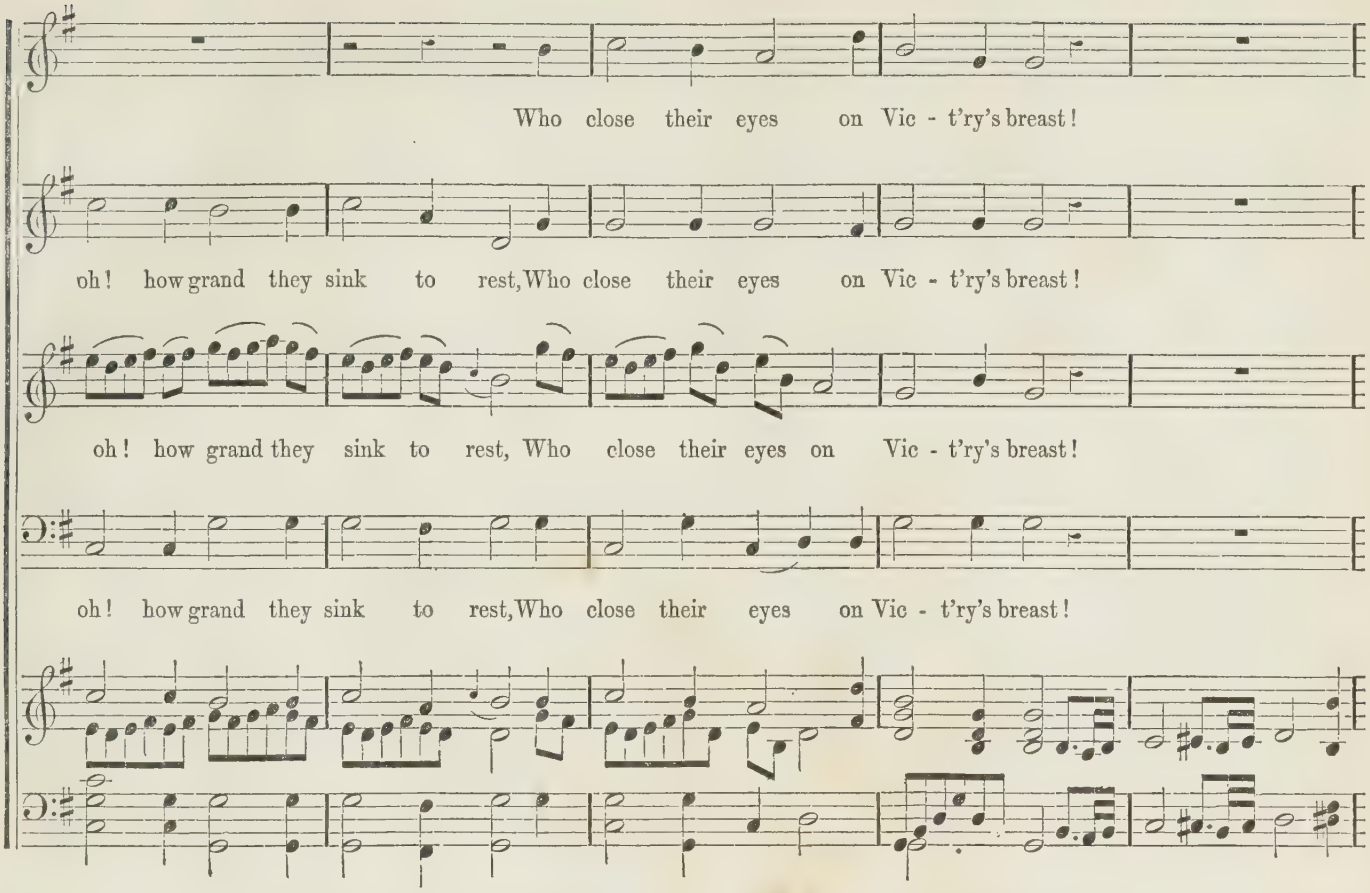
AIR—THE FAIRY QUEEN.

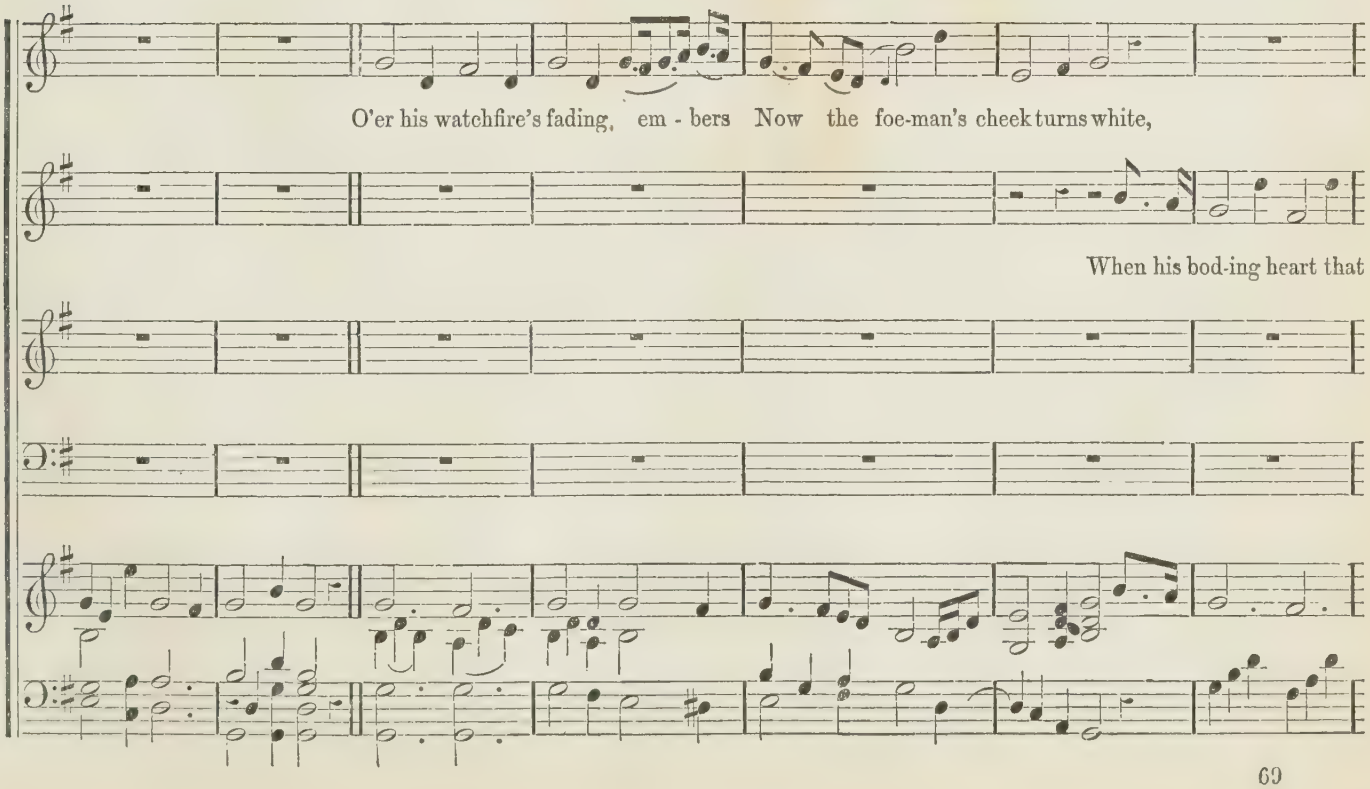
Harmonized for four voices.

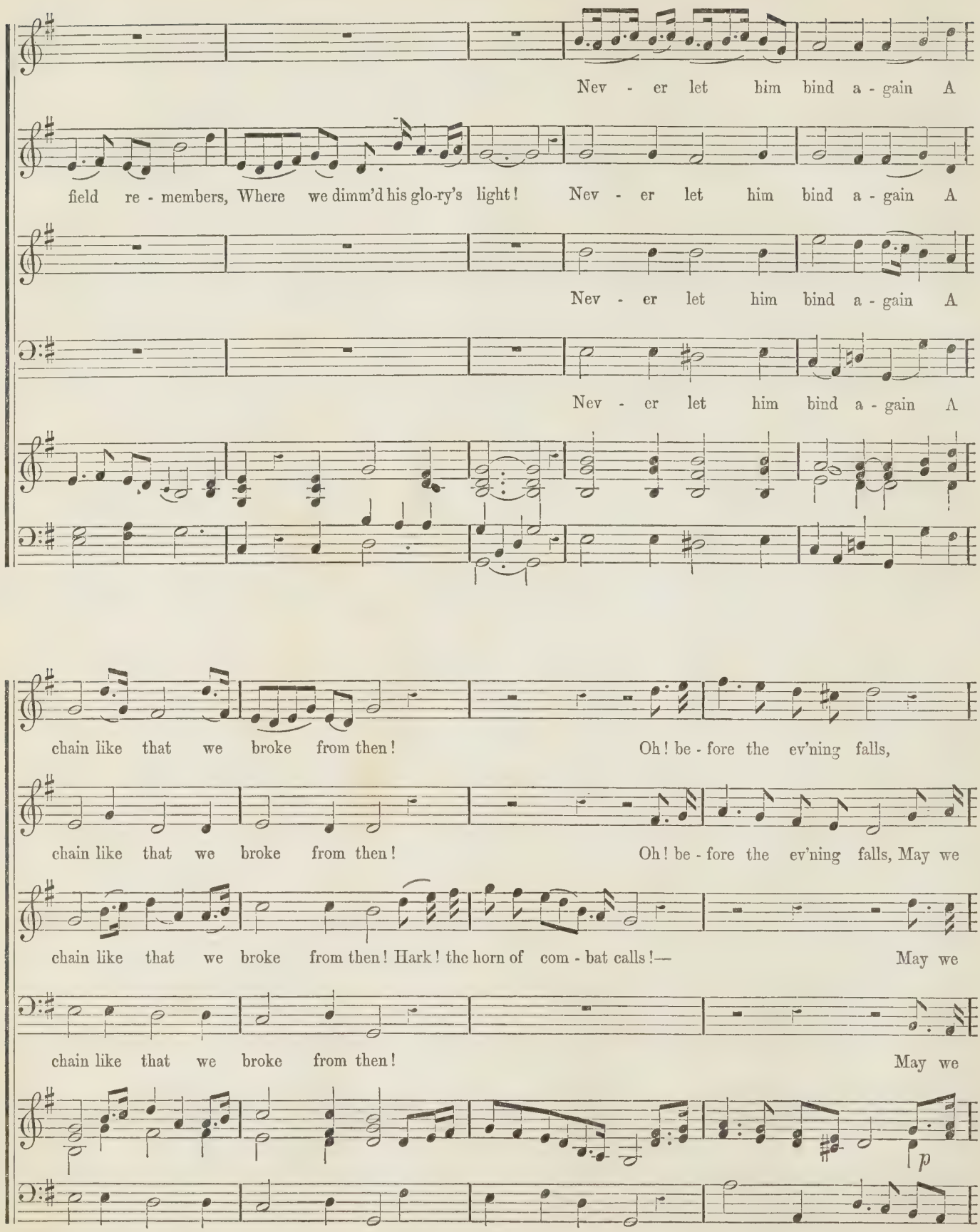


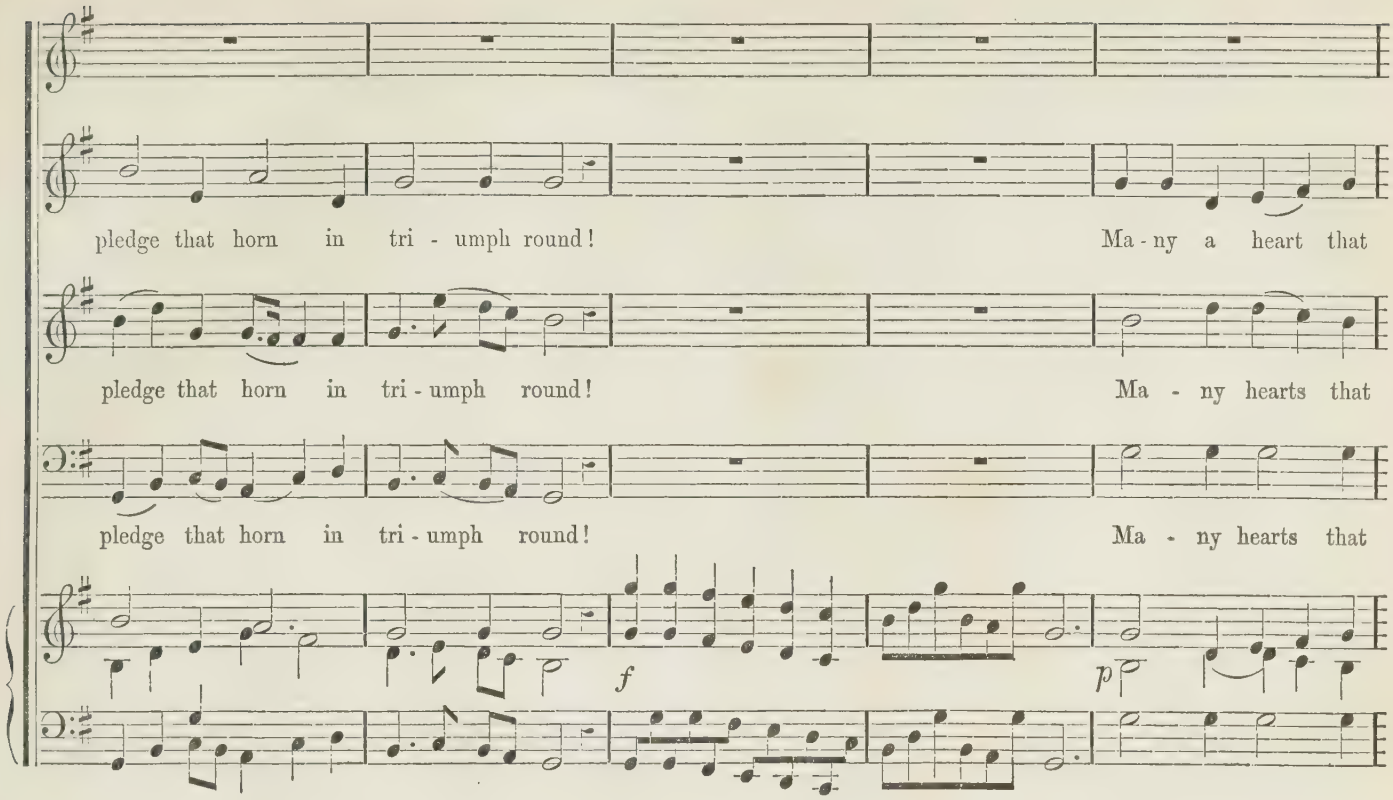

Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free! Sinks the
life— Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free! Sinks the
Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free! Like the day-star in the wave,
Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free!
he - ro to his grave,
he - ro to his grave, 'Midst the dew - fall of a na' - tion's tears!
'Midst the dew - fall of a na - tion's tears!
'Midst the dew - fall of a na - tion's tears!
p
f

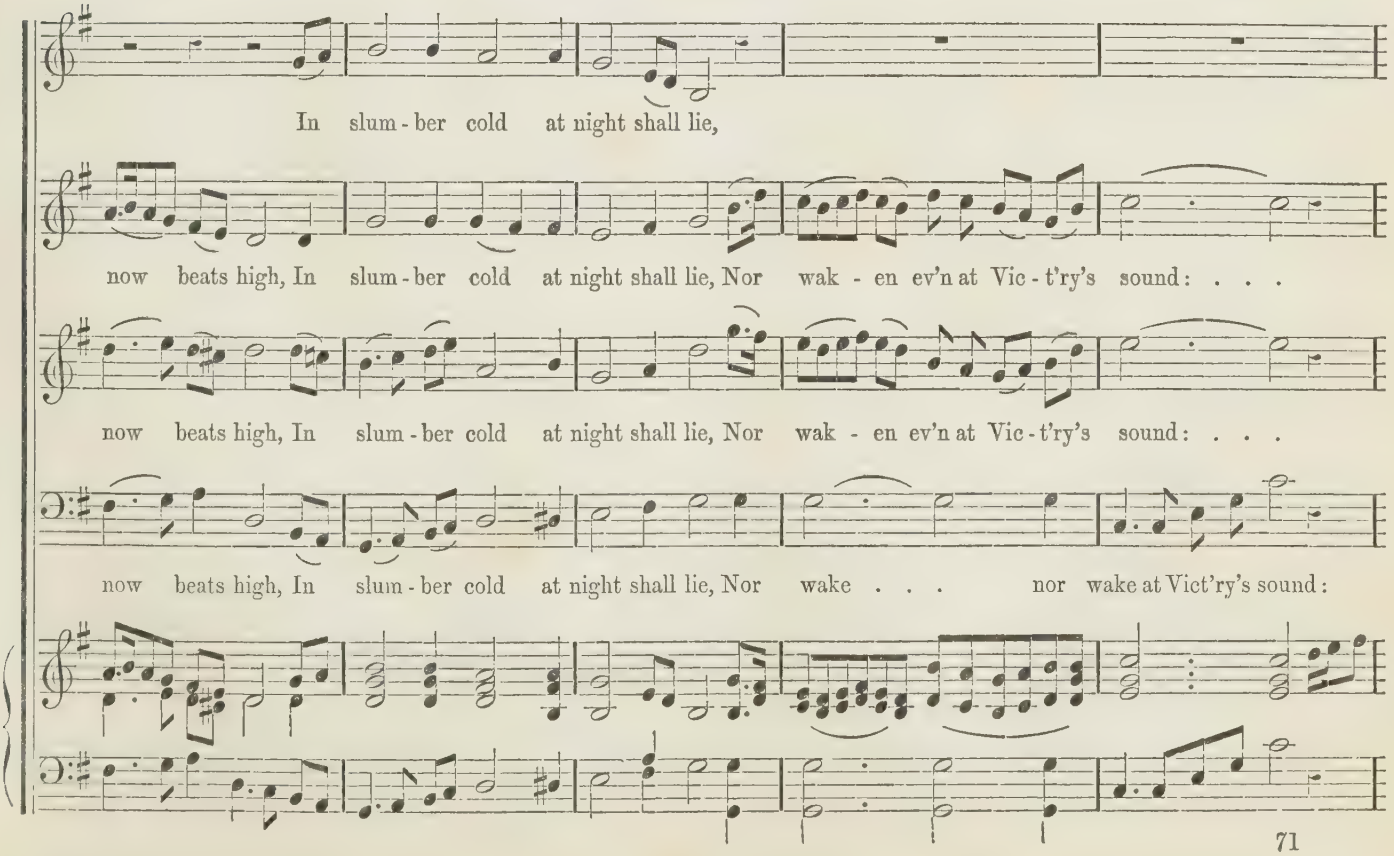

The smiles of home may sooth-ing shine,
p
Blessed is he, o'er whose de-cline The smiles of home may soothing shine, And light him down the steep of
Blest is he, o'er whose de-cline The smiles of home may soothing shine, And light him down the steep of
Blest is he, o'er whose de - cline The smiles of home may soothing shine, And light . . him
p
p
cres.
But, oh! how grand,
years: . .
But, oh! how grand, but,
years: . .
But, oh! how grand-ly, how grandly, but,
f
down the steep of years:
But, oh! how grandly, how grandly, but,
ff

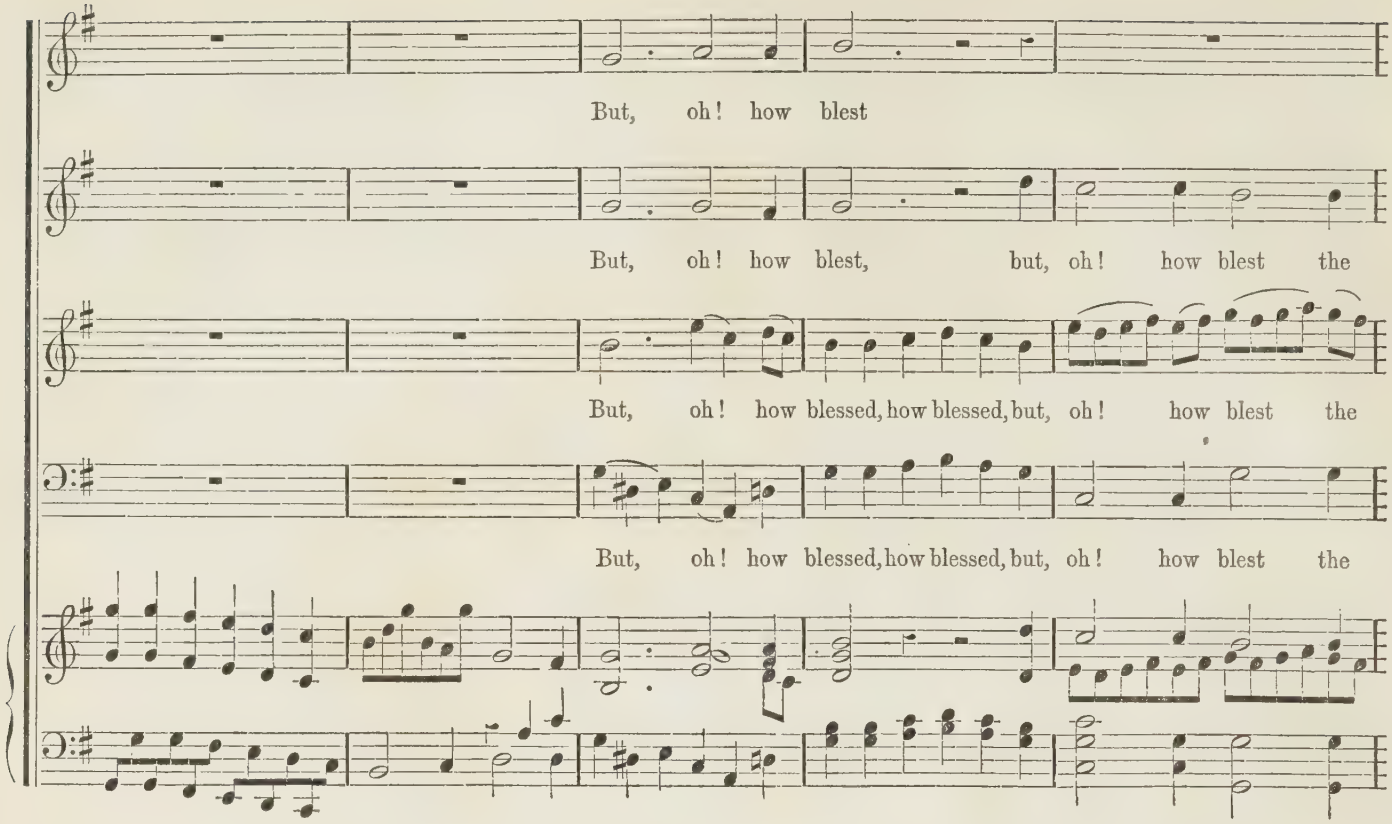

Who close their eyes on Vic - t'ry's breast!
oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on Vic - t'ry's breast!
oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on Vic - t'ry's breast!
oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on Vic - t'ry's breast!

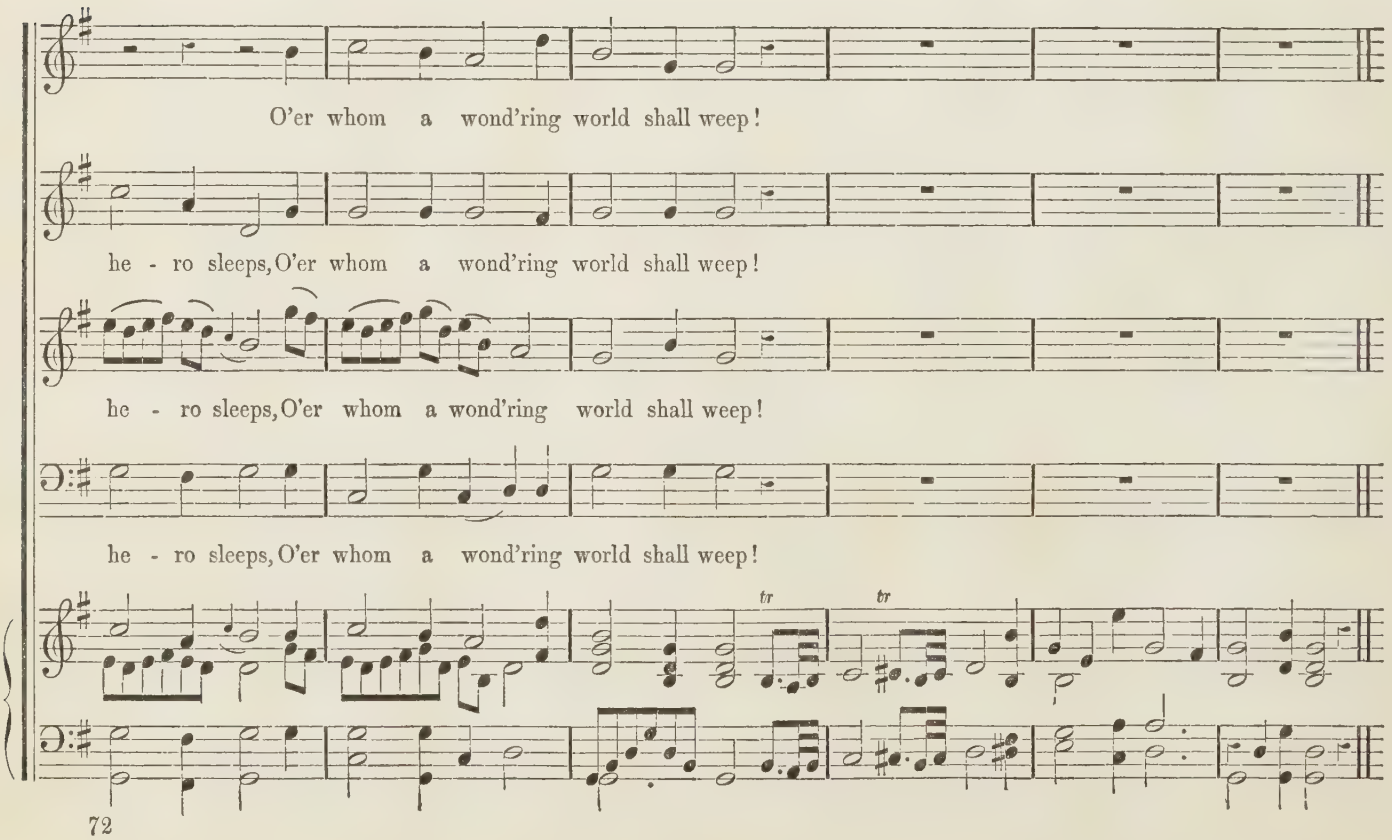

O'er his watchfire's fading, em - bers Now the foe-man's cheek turns white,
When his bod-ing heart that


Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
field re - members, Where we dimm'd his glo-ry's light! Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
chain like that we broke from then! Oh! be - fore the ev'ning falls,
chain like that we broke from then! Oh! be - fore the ev'ning falls, May we
chain like that we broke from then! Hark! the horn of com - bat calls!— May we
chain like that we broke from then! May we
p


pledge that horn in tri - umph round! Ma - ny a heart that
pledge that horn in tri - umph round! Ma - ny hearts that
pledge that horn in tri - umph round! Ma - ny hearts that
f
p

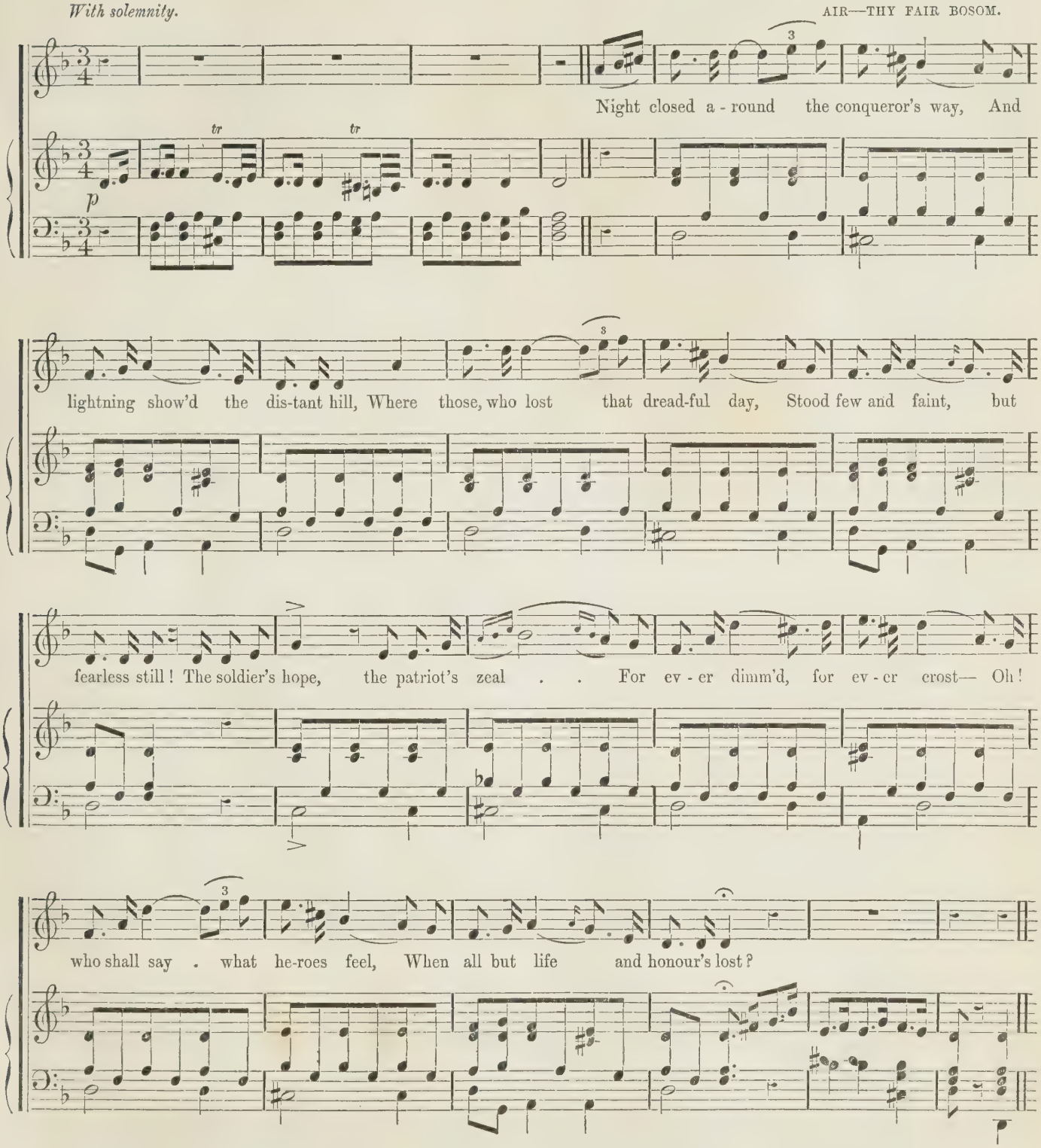

In slum - ber cold at night shall lie,
now beats high, In slum - ber cold at night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at Vic - t'ry's sound: . . .
now beats high, In slum - ber cold at night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at Vic - t'ry's sound: . . .
now beats high, In slum - ber cold at night shall lie, Nor wake . . . nor wake at Vict'ry's sound:


But, oh! how blest
But, oh! how blest, but, oh! how blest the
But, oh! how blessed, how blessed, but, oh! how blest the
But, oh! how blessed, how blessed, but, oh! how blest the


O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!
he - ro sleeps, O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!
he - ro sleeps, O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!
he - ro sleeps, O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!
tr
tr

NIGHT CLOSED AROUND THE CONQUEROR'S WAY.

With solemnity. AIR—THY FAIR BOSOM.



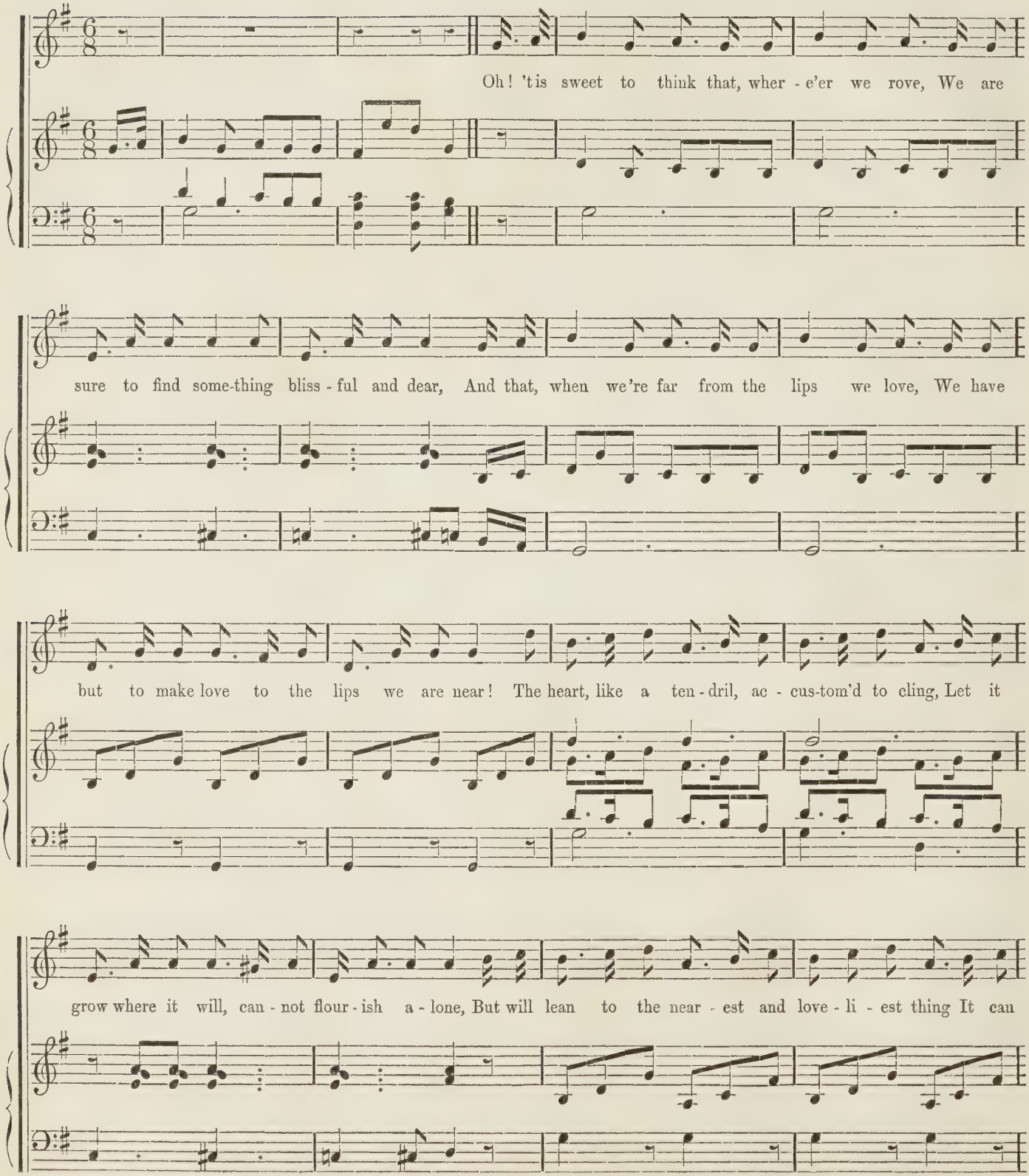
The last sad hour of Freedom's dream
And Valour's task moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!—

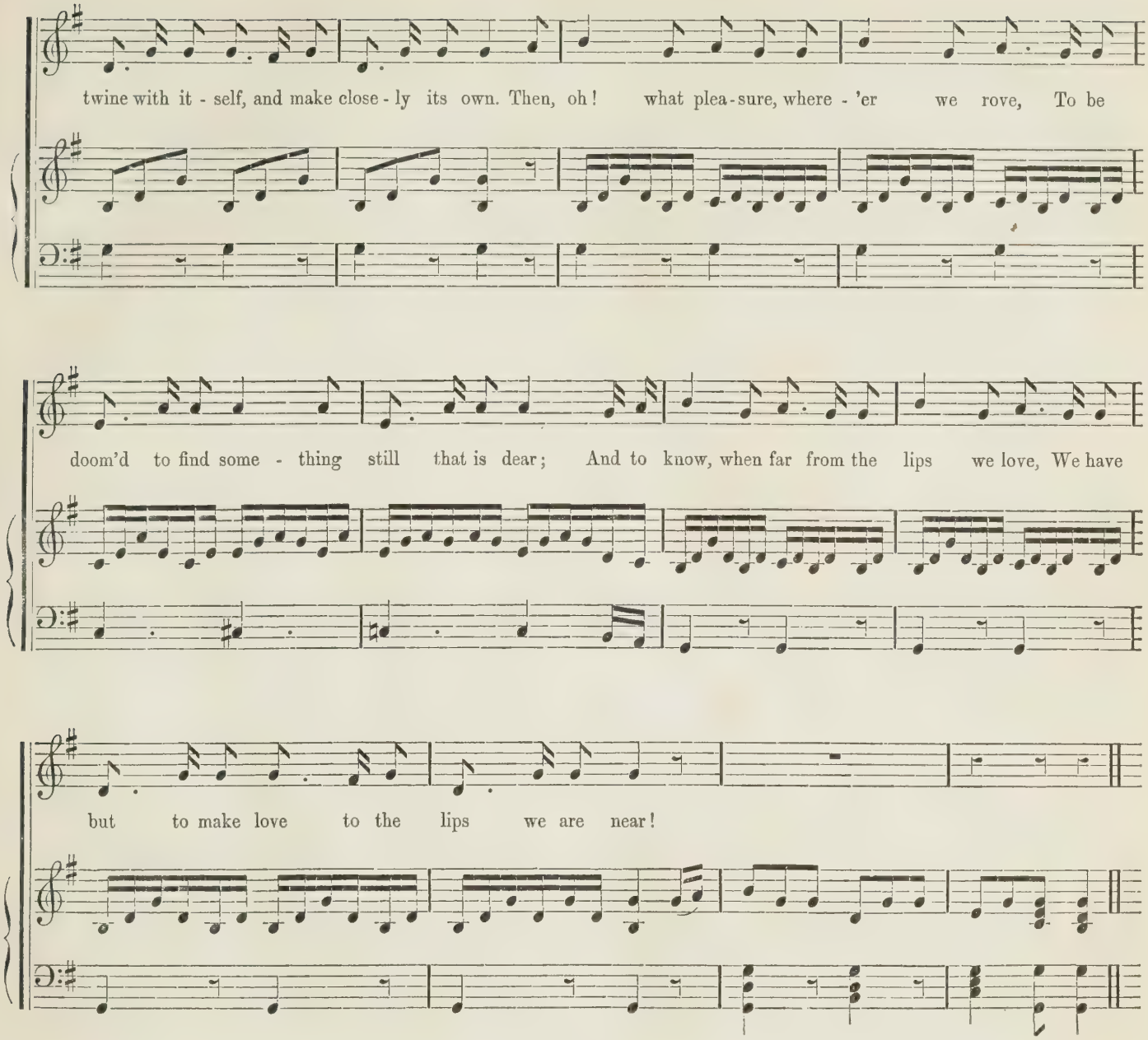
There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss:
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

Playfully.

AIR—THADY, YOU GANDER.



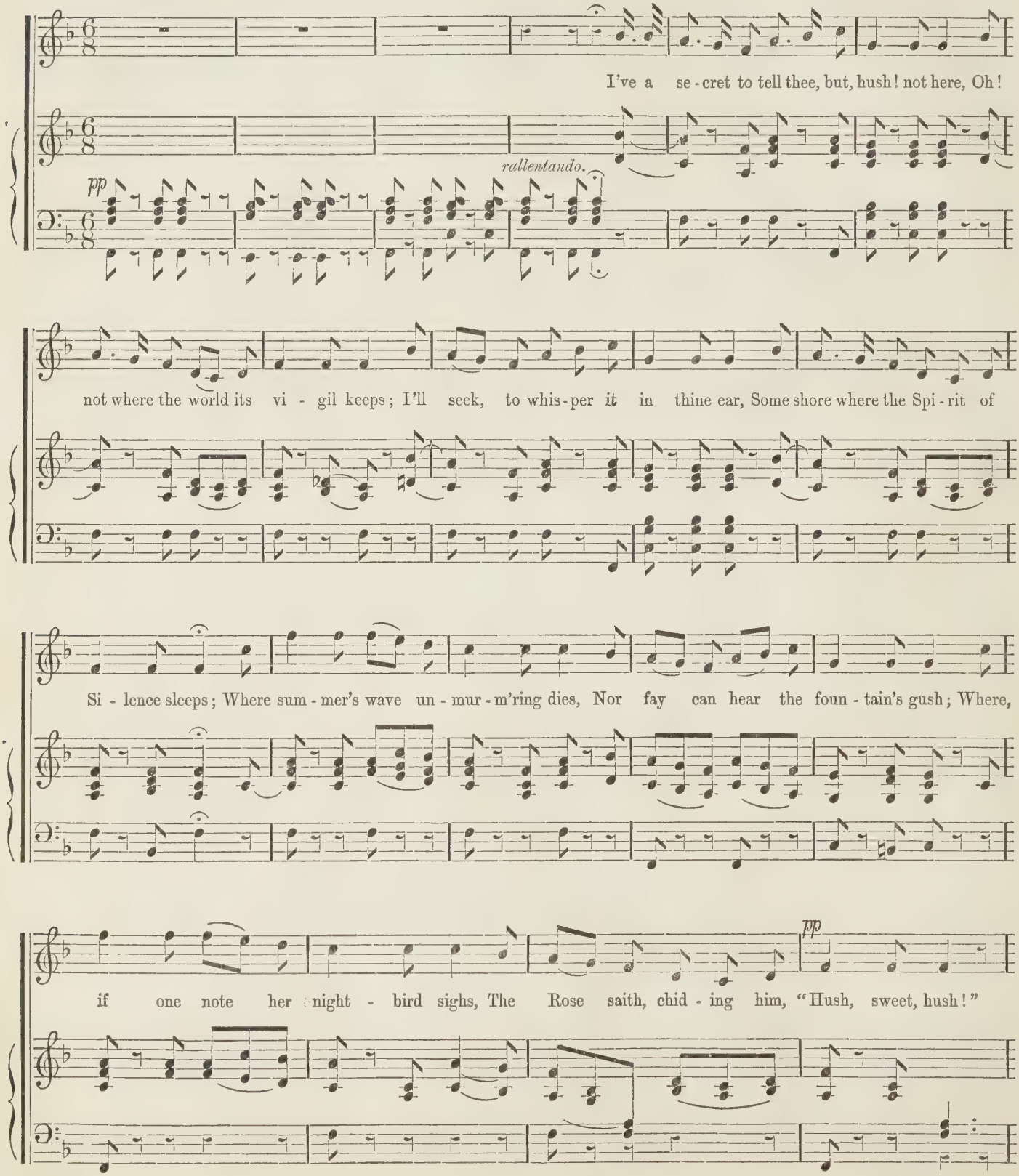


'T were a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest if the rose is not there;
And the world 's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'T were a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike;
They are both of them bright, but they 're changeable too:
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.
Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something still that is dear;
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

In moderate time, and with smoothness.

AIR—OH SOUTHERN BREEZE.



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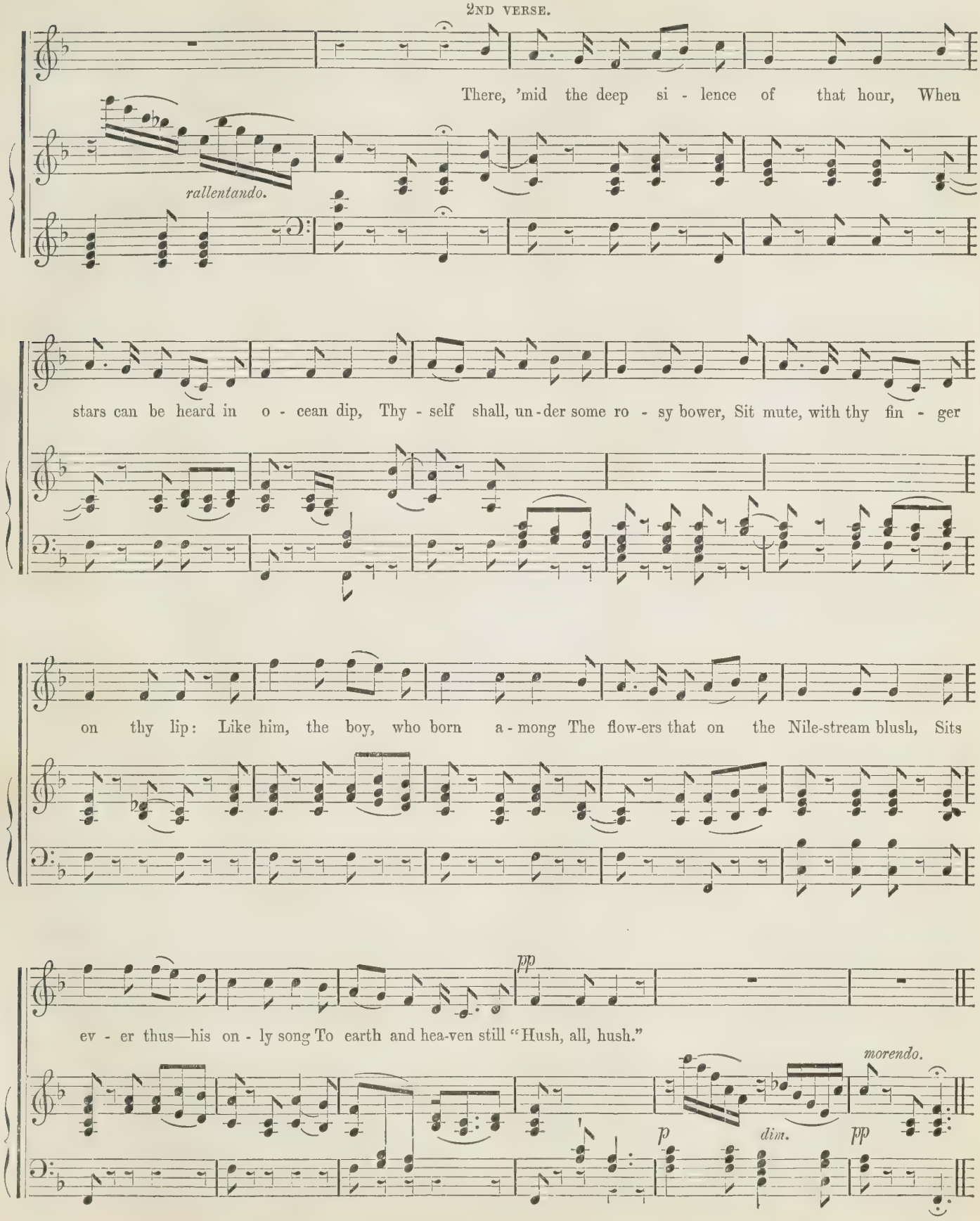
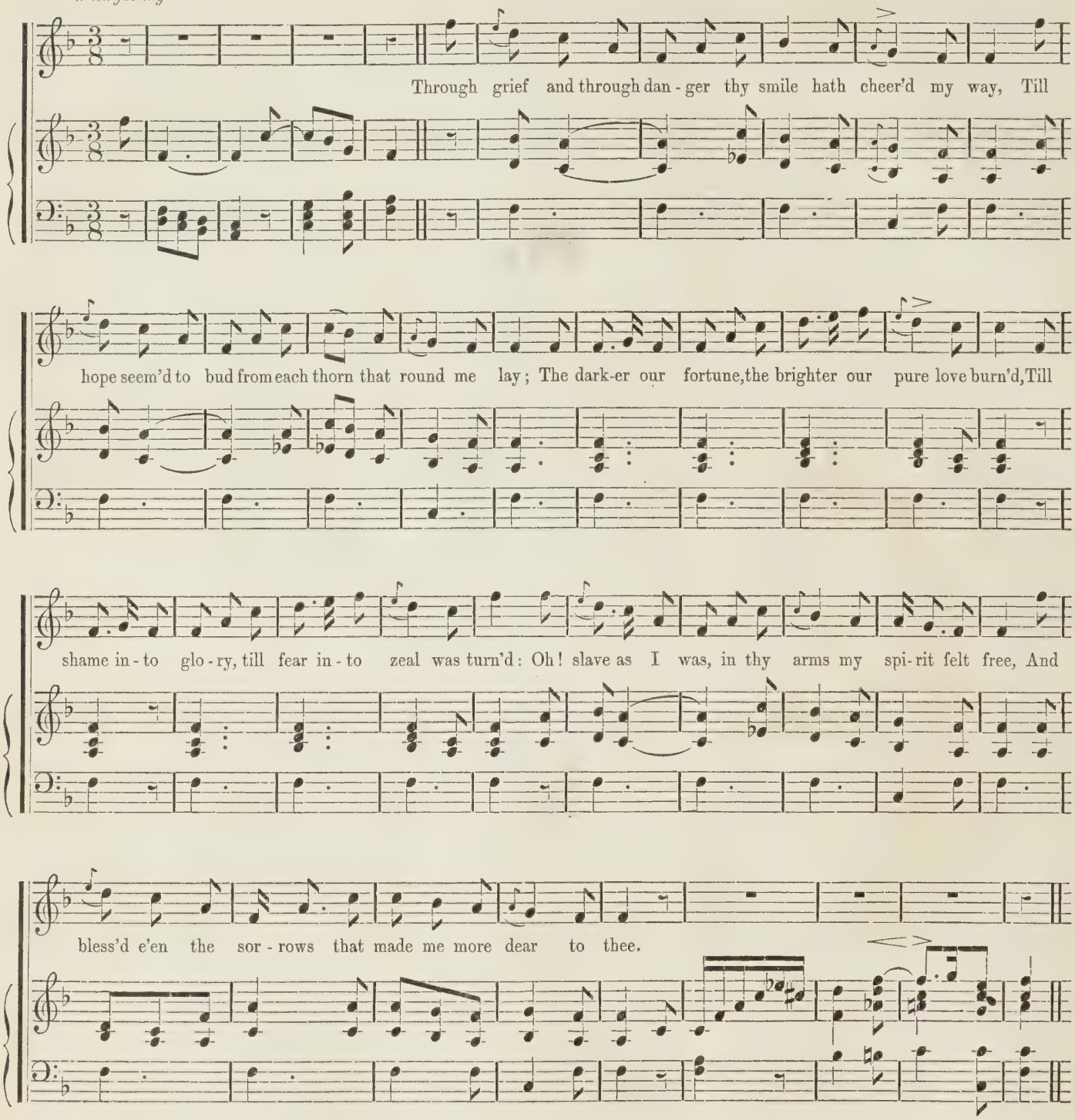

There, 'mid the deep si - lence of that hour, When
rallentando.
stars can be heard in o - cean dip, Thy - self shall, un - der some ro - sy bower, Sit mute, with thy fin - ger
on thy lip: Like him, the boy, who born a - mong The flow-ers that on the Nile-stream blush, Sits
pp
ev - er thus—his on - ly song To earth and hea-ven still "Hush, all, hush."
morendo.
p
dim.
pp

THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER

With feeling.

AIR—I ONCE HAD A TRUE-LOVE.



II.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

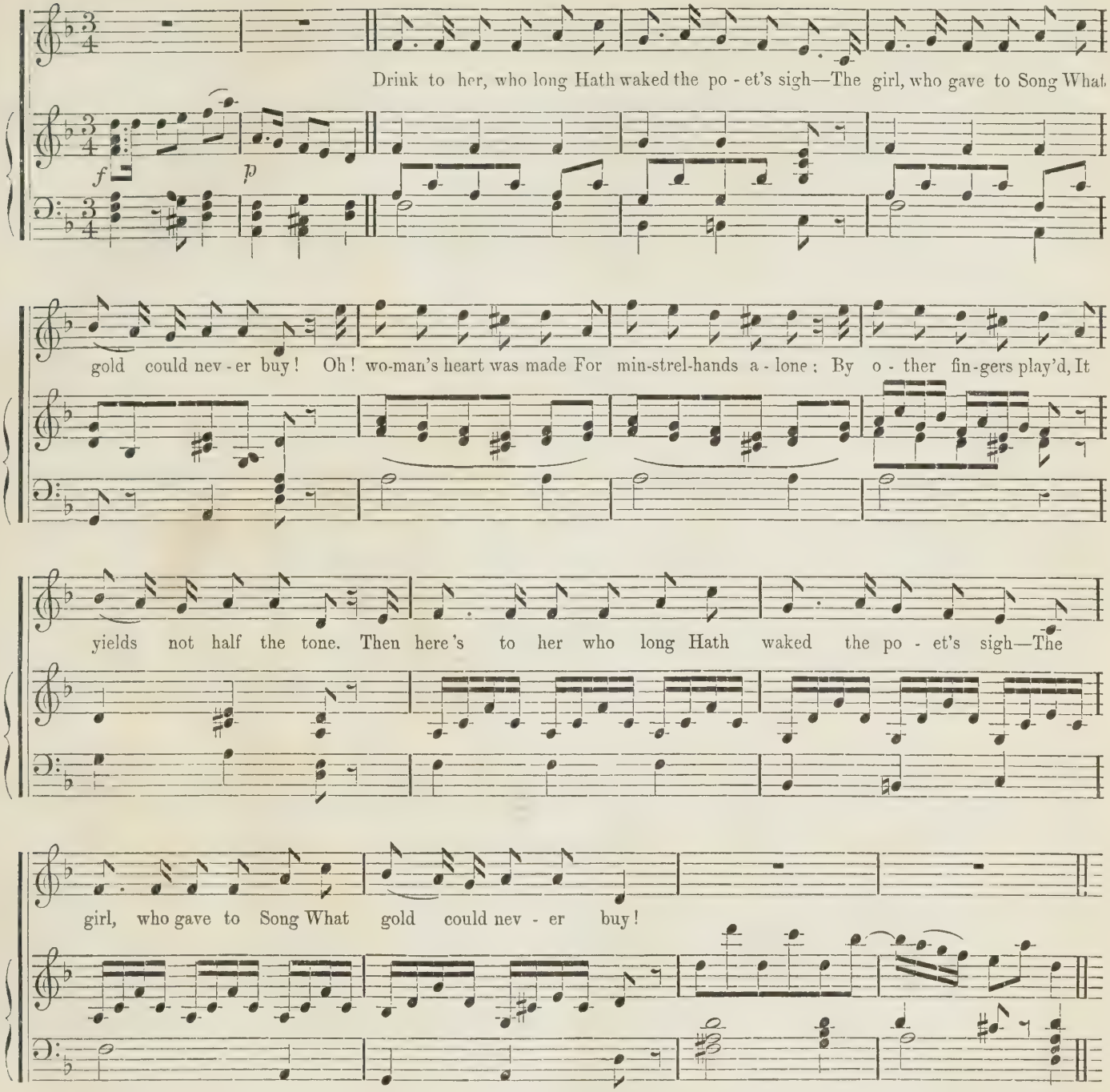
III.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains;
Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue;
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!

DRINK TO HER.

Playful.

AIR—HEIGH HO! MY JACKEY.



II.

At Beauty's door of glass,
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "*Which* might pass?"
She answer'd, "He who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 't would not do;
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through!
Then here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh—
The girl, who gave to Song
What gold could never buy!

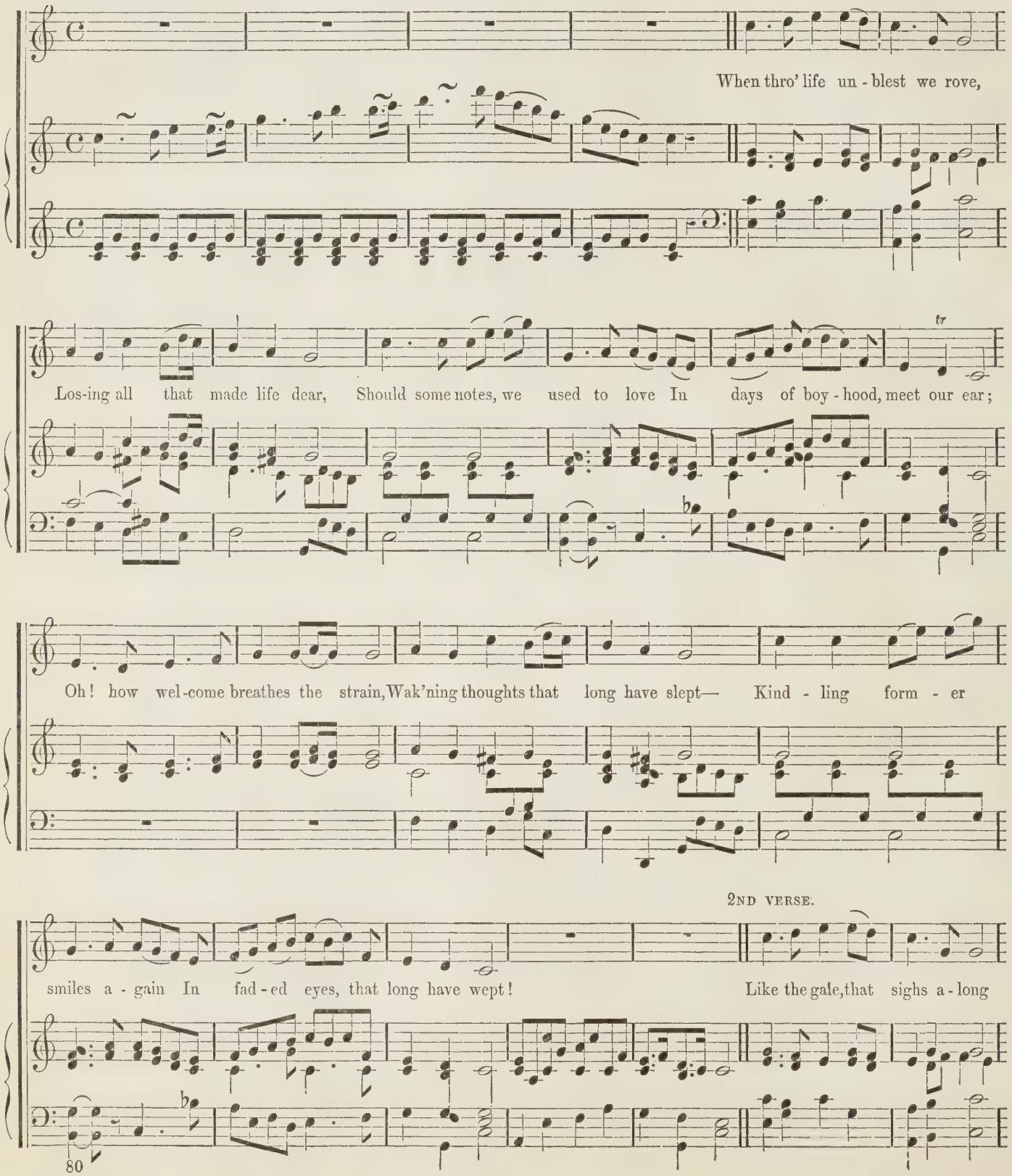
III.

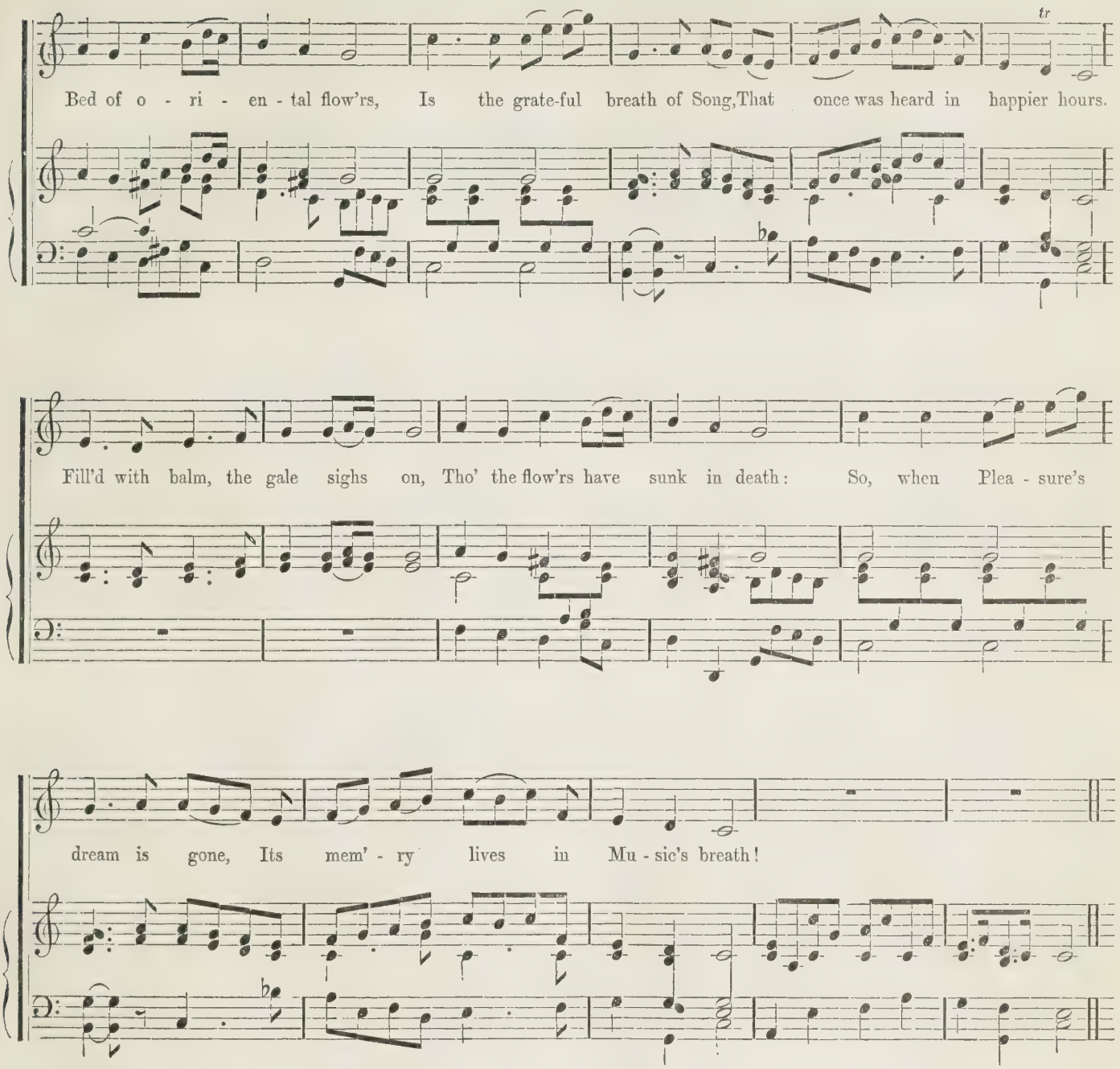
The Love, that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines:
But, oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here!
Then drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh—
The girl, who gave to Song
What gold could never buy!

WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

Slow, and with feeling.

AIR—BANKS OF BANNA.

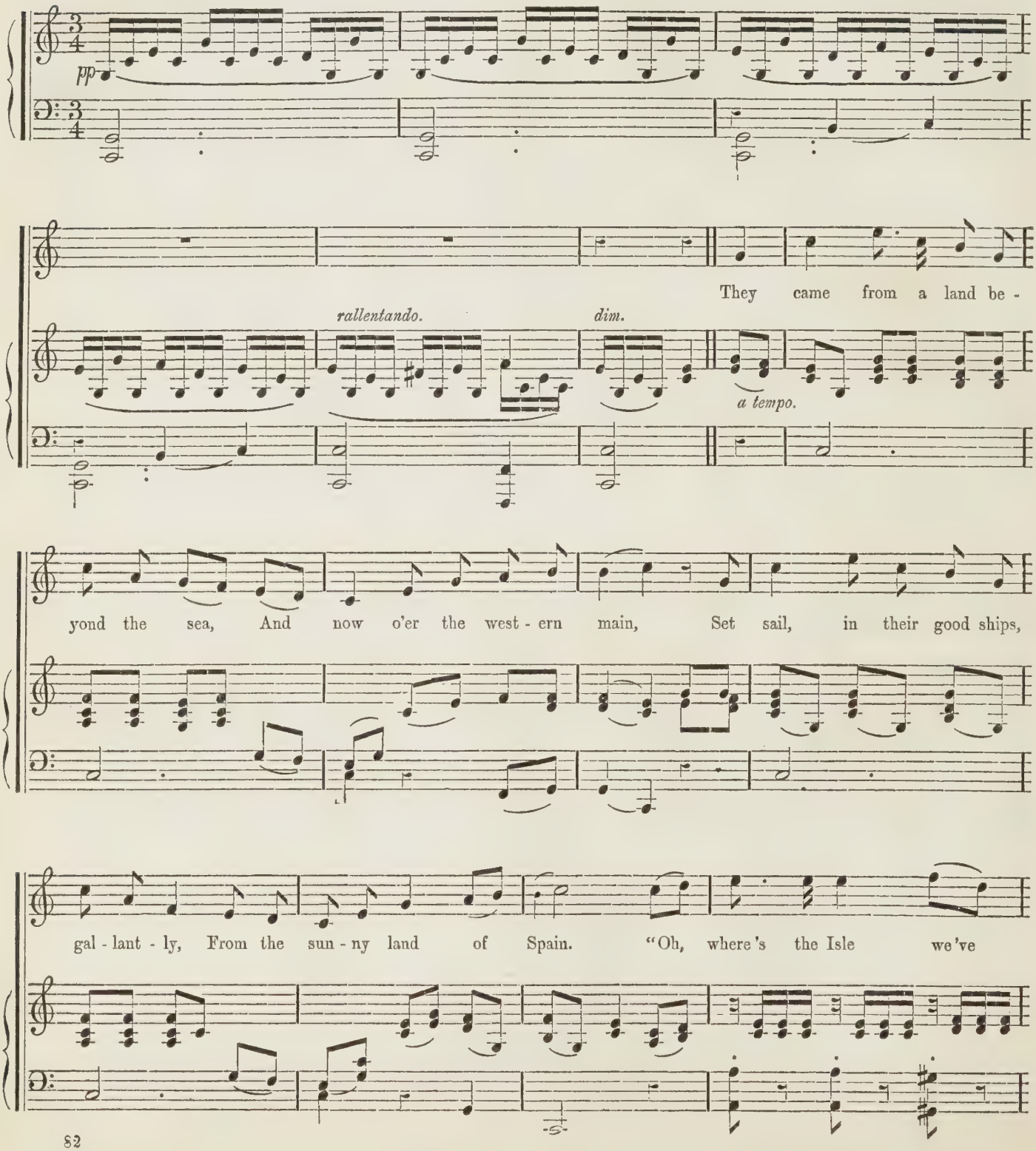


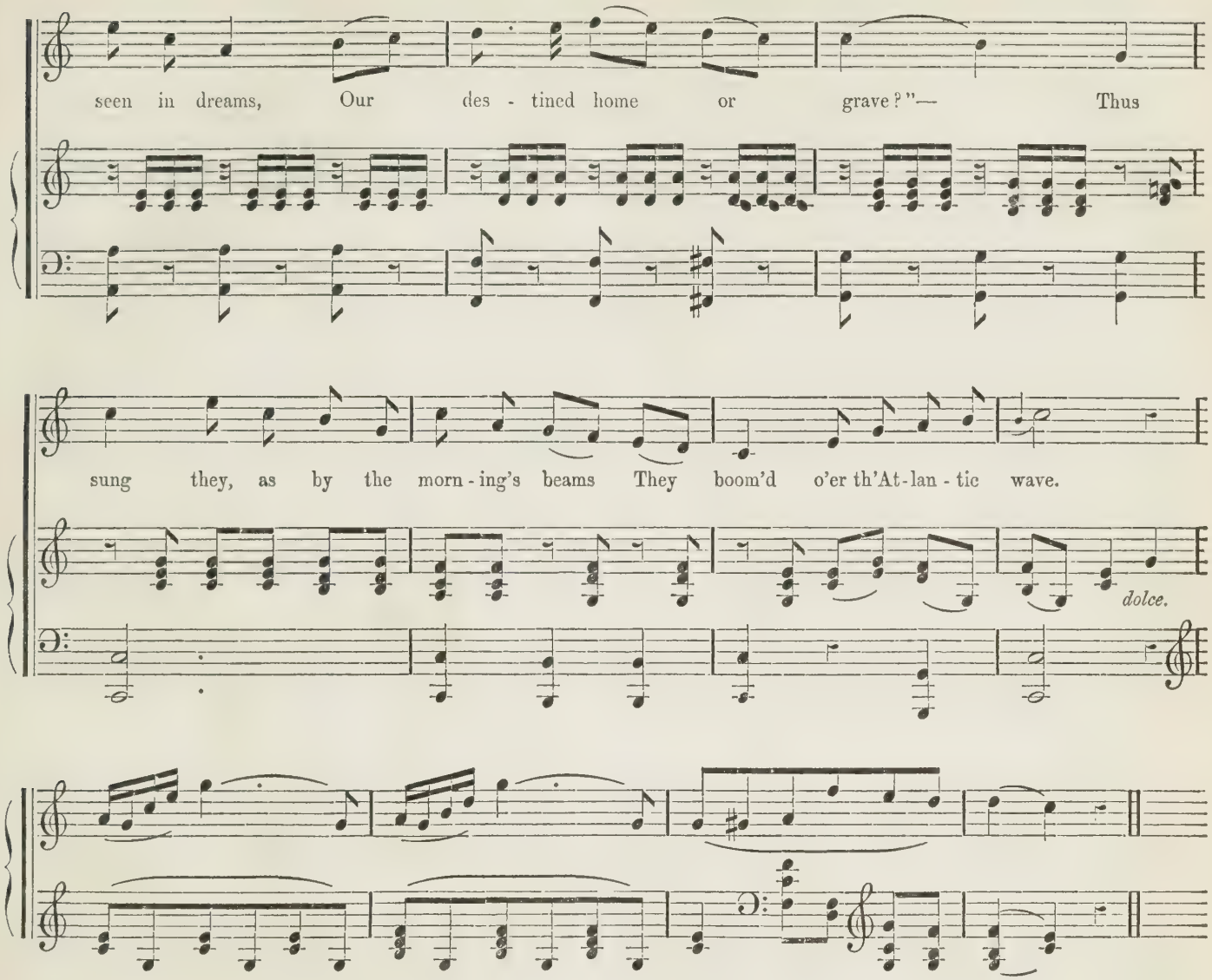


Music!—oh! how faint, how weak!
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

THEY CAME FROM A LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

In moderate time, and flowingly. AIR—PEGGY BAWN.





II.

And lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay em'rald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
"'T is Innisfail—'t is Innisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea,
While, bending to Heav'n, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

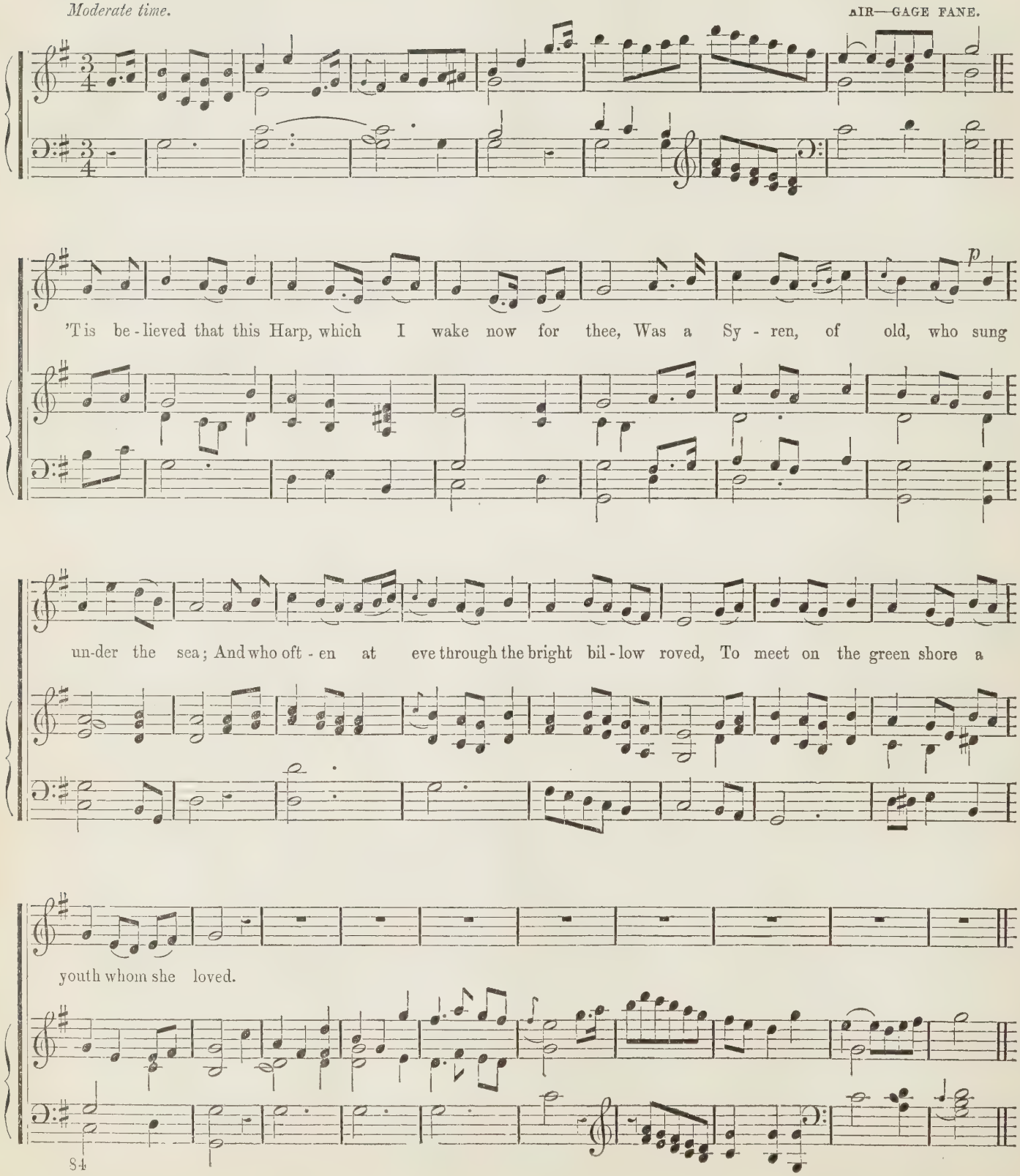
III.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear on leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our Eastern fathers trod.

'TIS BELIEVED THAT THIS HARP.

Moderate time.

AIR—GAGE FANE.



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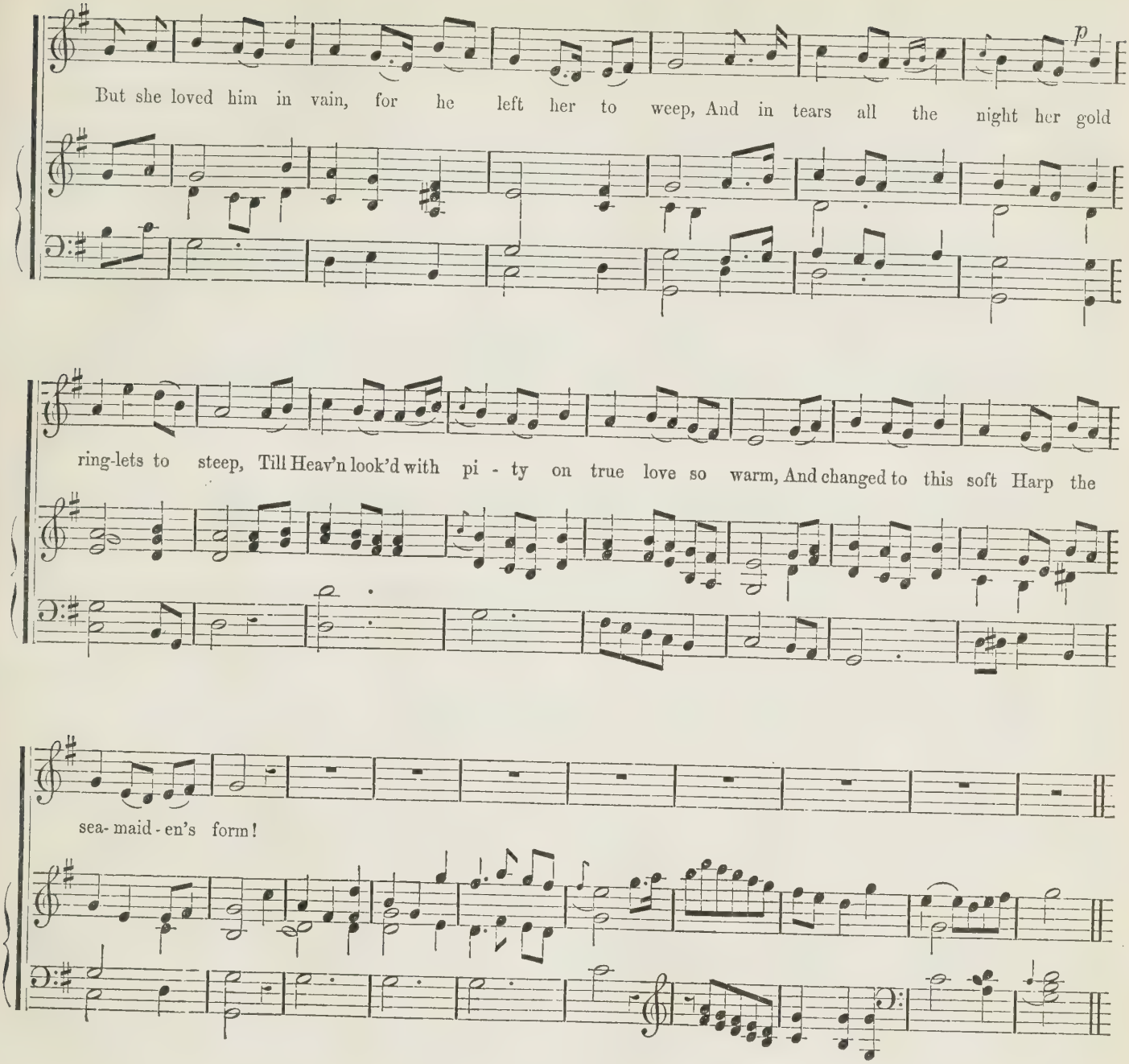


III.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings!

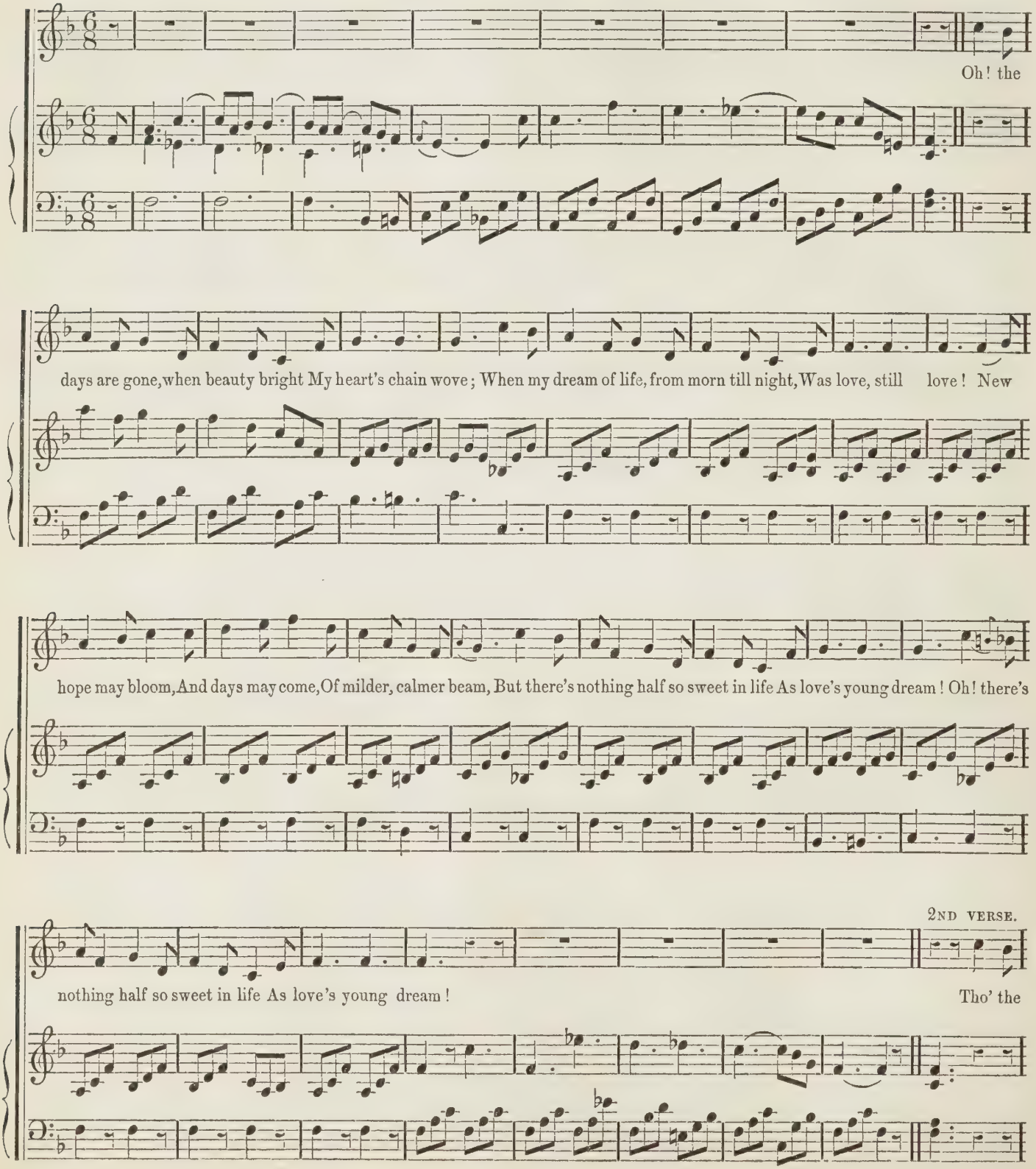
IV.

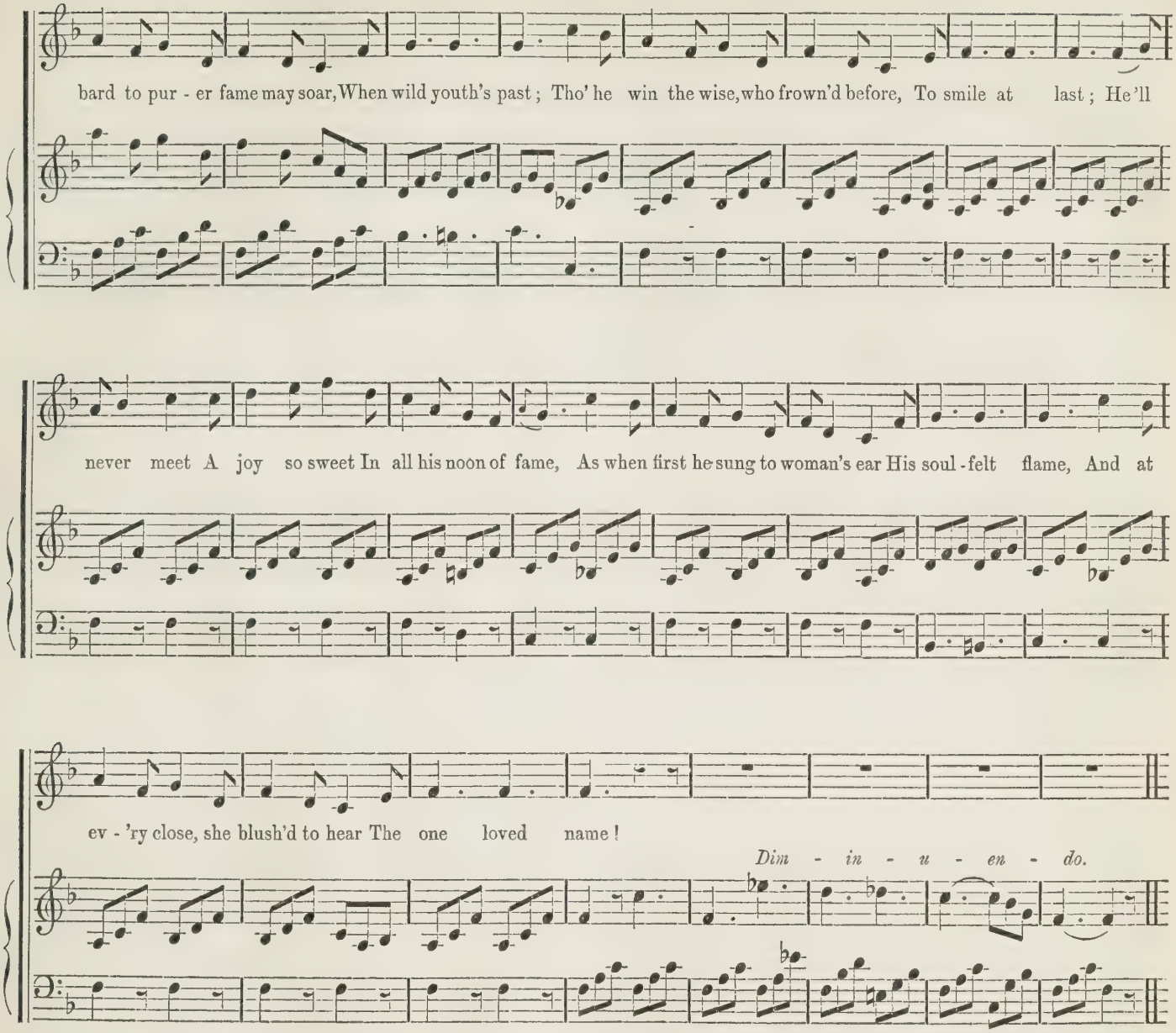
Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle Love's language with Sorrow's sad tone,
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE, WHEN BEAUTY BRIGHT.

Moderate time, with expression.

AIR—THE OLD WOMAN.



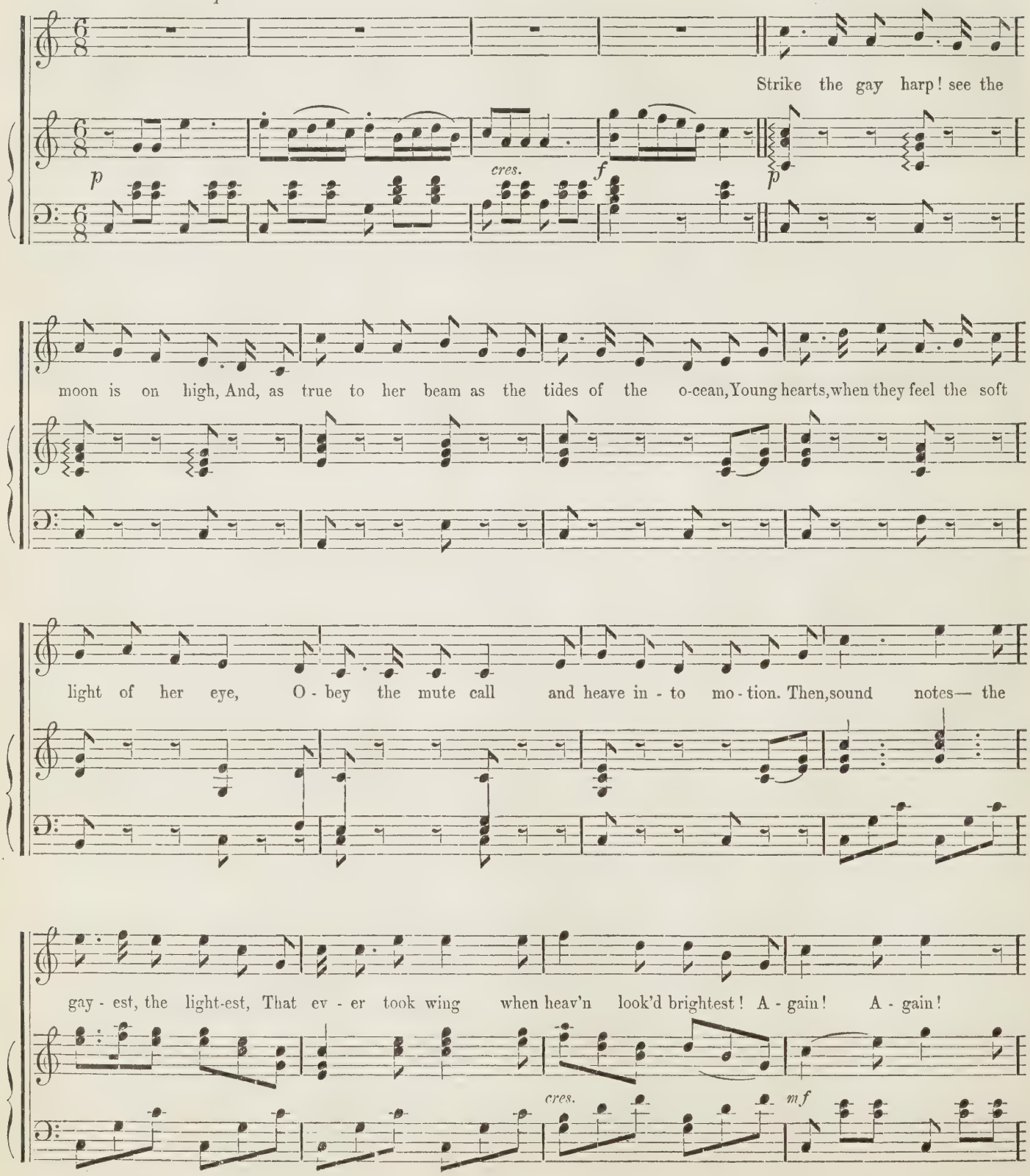


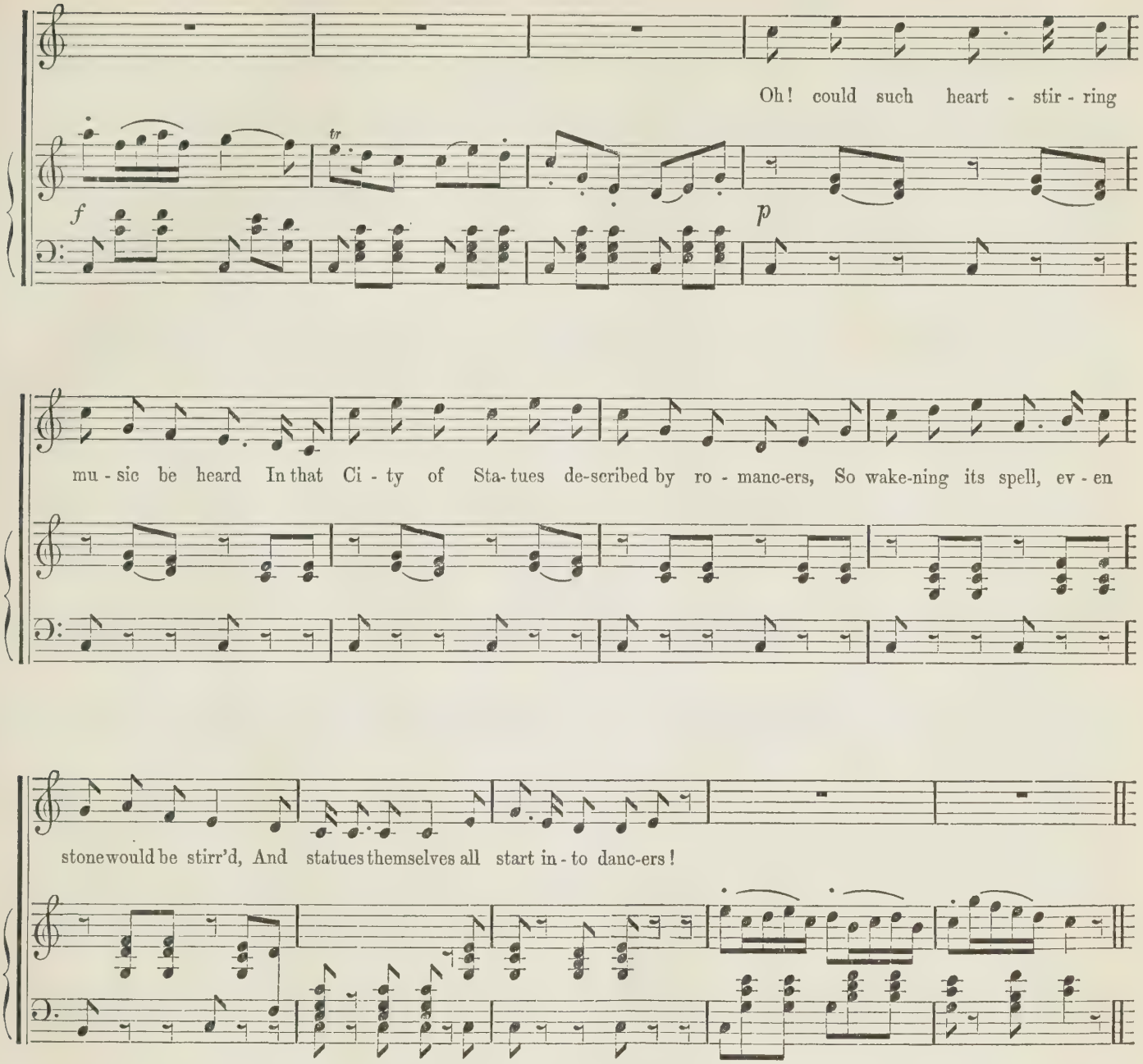
Oh! that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced;
Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot
On mem'ry's waste!
'T was odour fled
As soon as shed;
'T was morning's winged dream!
'T was a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 't was light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

STRIKE THE GAY HARP! SEE THE MOON IS ON HIGH.

With liveliness and spirit.

AIR—THE NIGHTCAP.



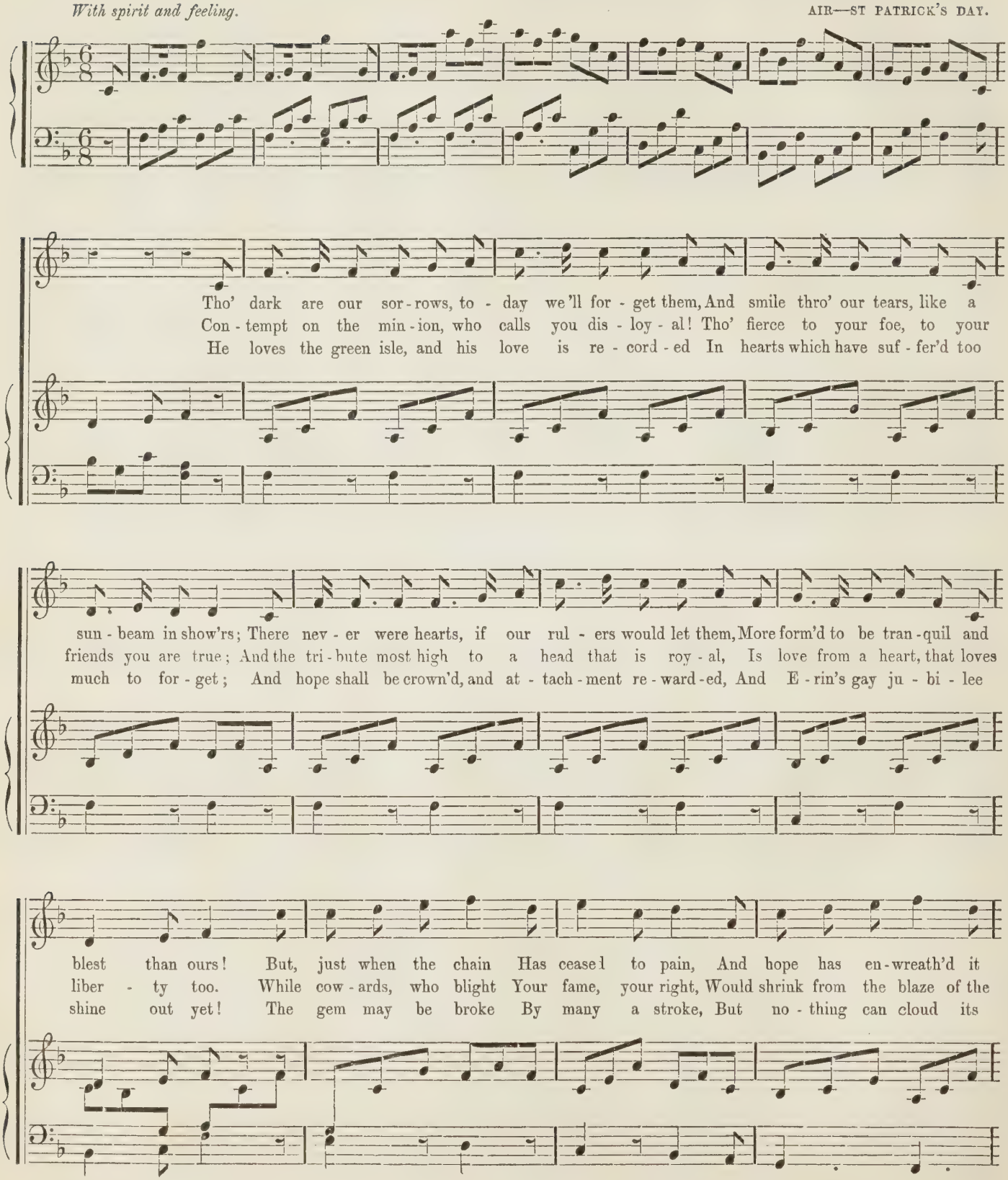


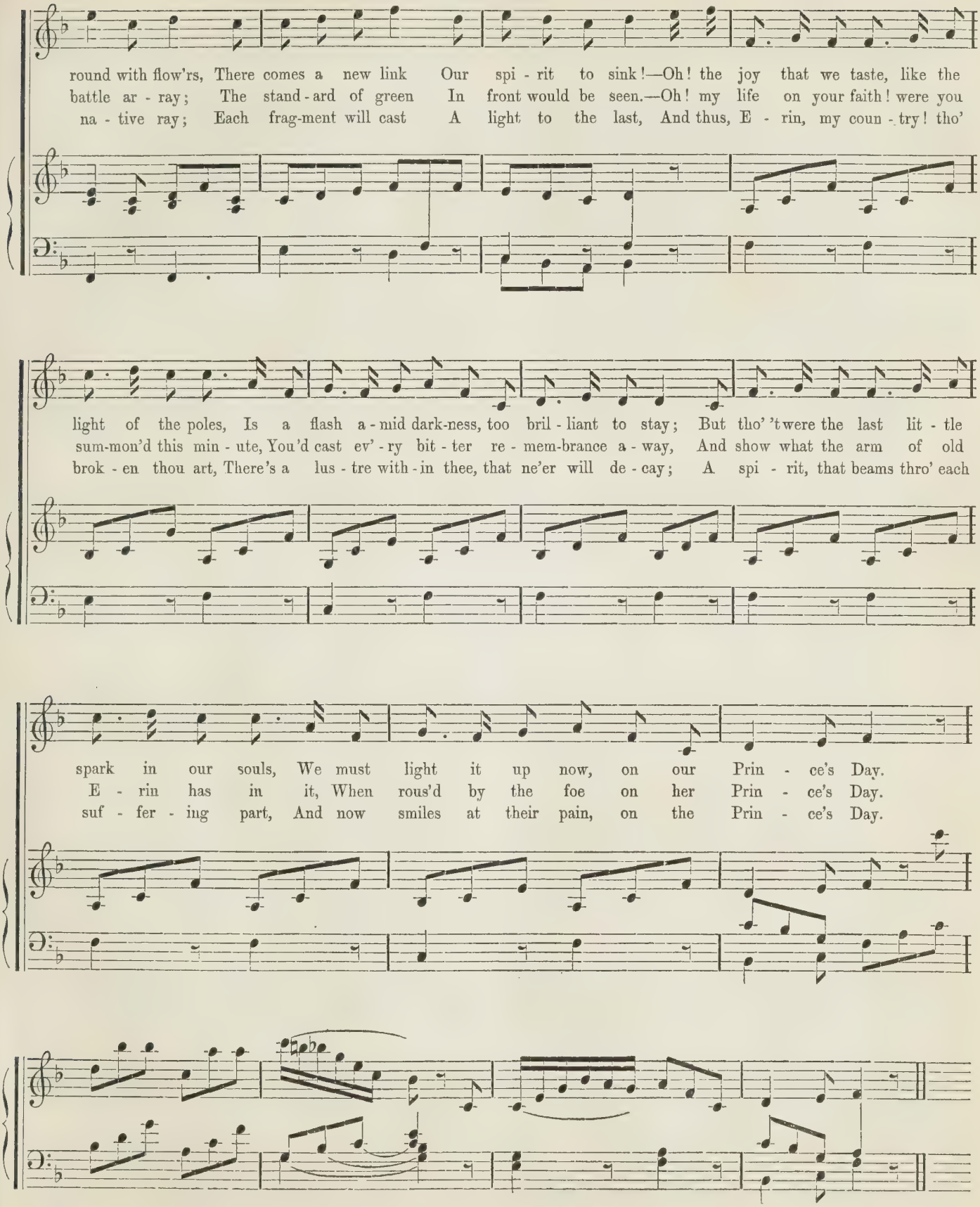
Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us,
While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
And, list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us.
Again that strain!—to hear it thus sounding
Might set ev'n Death's cold pulses bounding,—
Again! Again!
Oh! what a bliss, when the youthful and gay,
Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,
As dance the young Hours to the music of May,
Thus mingle sweet song and sunshine together.

THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

With spirit and feeling.

AIR—ST PATRICK'S DAY.

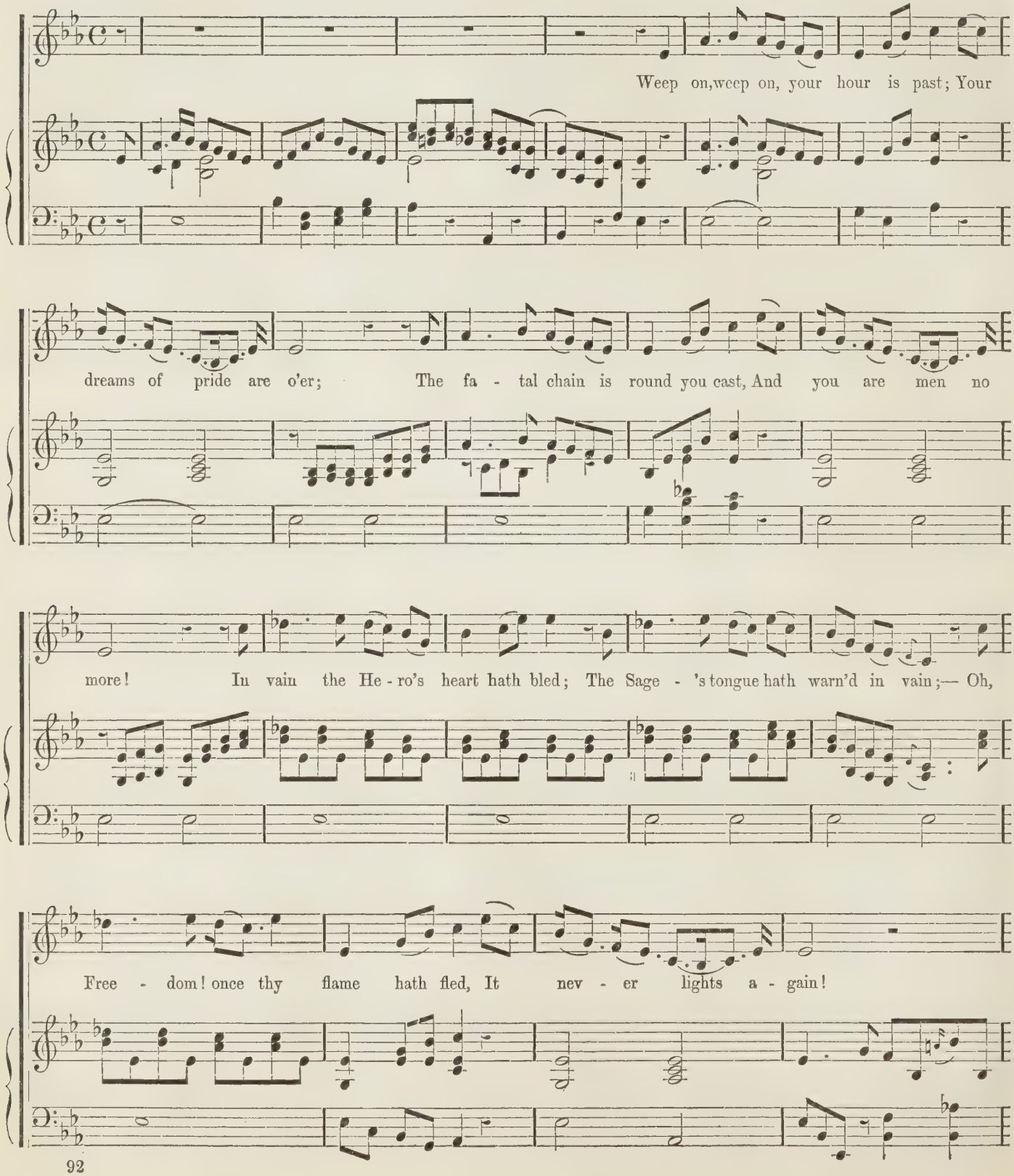



round with flow'rs, There comes a new link Our spi - rit to sink!—Oh! the joy that we taste, like the
battle ar - ray; The stand - ard of green In front would be seen.—Oh! my life on your faith! were you
na - tive ray; Each frag-ment will cast A light to the last, And thus, E - rin, my coun - try! tho'
light of the poles, Is a flash a - mid dark-ness, too bril - liant to stay; But tho' 't were the last lit - tle
sum-mon'd this min - ute, You'd cast ev' - ry bit - ter re - mem-brance a - way, And show what the arm of old
brok - en thou art, There's a lus - tre with - in thee, that ne'er will de - cay; A spi - rit, that beams thro' each
spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prin - ce's Day.
E - rin has in it, When rous'd by the foe on her Prin - ce's Day.
suf - fer - ing part, And now smiles at their pain, on the Prin - ce's Day.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

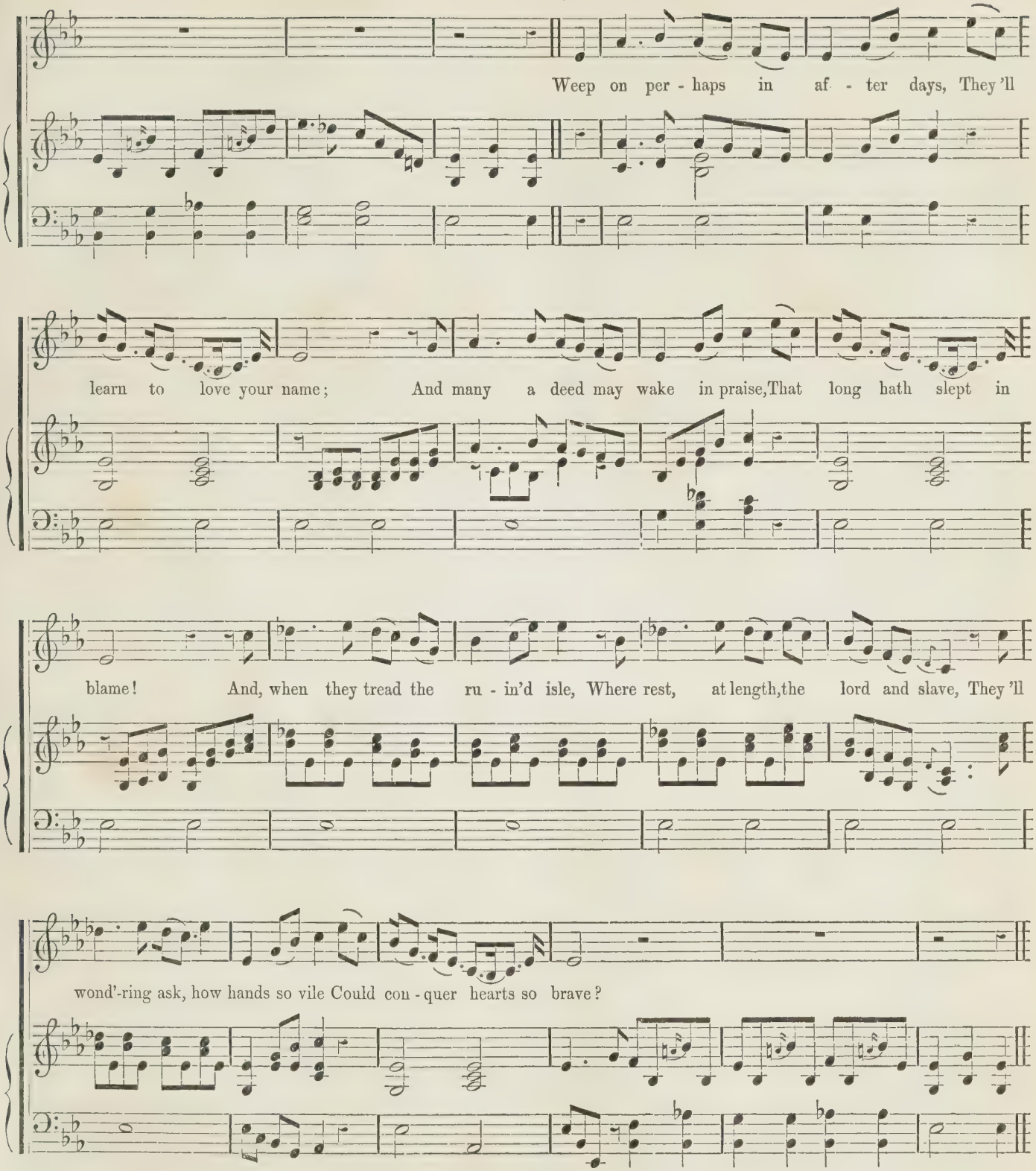
Mournfully.

AIR—THE SONG OF SORROW.



WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

2ND VERSE.



"'T was fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love!

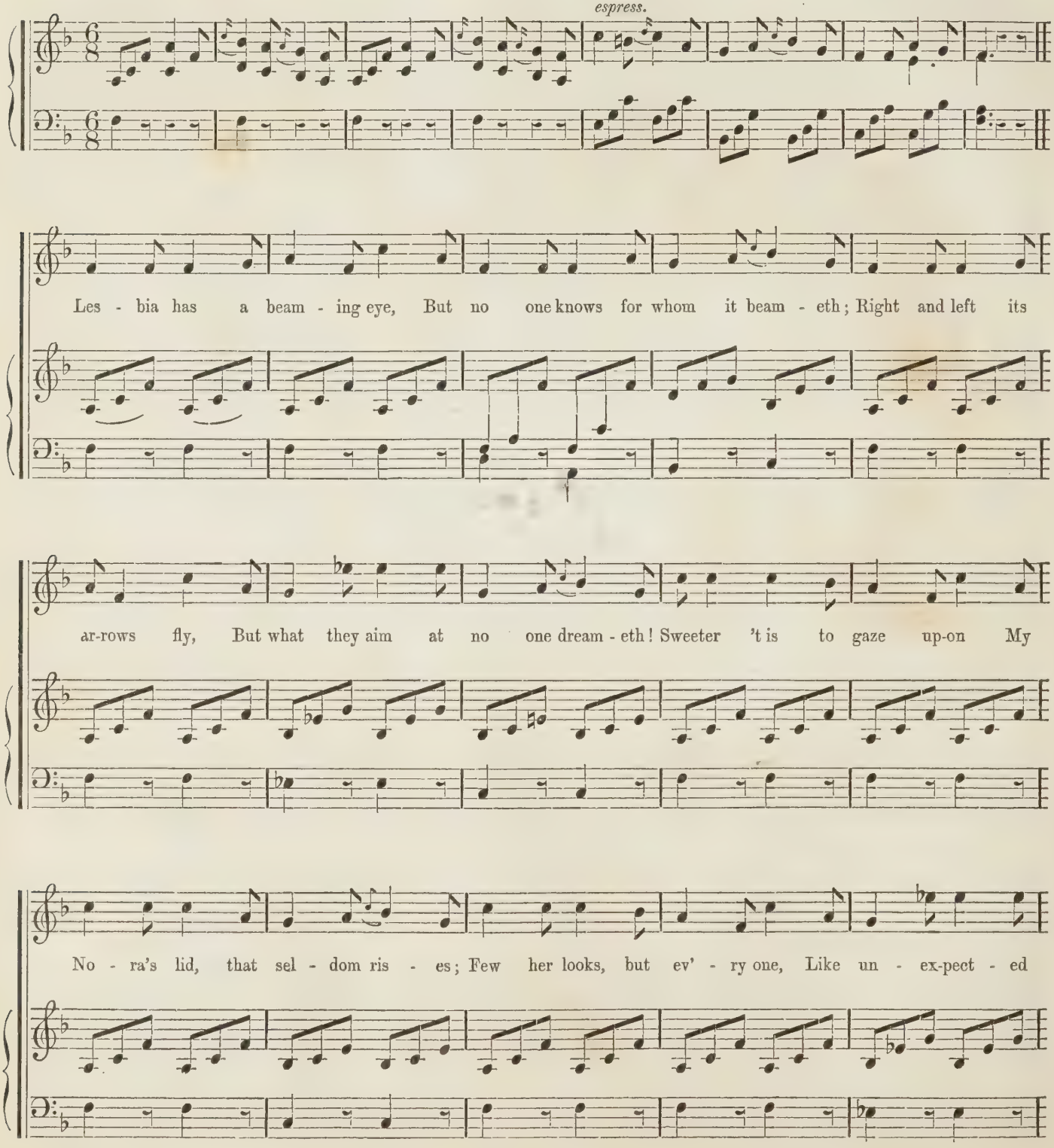
But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
And man profaned what God had giv'n,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
Where others knelt to Heav'n!"

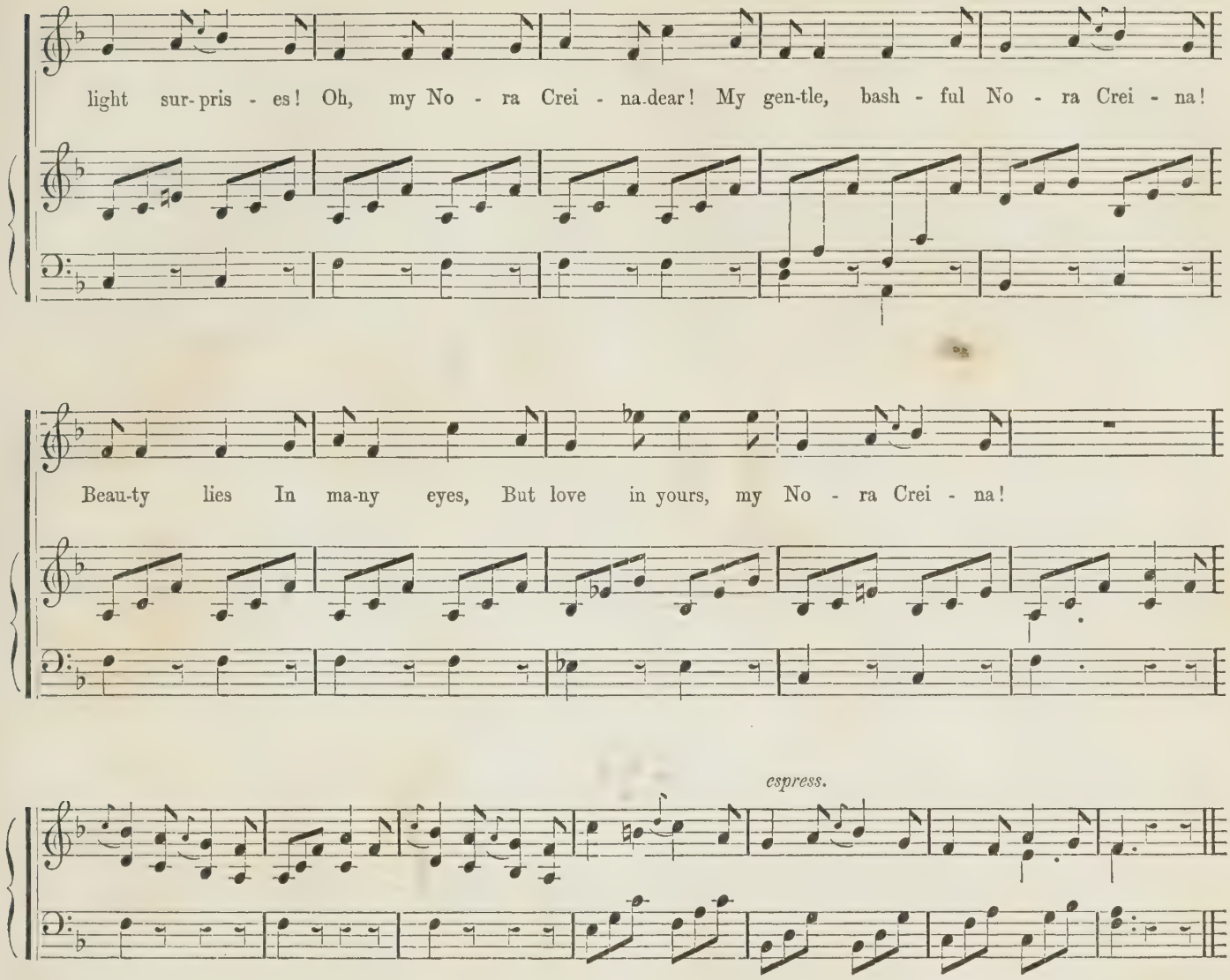
LESBIA HAS A BEAMING EYE.

With lightness and expression.

AIR—NORA CREINA.

espress.





II.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph has laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it!
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving ev'ry beauty free
To sink or swell as heaven pleases!
Yes, my Nora Creina dear!
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
Nature's dress
Is loveliness,
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina!

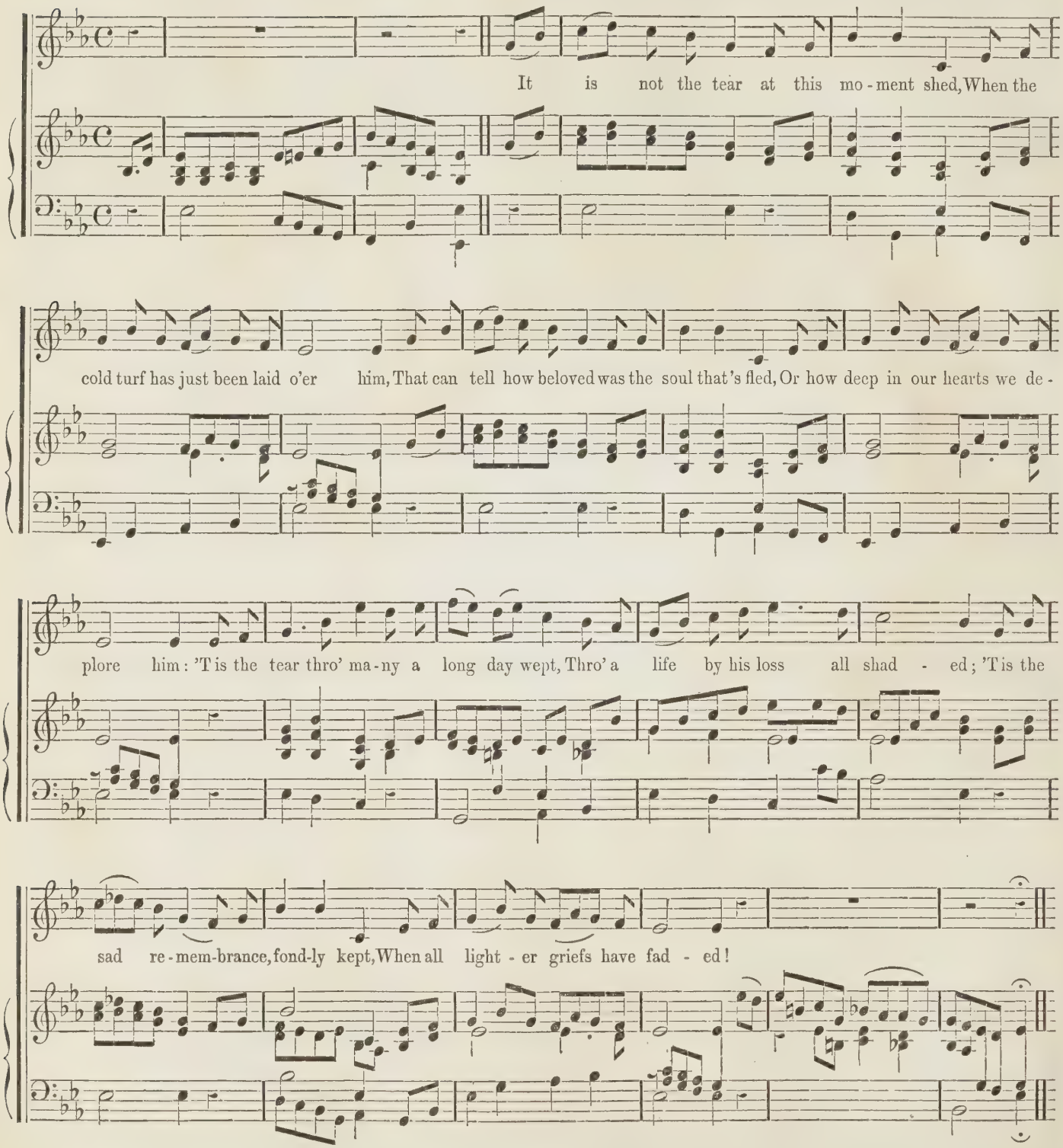
III

Lesbia has a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they 're design'd
To dazzle merley, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love reposes;—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses!
Oh, my Nora Creina dear!
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, tho' bright,
Has not the light
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

With expression.

AIR—THE SIXPENCE.



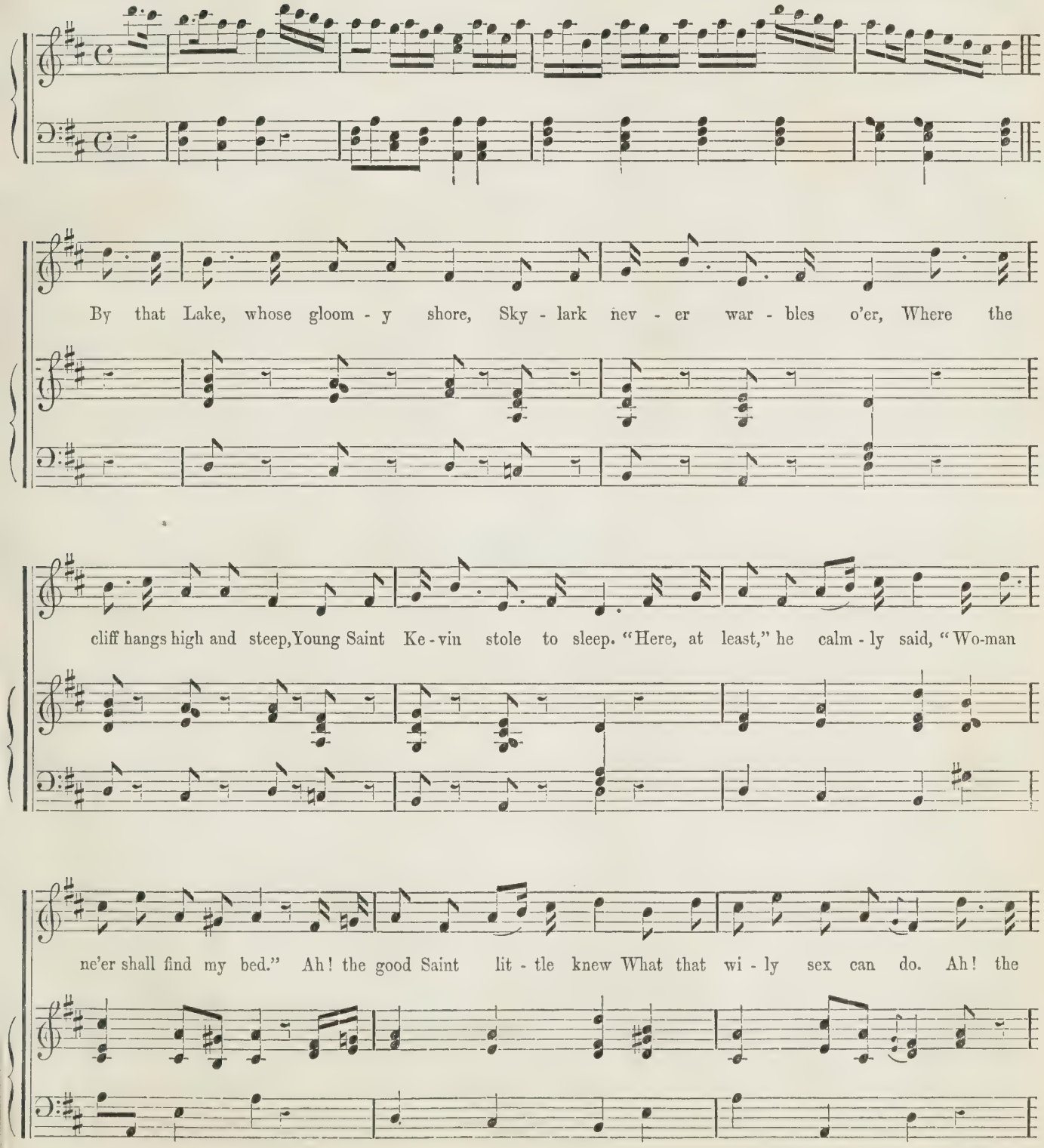
Oh! thus shall we mourn; and his memory's light,
While it shines through our hearts, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them!

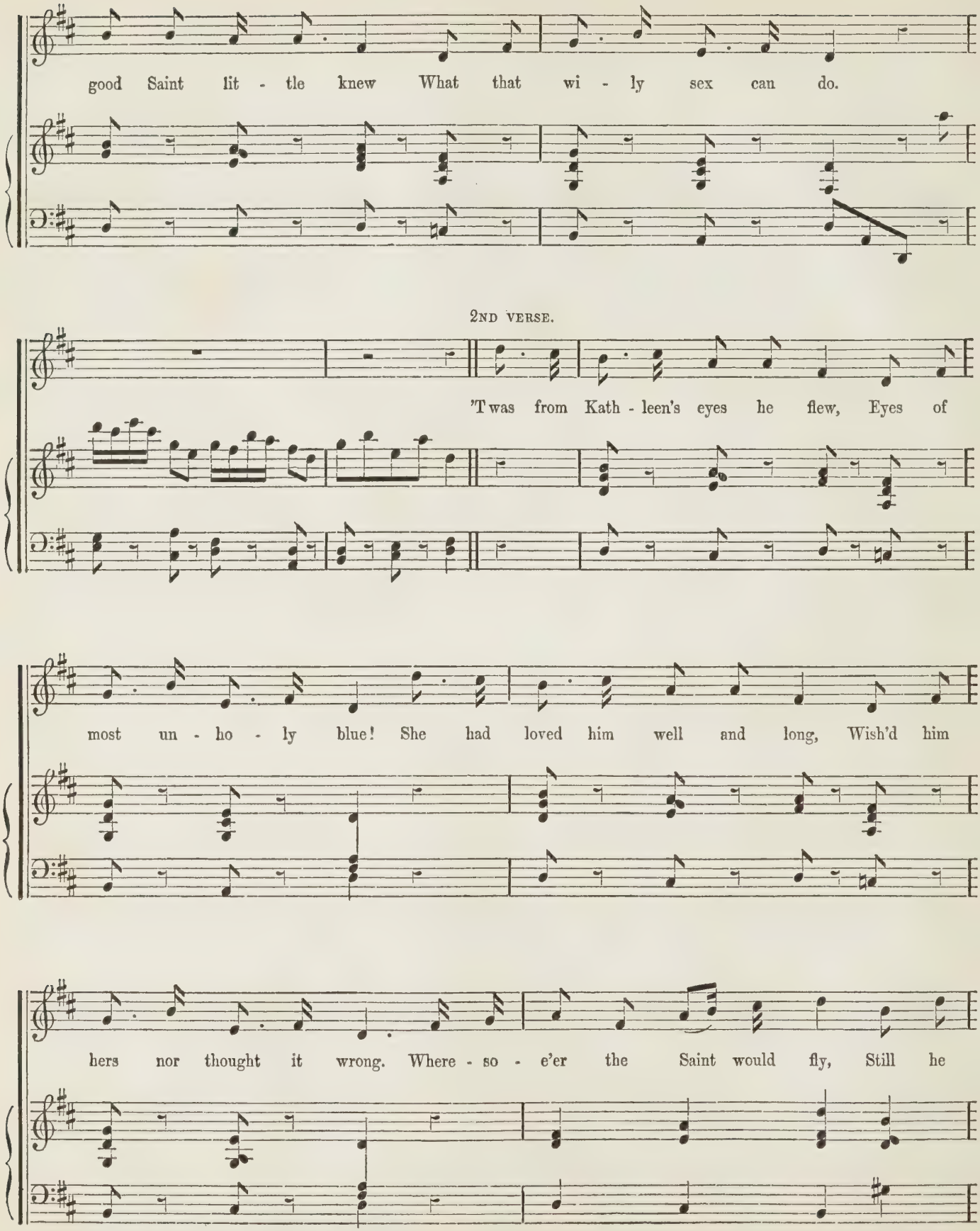
And, as buried saints the grave perfume,
Where, fadeless, they've long been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

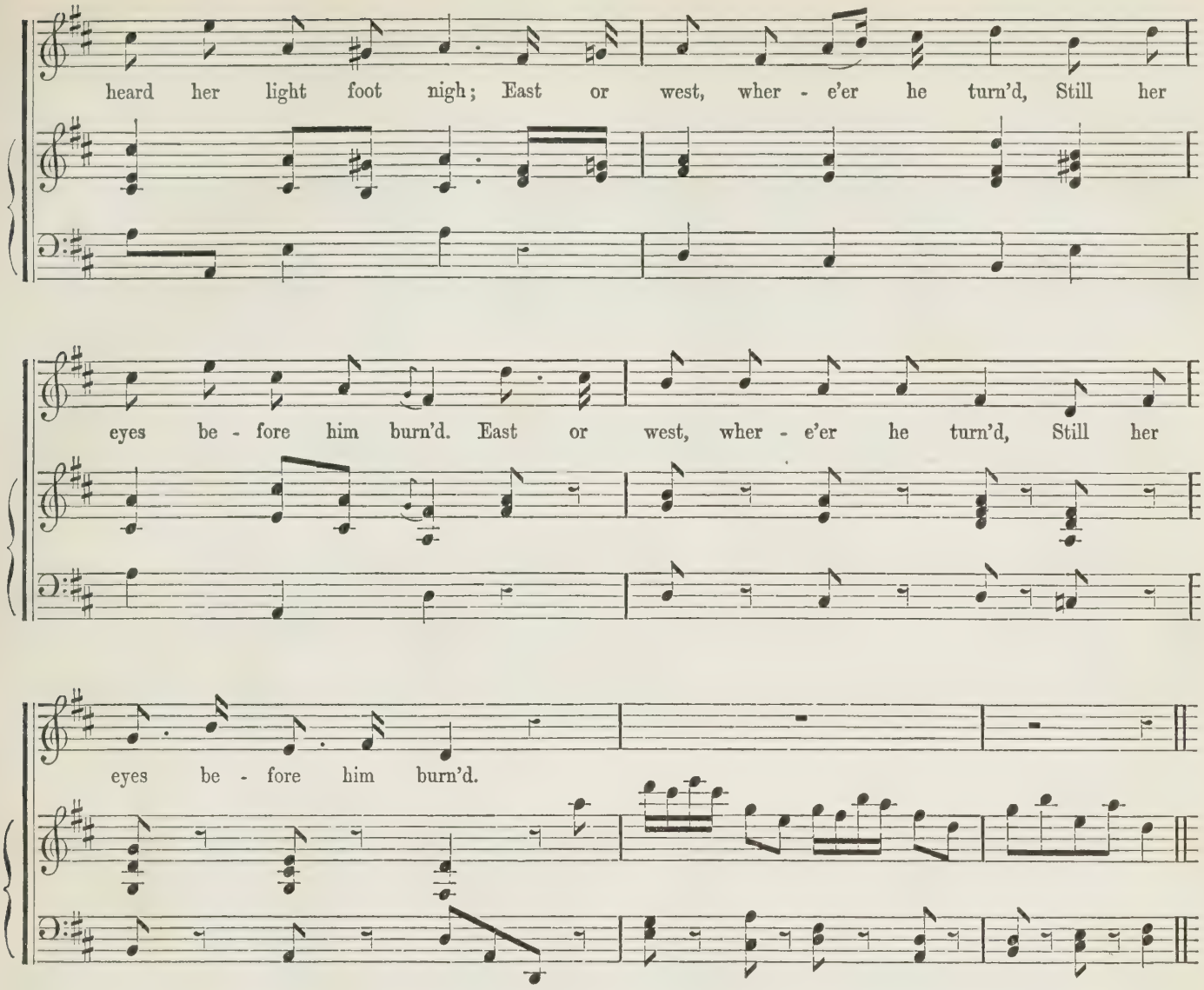
BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

Moderate time.

AIR—THE BROWN IRISH GIRL.




good Saint lit - tle knew What that wi - ly sex can do.
2ND VERSE.
'T was from Kath - leen's eyes he flew, Eyes of
most un - ho - ly blue! She had loved him well and long, Wish'd him
hers nor thought it wrong. Where - so - e'er the Saint would fly, Still he



III.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there;
But nor earth, nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

IV.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

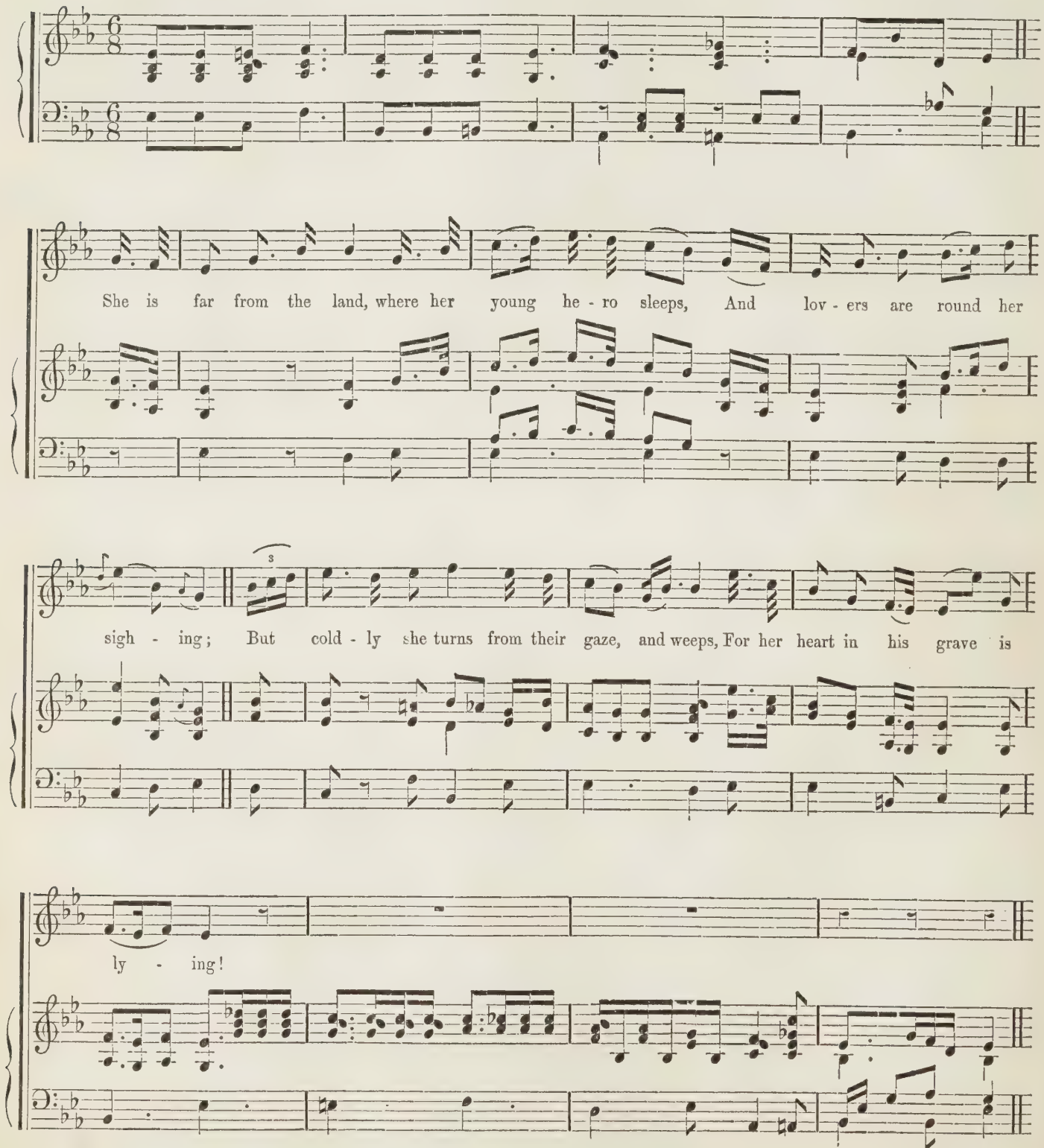
V.

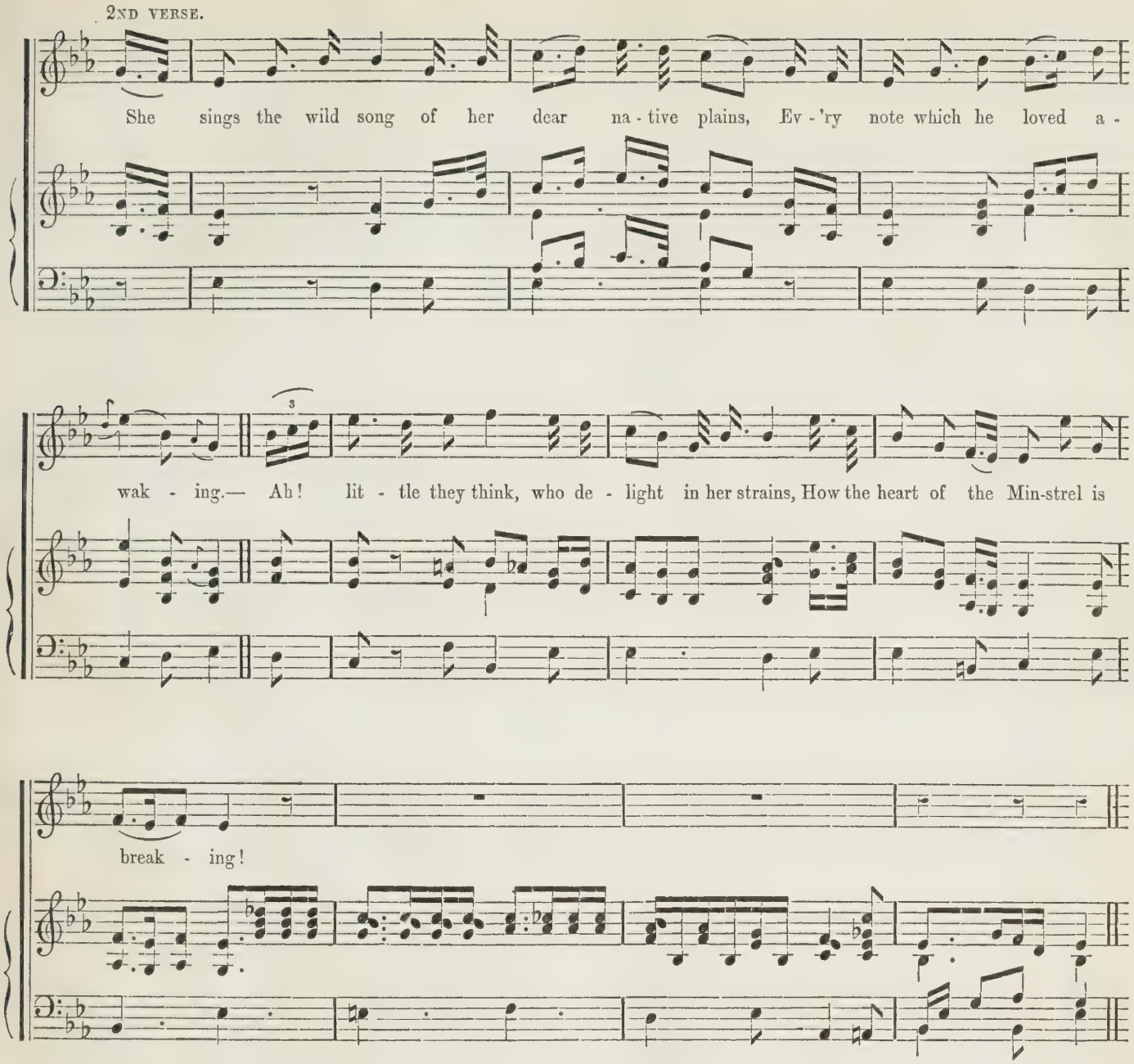
Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave;
Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said "Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

With melancholy expression.

AIR—OPEN THE DOOR.





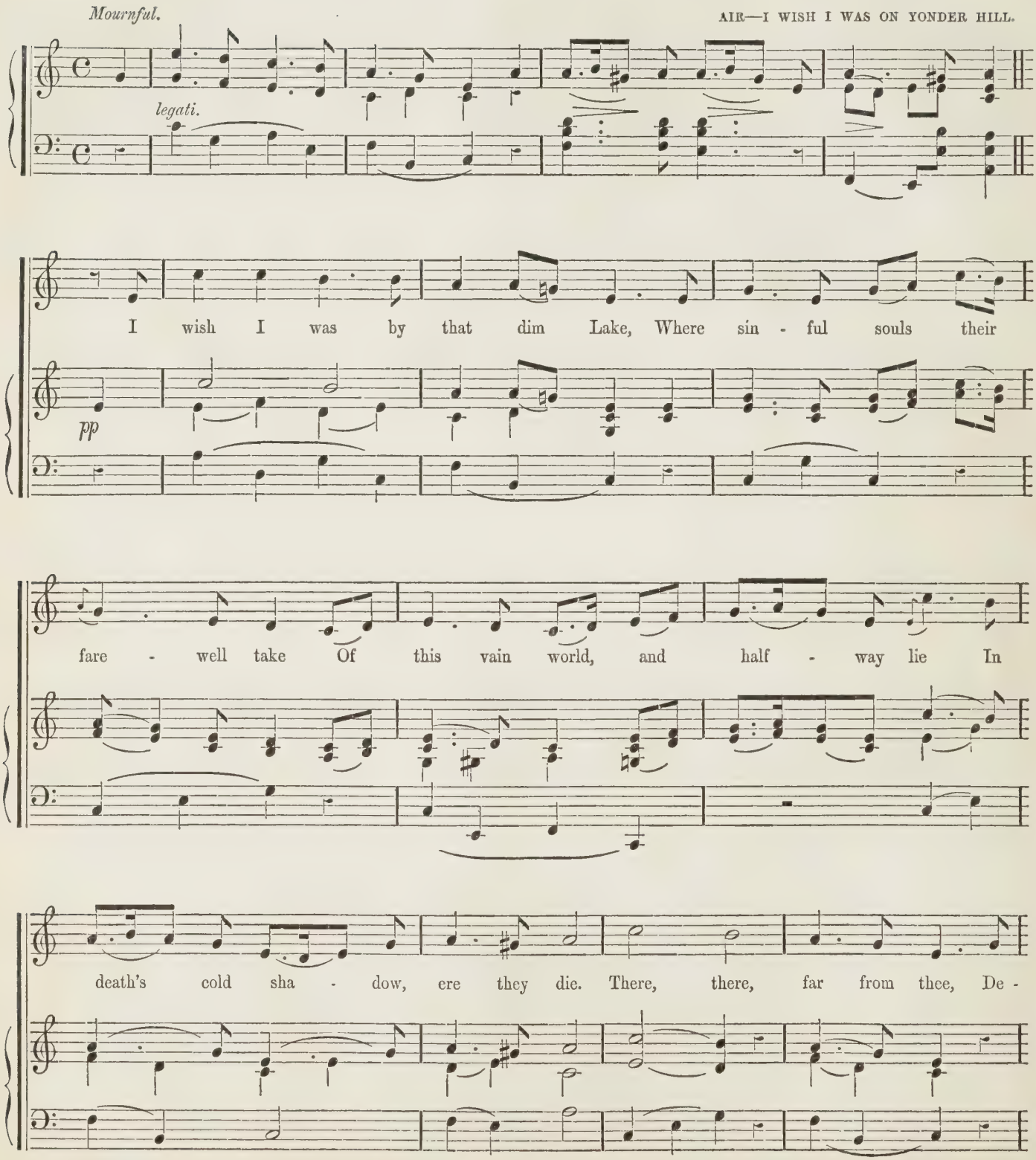
III.

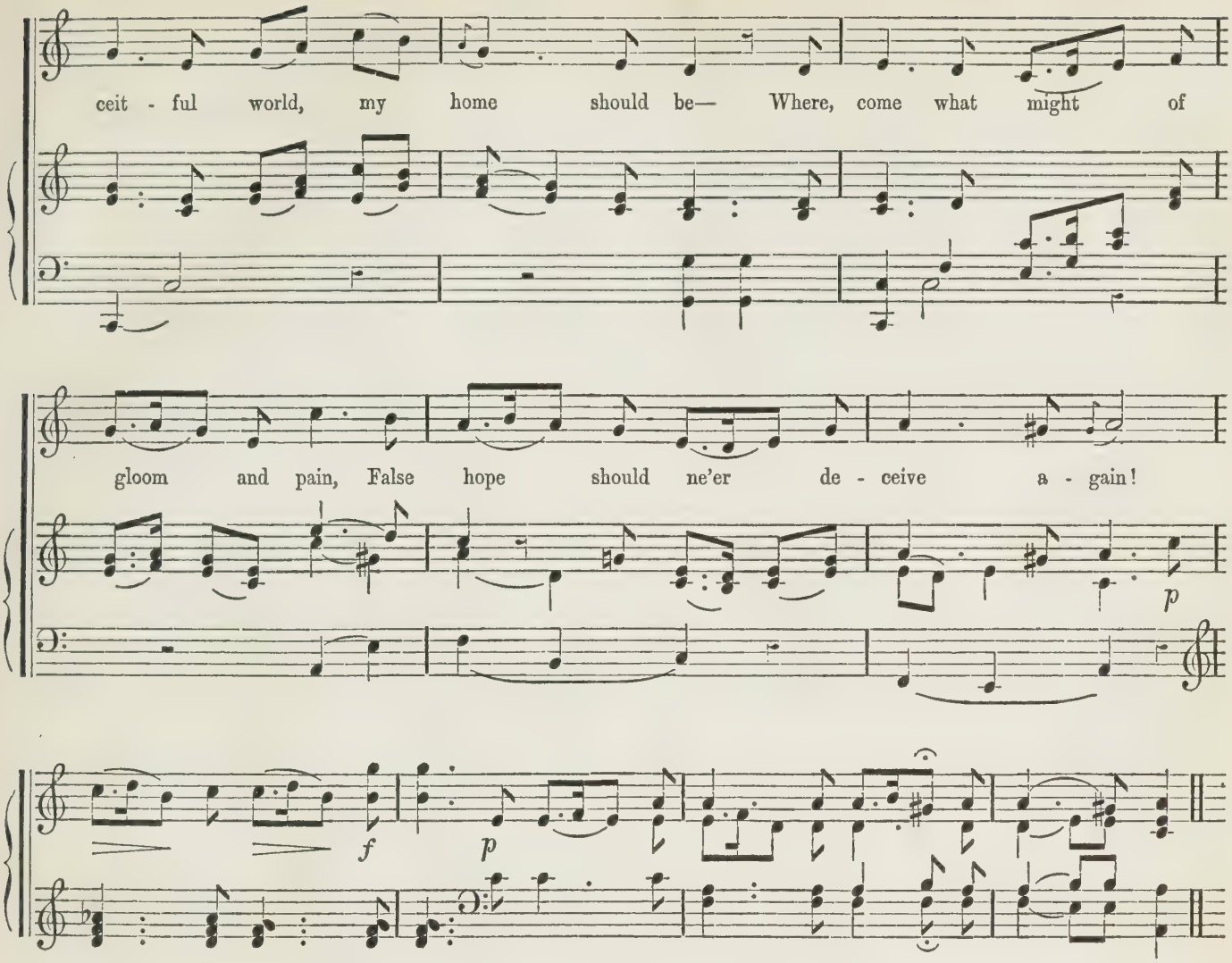
He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

IV.

Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved Island of sorrow!

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.





II.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters, falling round—
The dry leaves quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead—
These, ay, these should wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, each wish I have,
Like willows, downward tow'rds the grave.

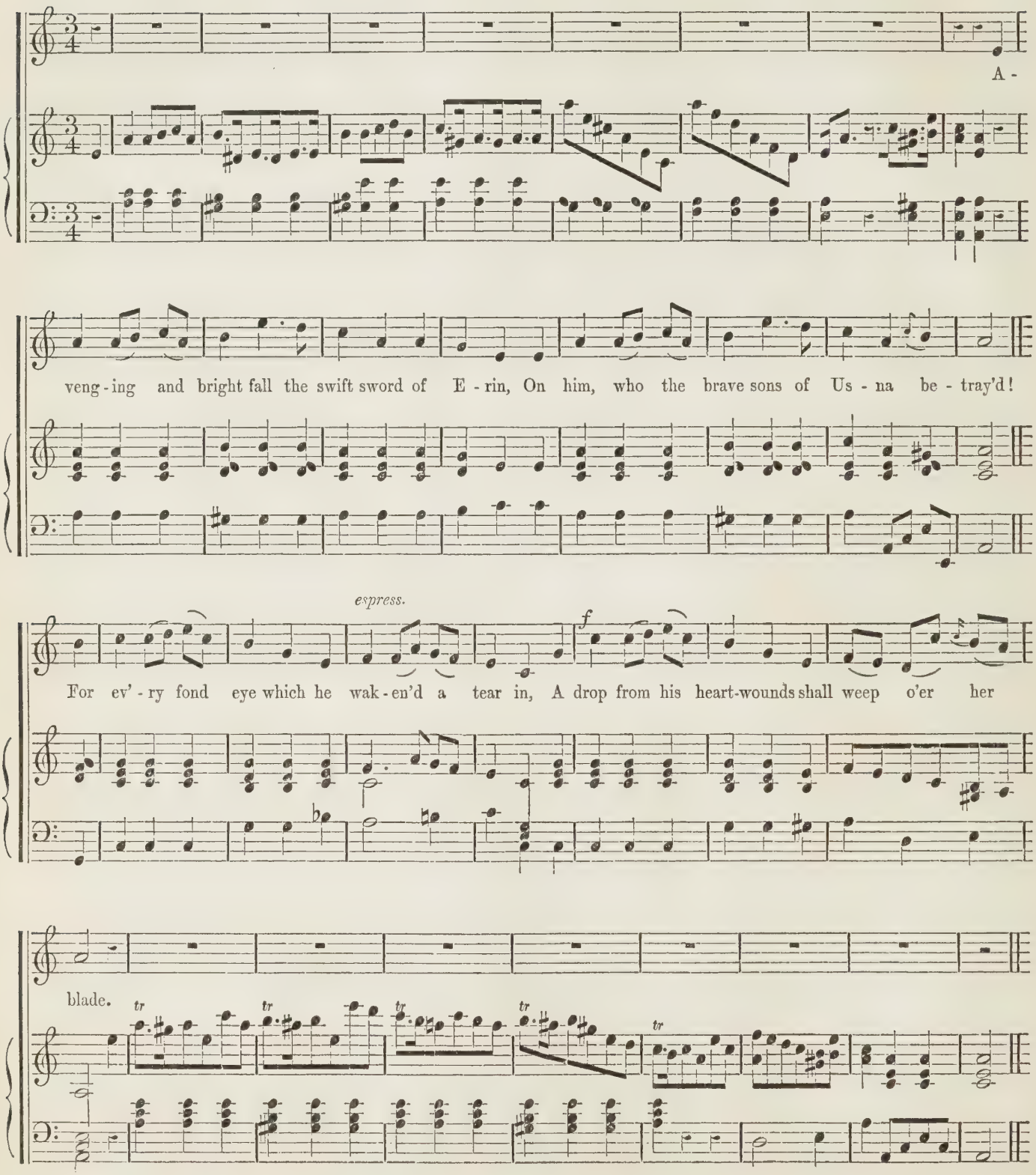
III.

As they, who to their couch at night
Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, my heart must grow,
Unchanged by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

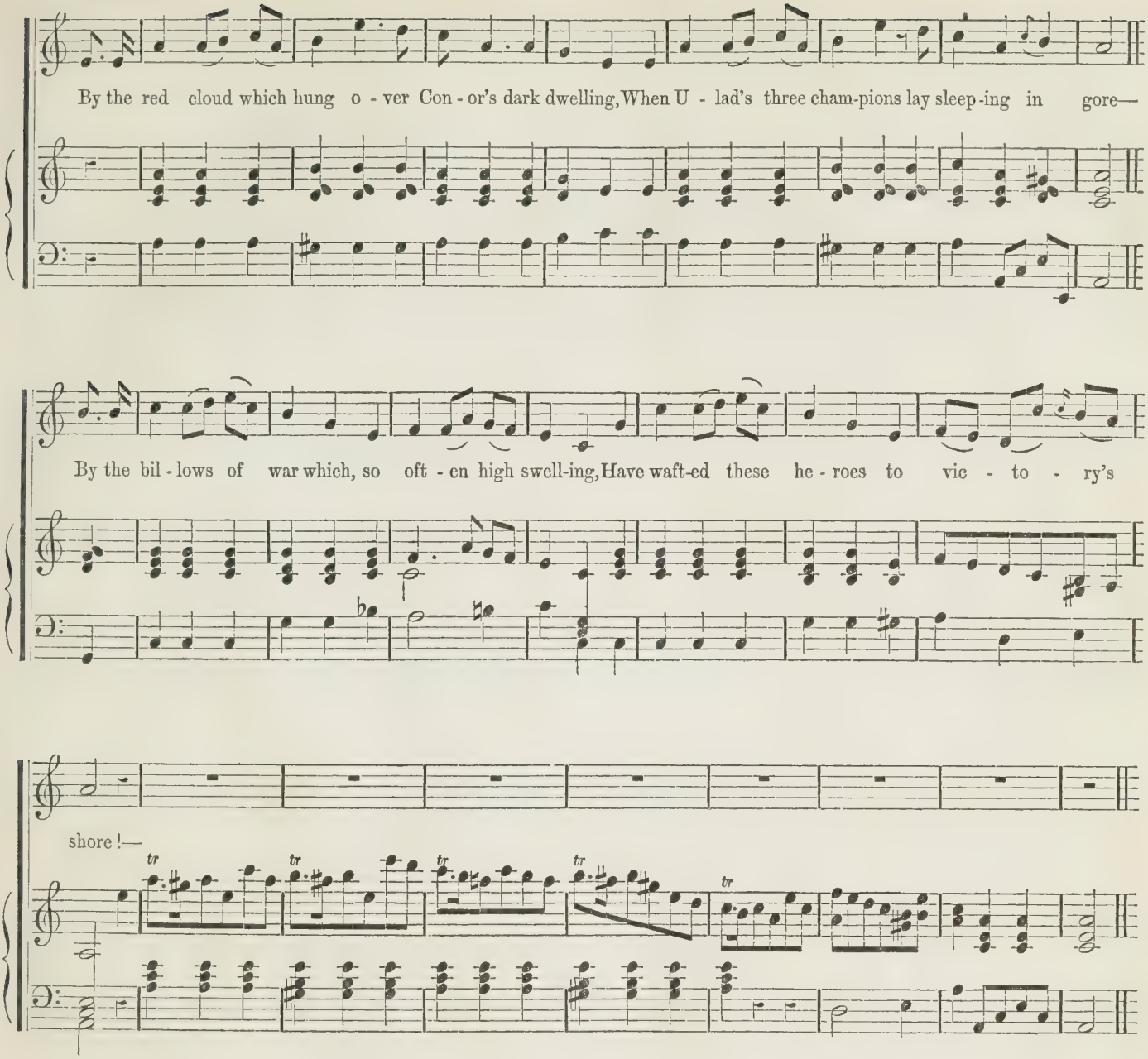
AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

Boldly.

AIR—CROOGHAN A VENEE.



2ND VERSE.



III.

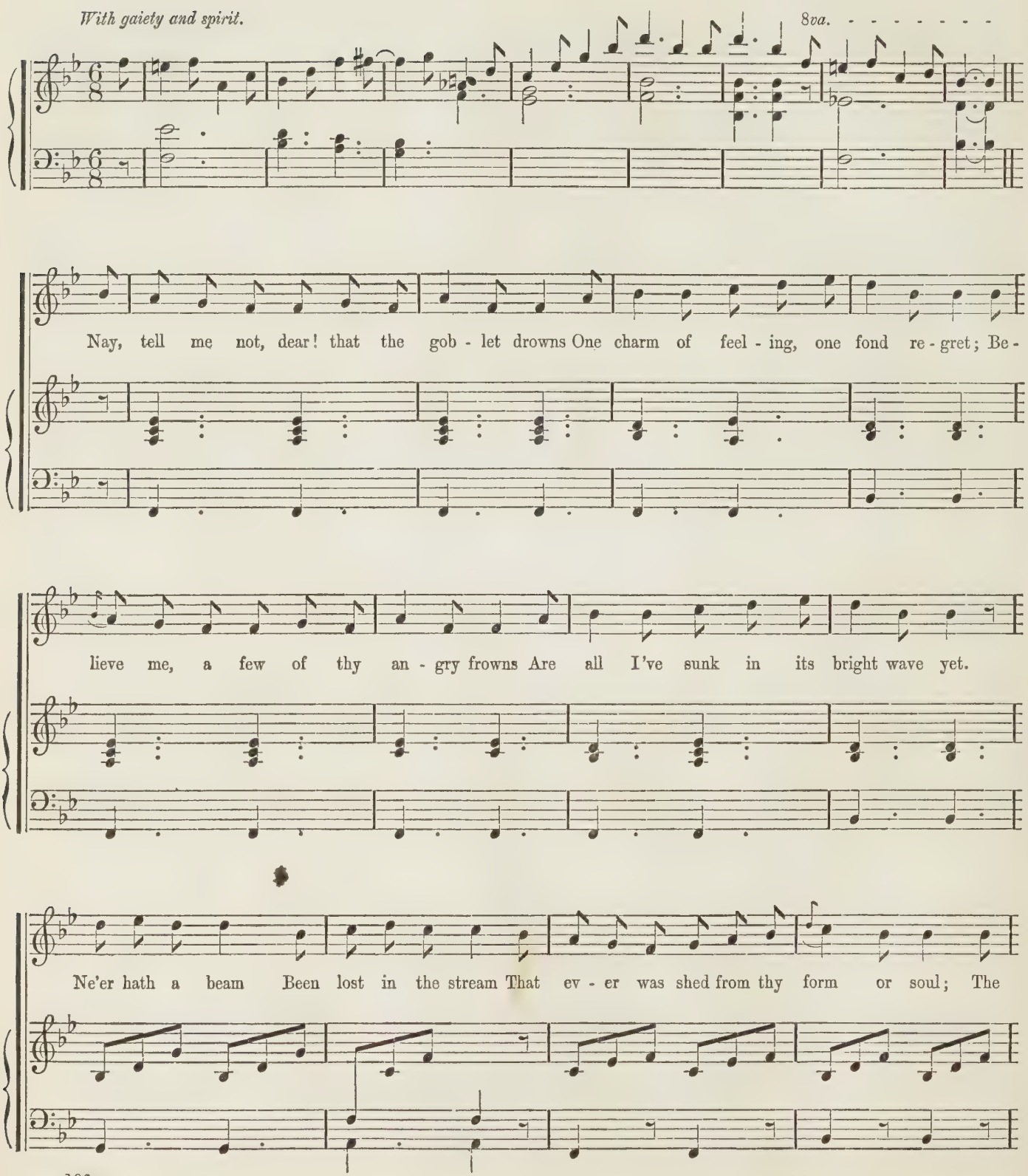
We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

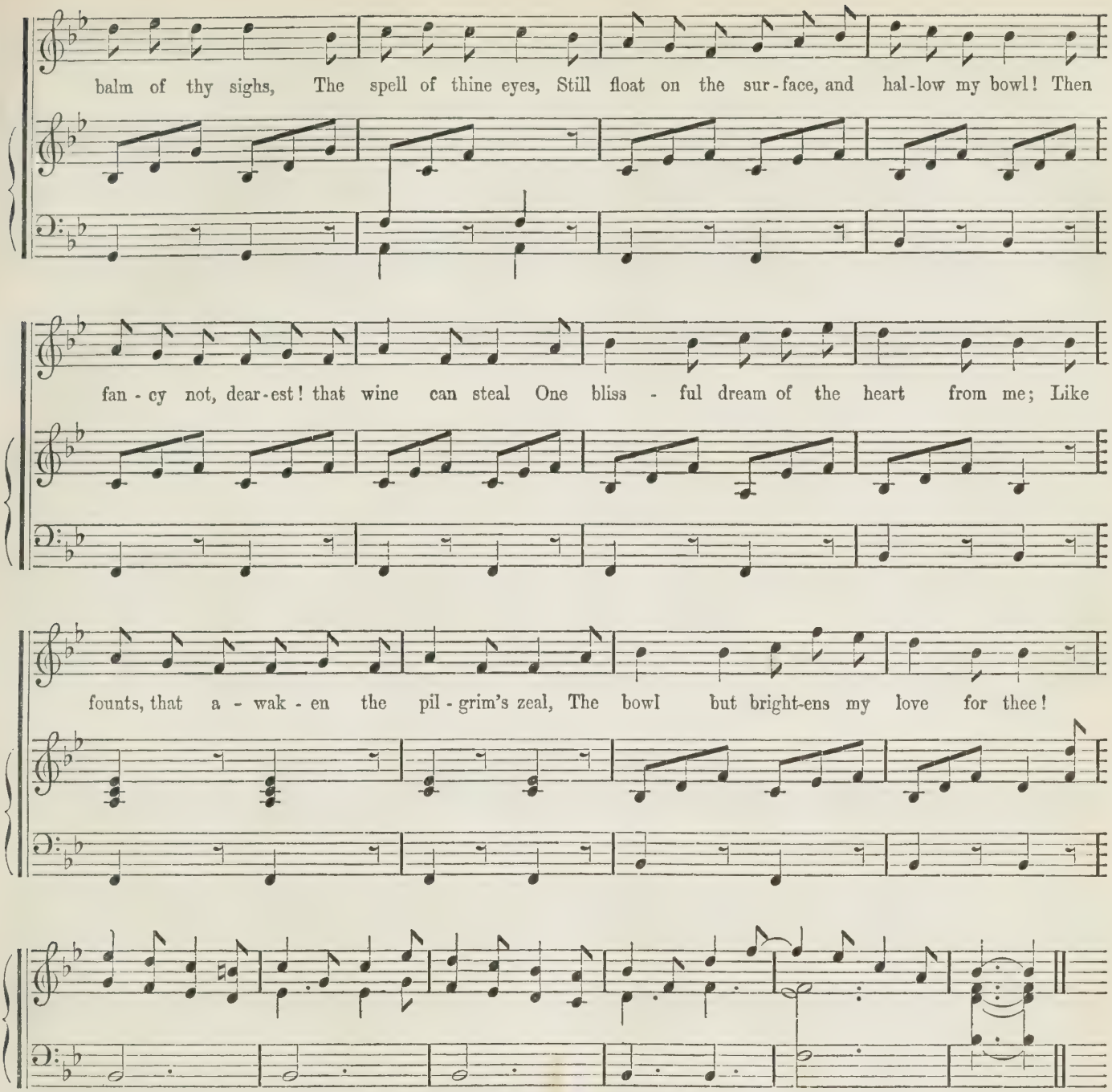
IV.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

AIR—DENNIS, DON'T BE THREATENING.



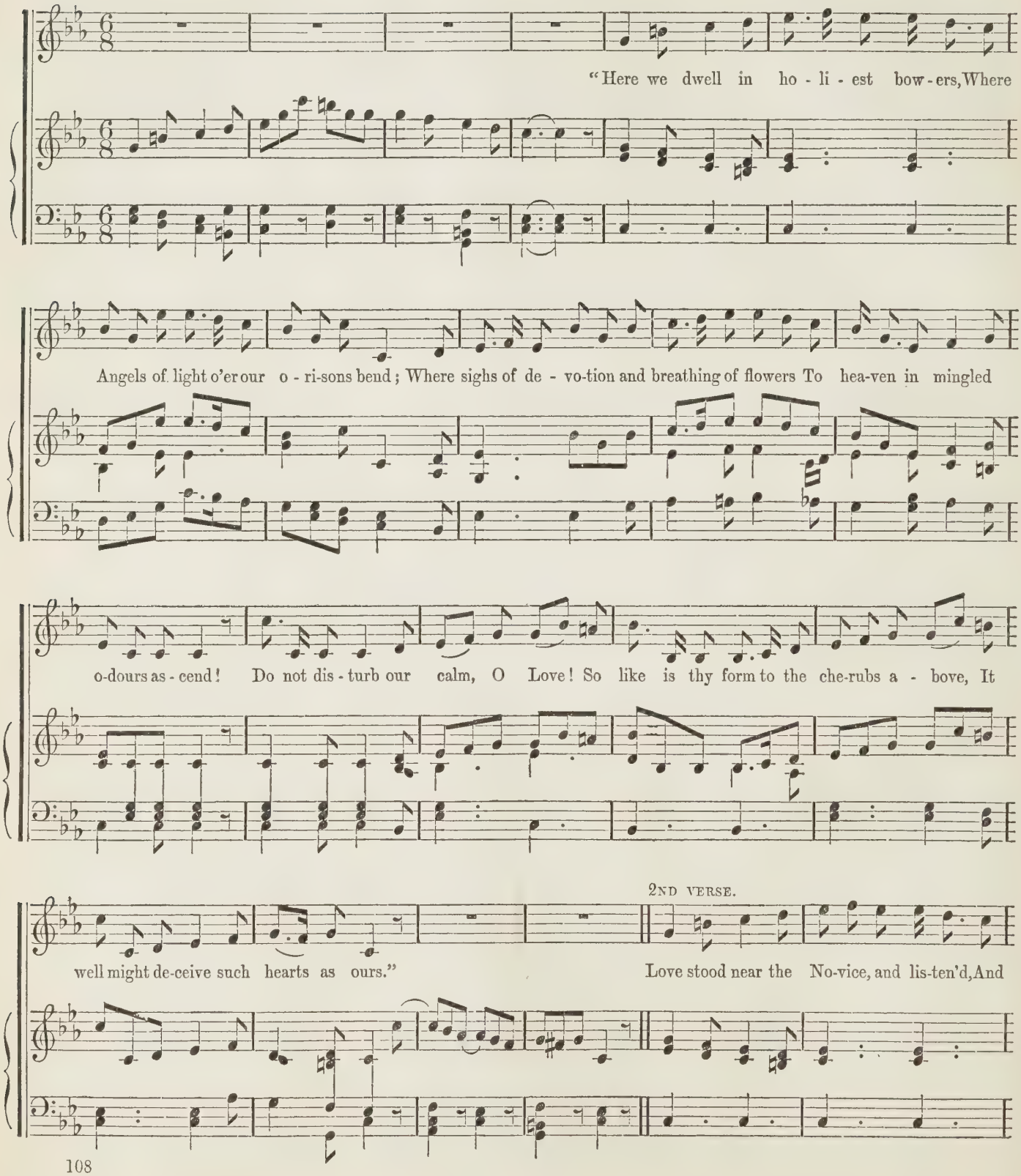


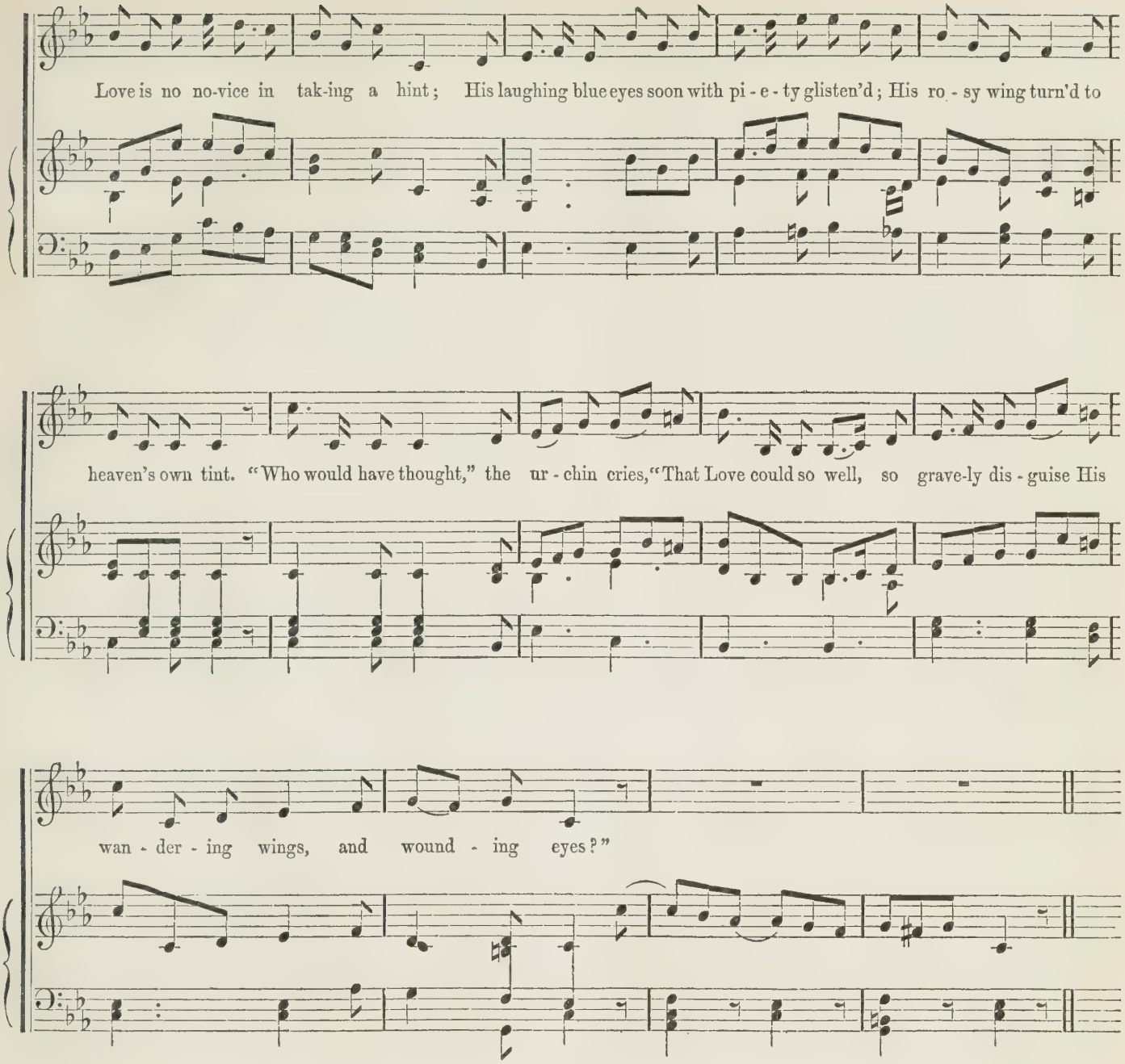
They tell us that Love in his fairy bow'r
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's show'r,
But bathed the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds,
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those, which the tide
Of ruby had dyed,
All blush'd into beauty like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

HERE WE DWELL IN HOLIEST BOWERS.

Smoothly, and in moderate time.

AIR—CEAN DUBH DELISH.



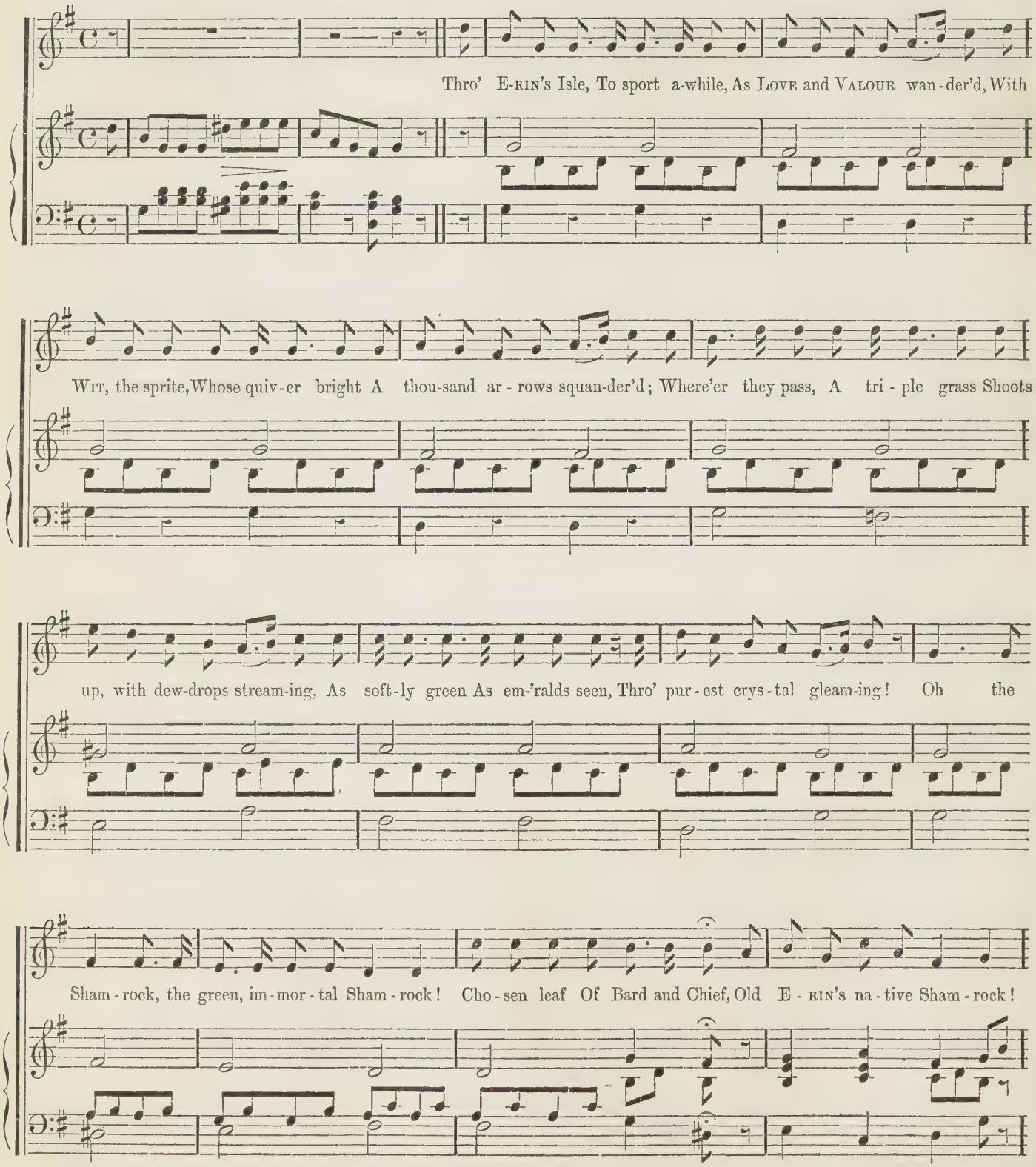


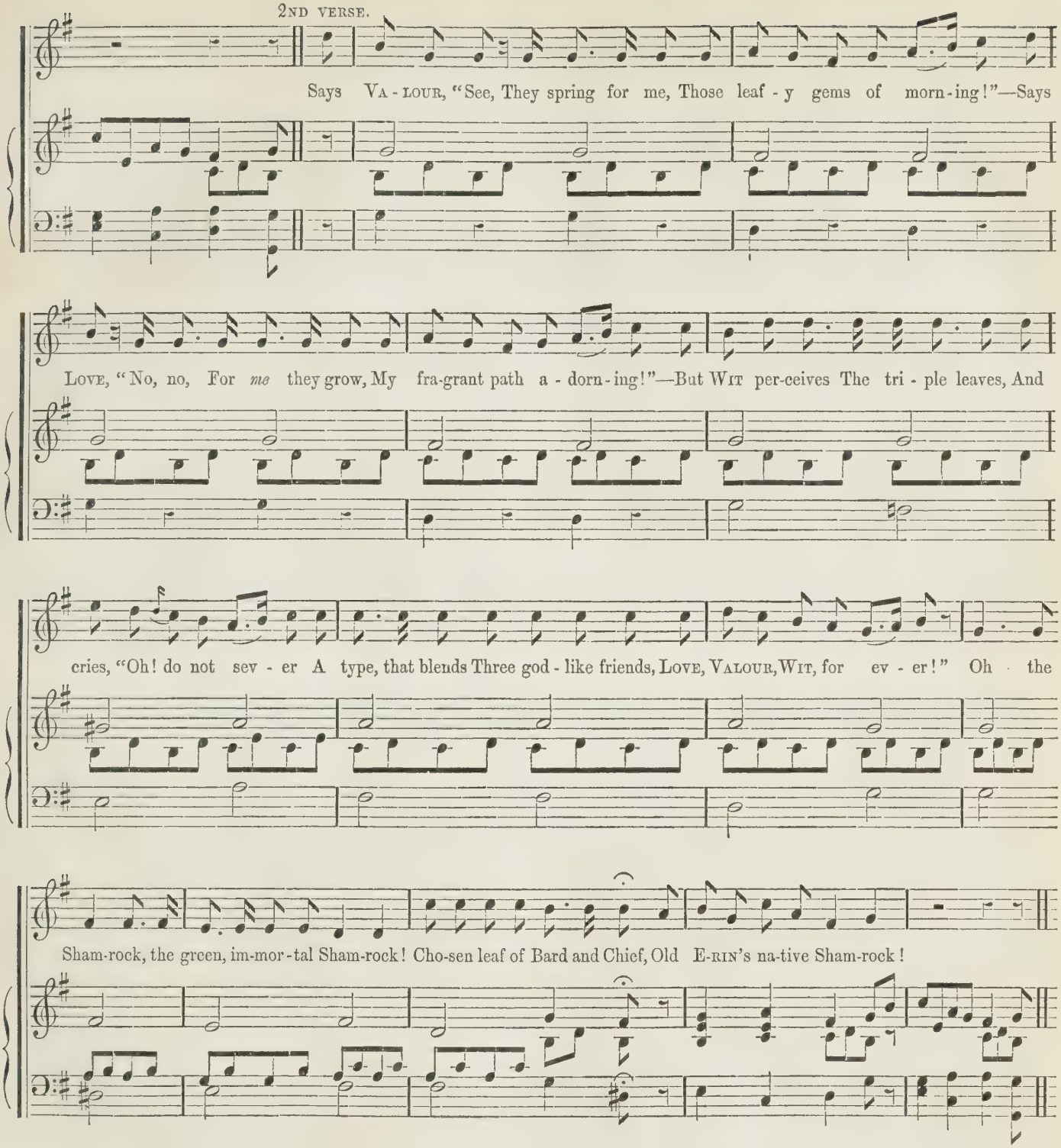
Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice! to him all thy orisons rise;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs!
Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them, cloth'd in Piety's vest.

OH THE SHAMROCK!

In moderate time.

AIR—ALLEY CROKER.



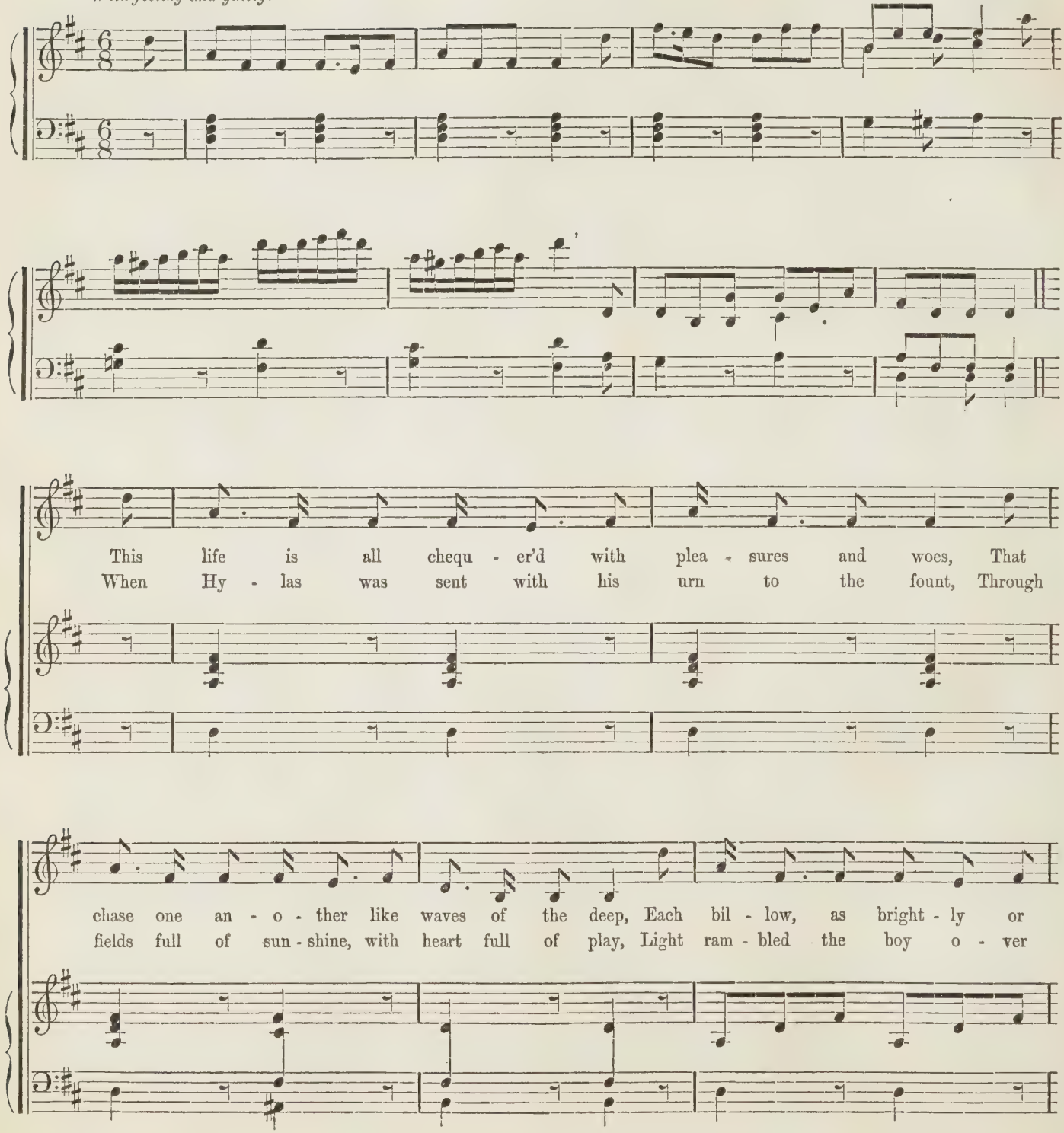


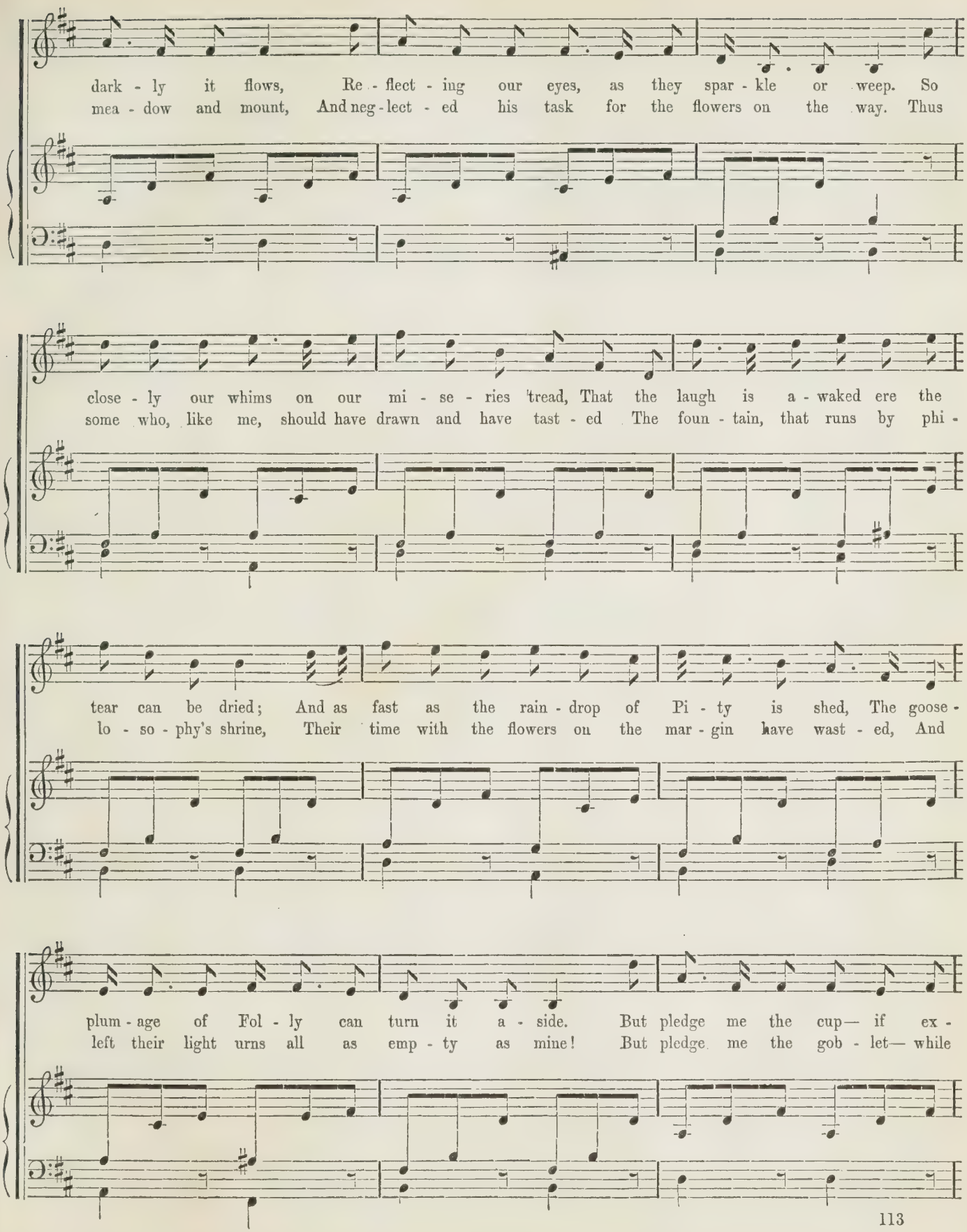
So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On WIT's celestial feather!
May LOVE, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May VALOUR ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old ERIN's native Shamrock!

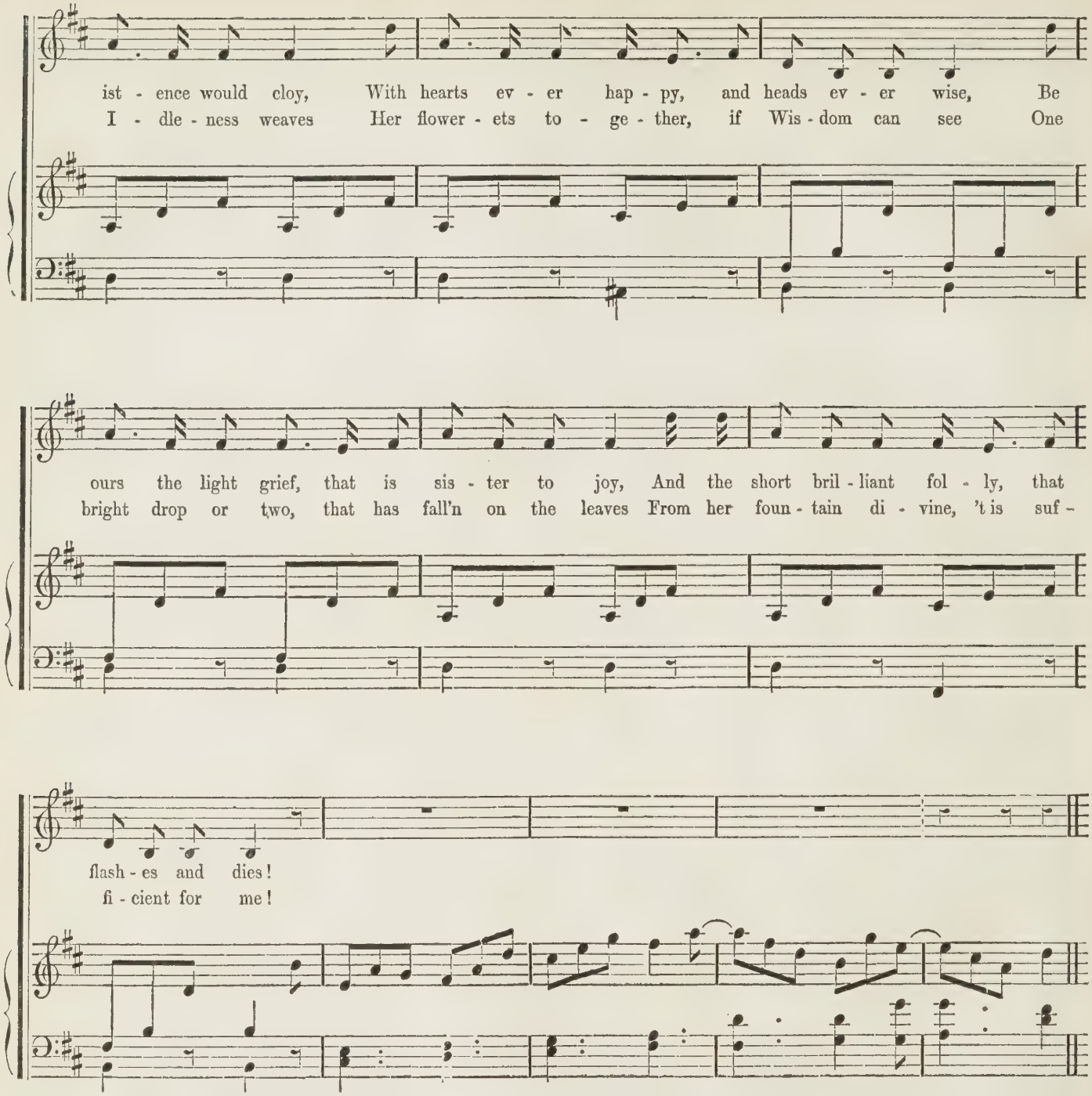
THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED.

With feeling and gaiety.

AIR—THE BUNCH OF GREEN RUSHES THAT GREW AT THE BRIM.



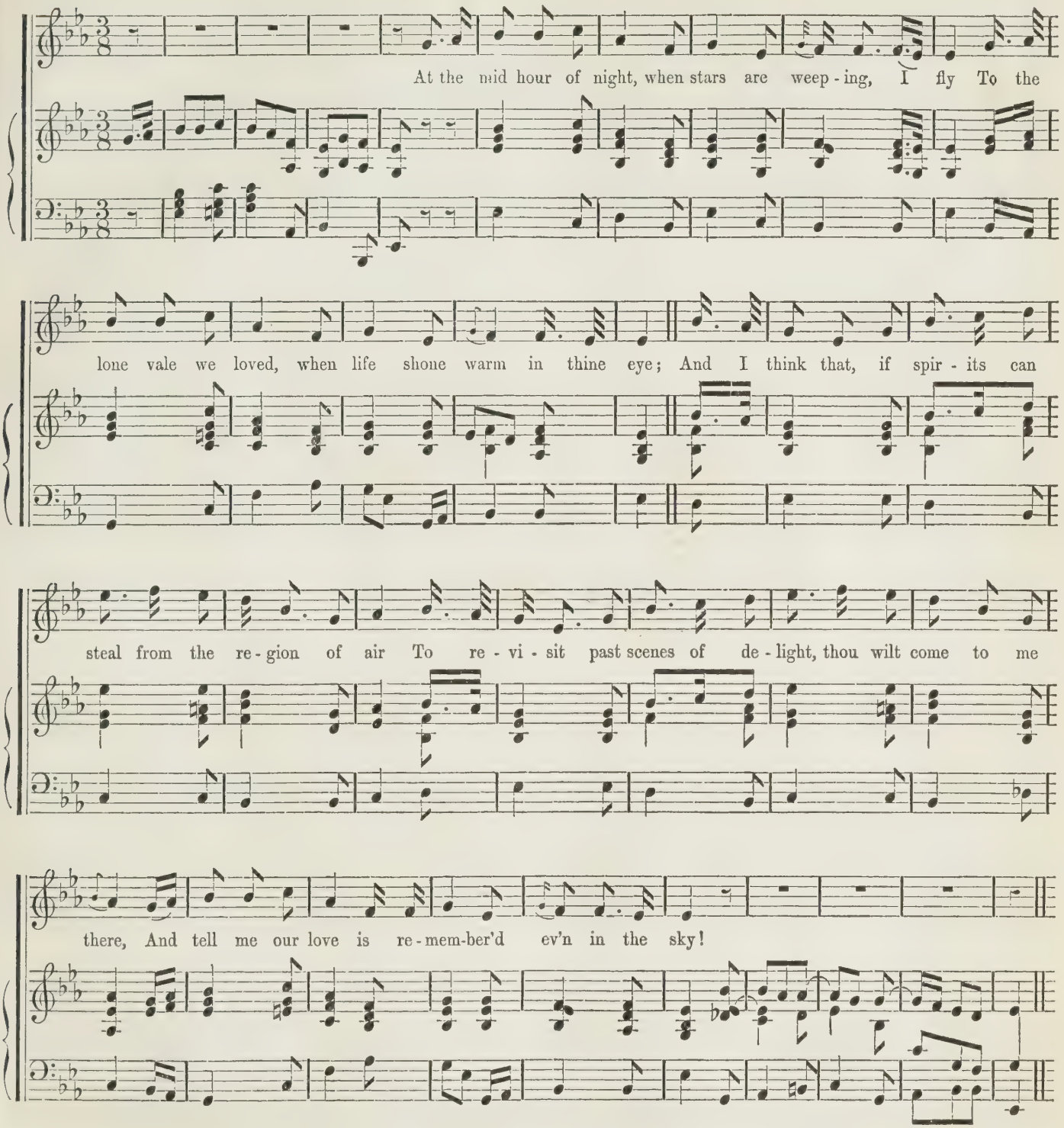

dark - ly it flows, Re - flect - ing our eyes, as they spar - kle or weep. So
mea - dow and mount, And neg - lect - ed his task for the flowers on the way. Thus
close - ly our whims on our mi - se - ries tread, That the laugh is a - waked ere the
some who, like me, should have drawn and have tast - ed The foun - tain, that runs by phi -
tear can be dried; And as fast as the rain - drop of Pi - ty is shed, The goose -
lo - so - phy's shrine, Their time with the flowers on the mar - gin have wast - ed, And
plum - age of Fol - ly can turn it a - side. But pledge me the cup— if ex -
left their light urns all as emp - ty as mine! But pledge me the gob - let— while


ist - ence would cloy, With hearts ev - er hap - py, and heads ev - er wise, Be
I - dle - ness weaves Her flower - ets to - ge - ther, if Wis - dom can see One
ours the light grief, that is sis - ter to joy, And the short bril - liant fol - ly, that
bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves From her foun - tain di - vine, 't is suf -
flash - es and dies!
fi - cient for me!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

Slow, and with melancholy expression.

AIR—MOLLY, MY DEAR.

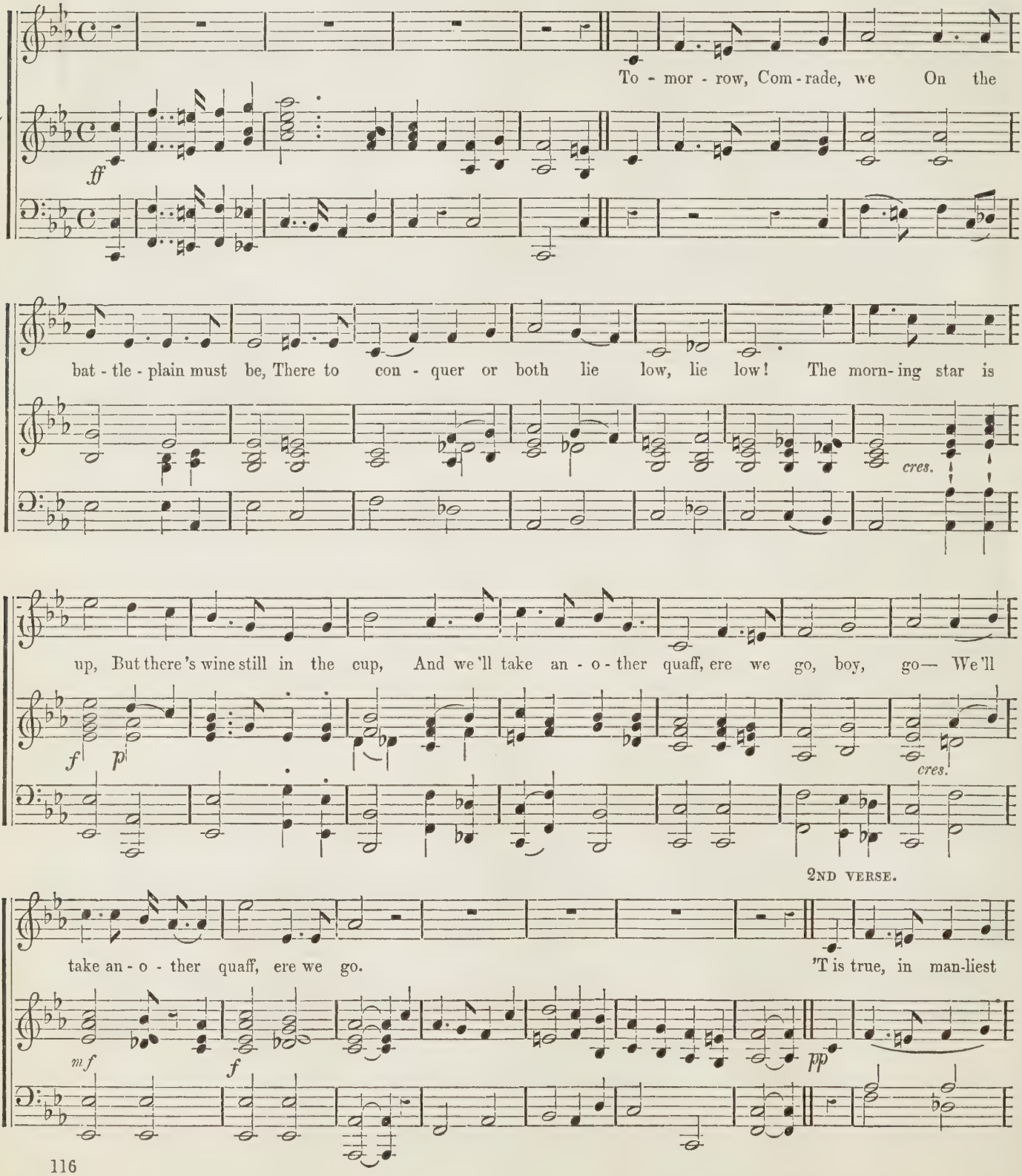


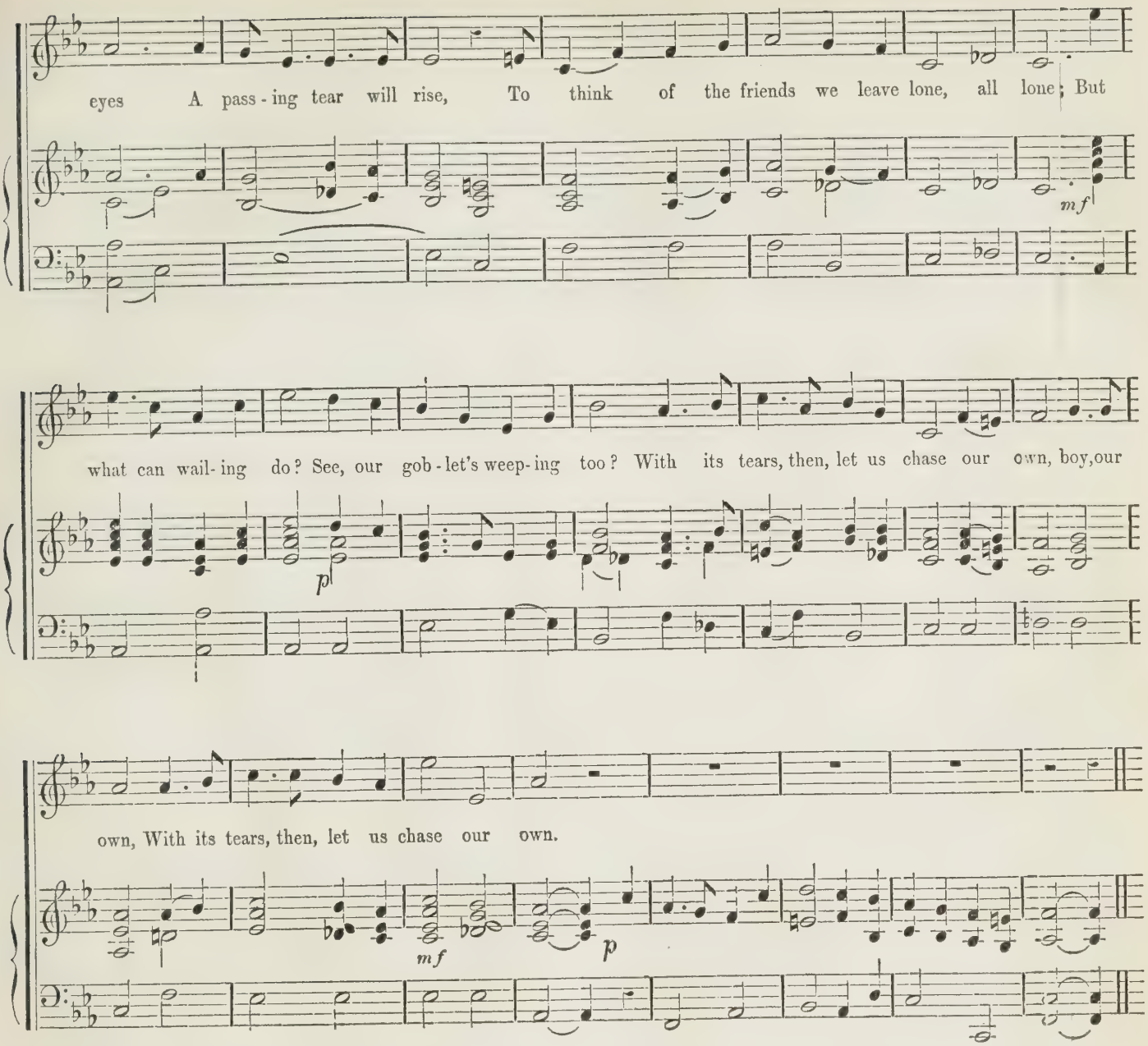
Then I sing the wild song, which once 't was rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breath'd like one on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 't is thy voice from the kingdom of souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear!

TO-MORROW, COMRADE, WE.

With martial and melancholy spirit, not too slow.

AIR—CRUISKEEN LAWN.





III.

But day-light's stealing on;—
Oh! the last that o'er us shone
Saw our children around us at play, at play;
The next—ah! where shall we
And those rosy urchins be?
But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away, boy, away;
No matter—grasp thy sword and away!

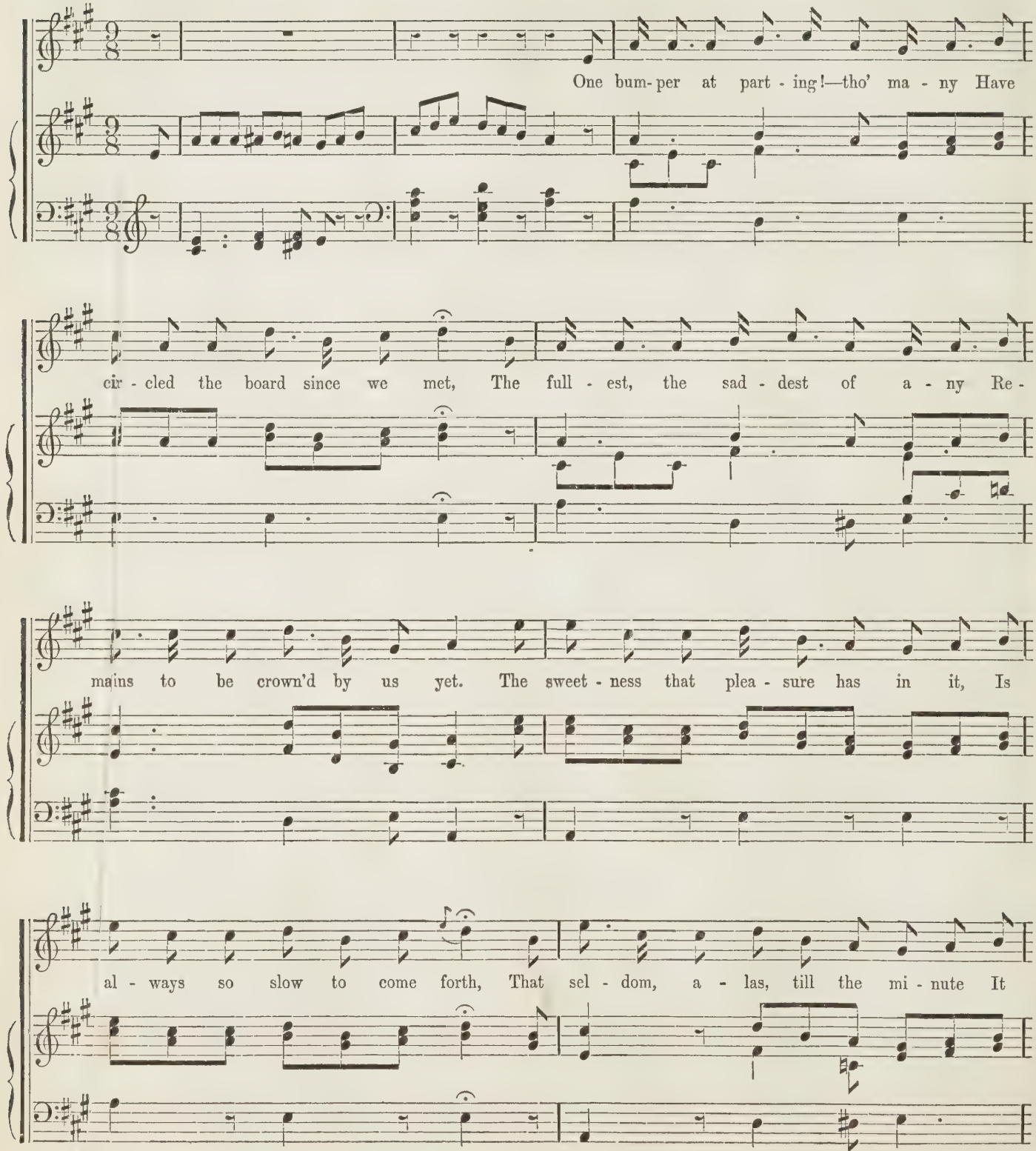
IV.

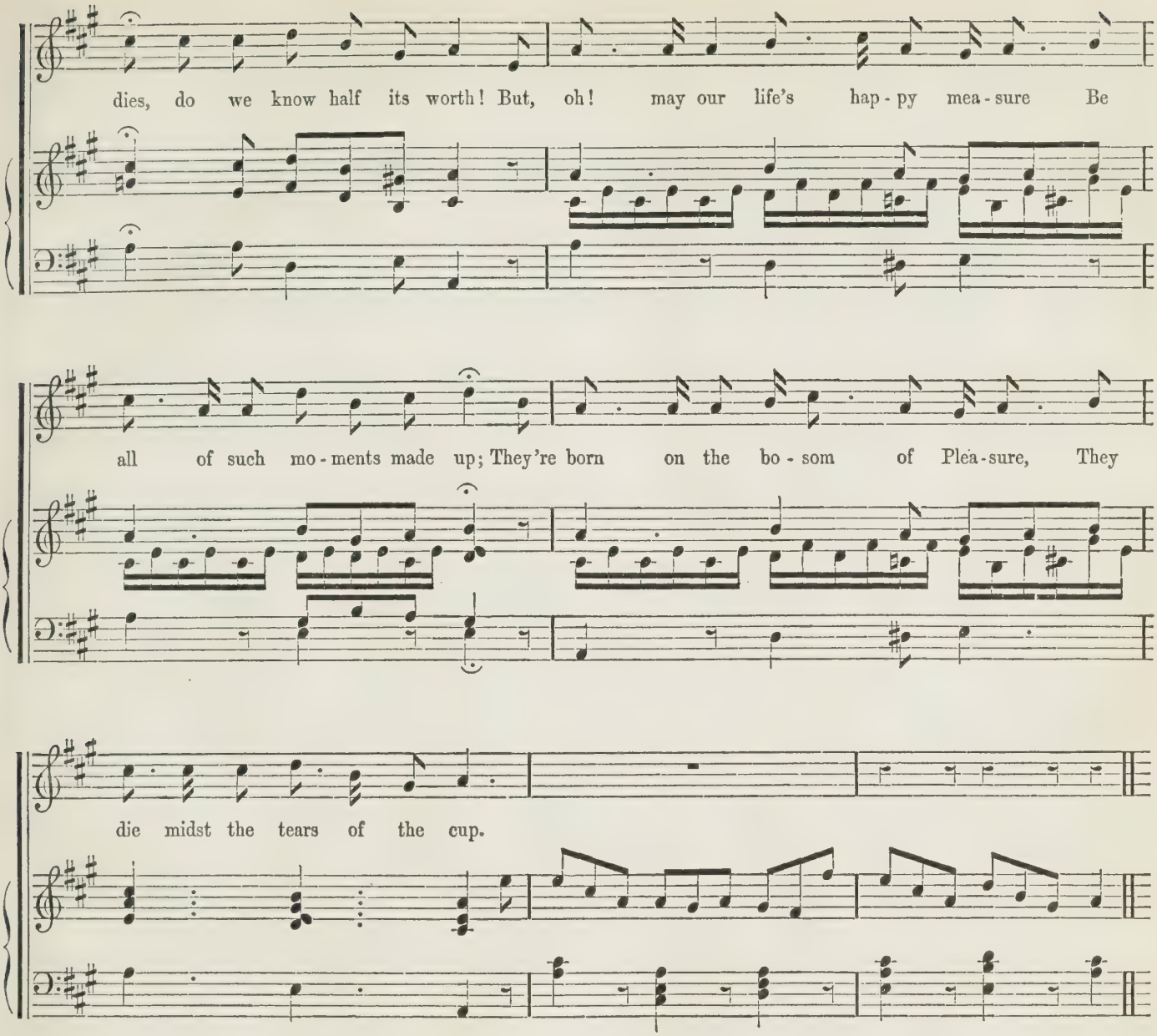
Let those who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane,
Ignobly by their firesides stay, aye, stay;
One sigh to home be giv'n,
One heart-felt pray'r to Heav'n,
Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra! hurra! hurra!
Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra!

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

With animation.

AIR—MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING.





II.

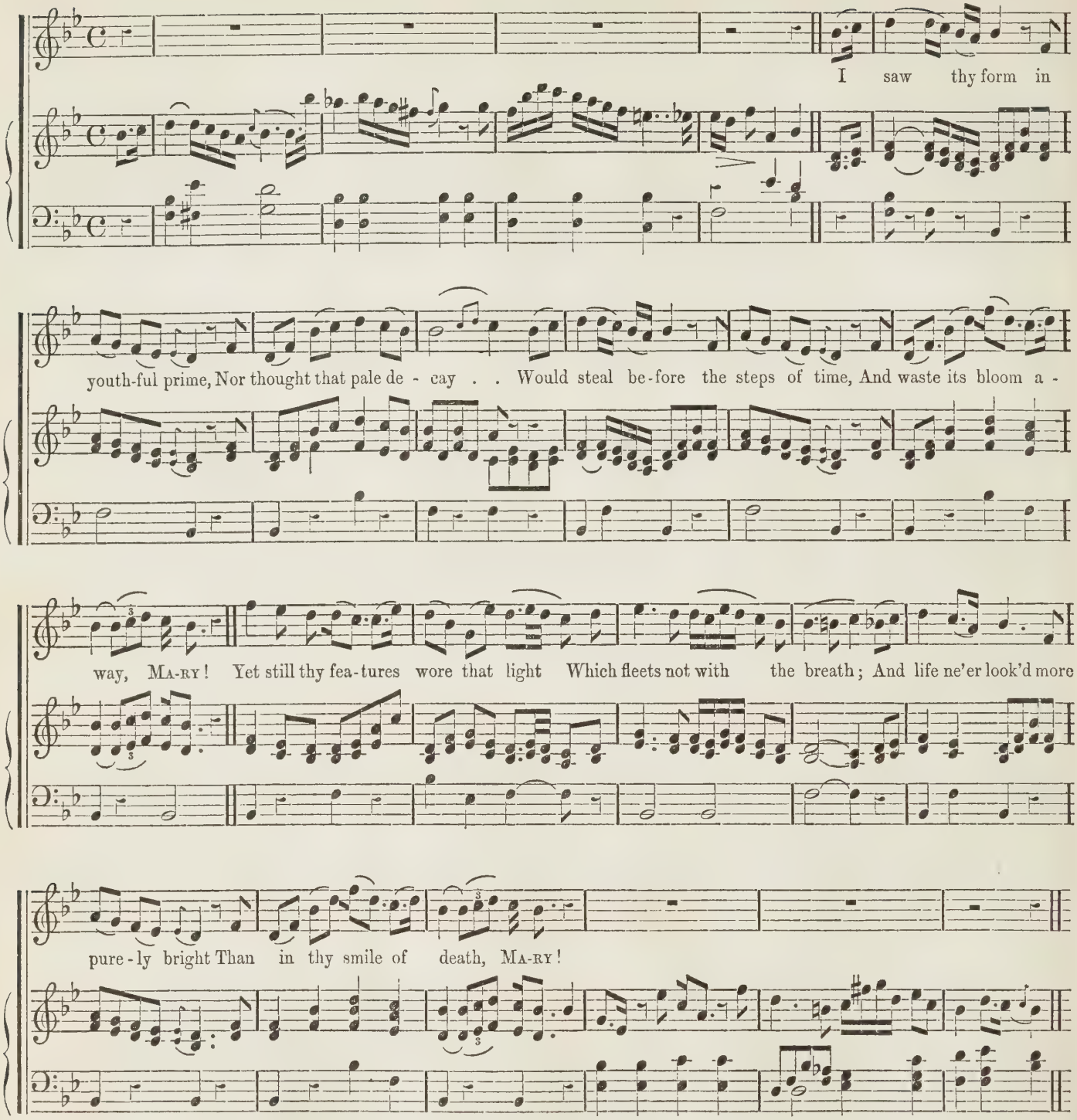
As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
Ah! never does Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But, come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

III.

How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking!
The waters beneath him how bright!
Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking
Should be like the farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory like him.
And, oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies mid the tears of the cup!

I SAW THY FORM.

Tenderly. AIR—DOMHNALL.



II.

As streams, that run o'er golden mines,
With modest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veil'd beneath a simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

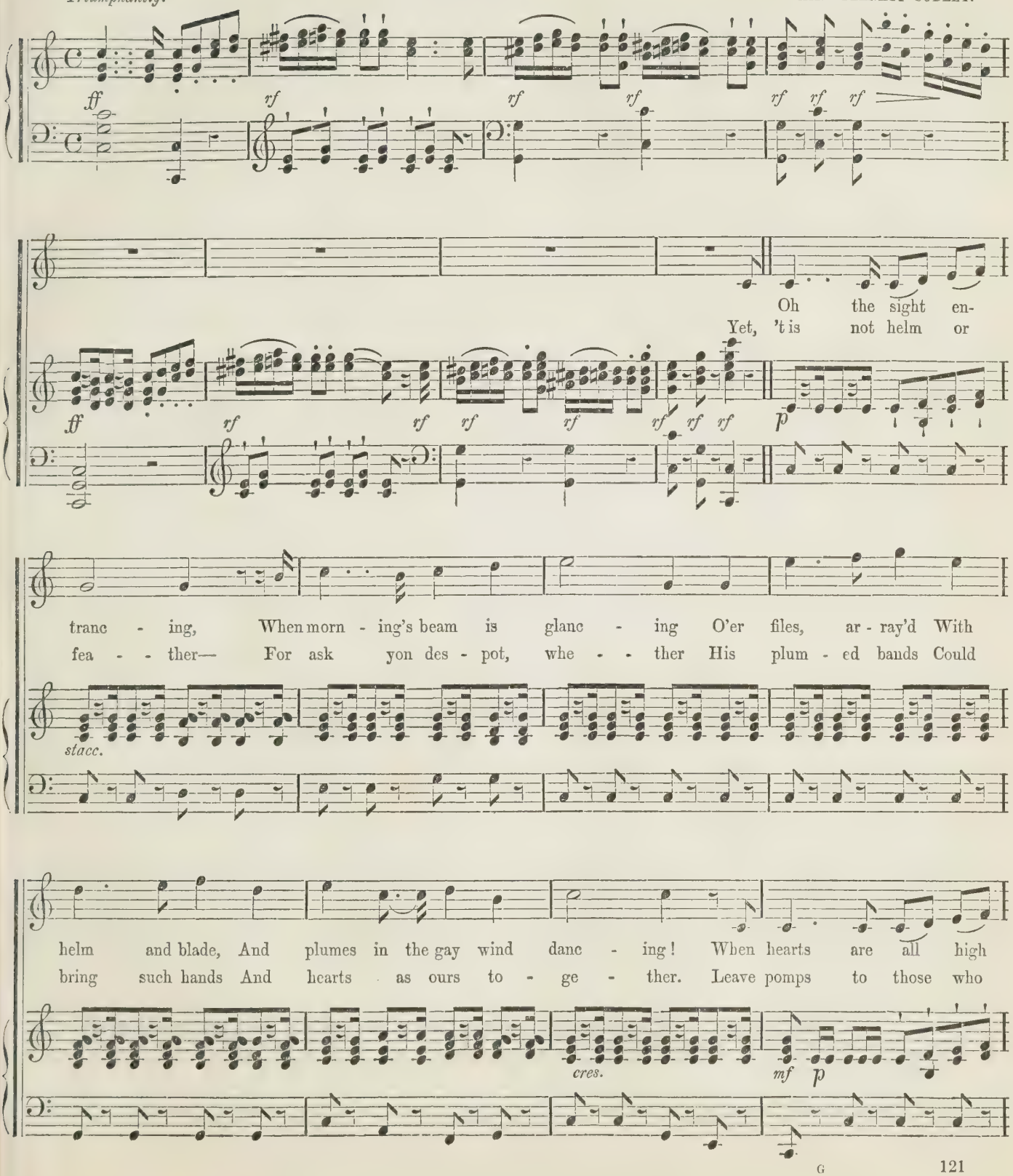
III.

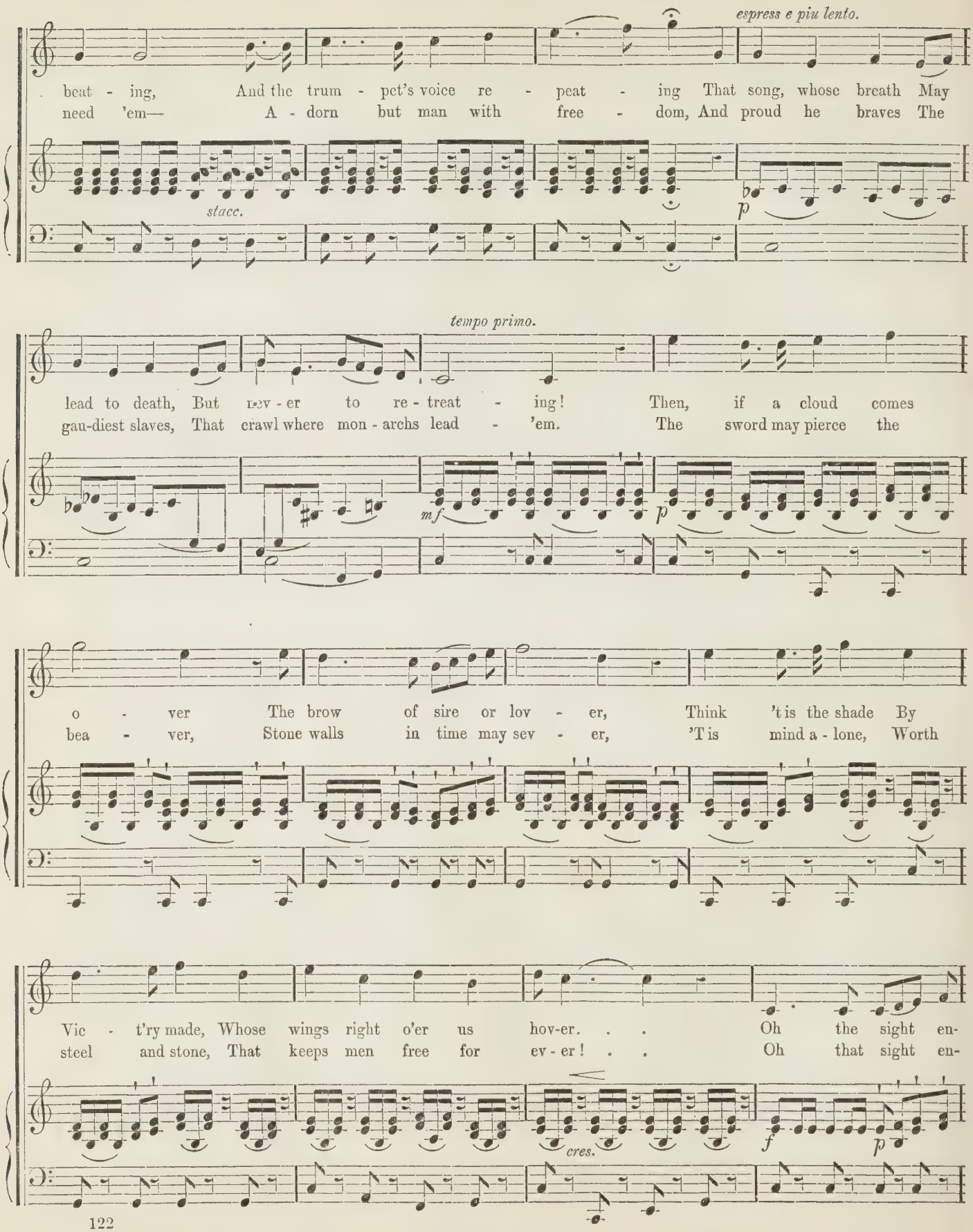
If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or, could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary!

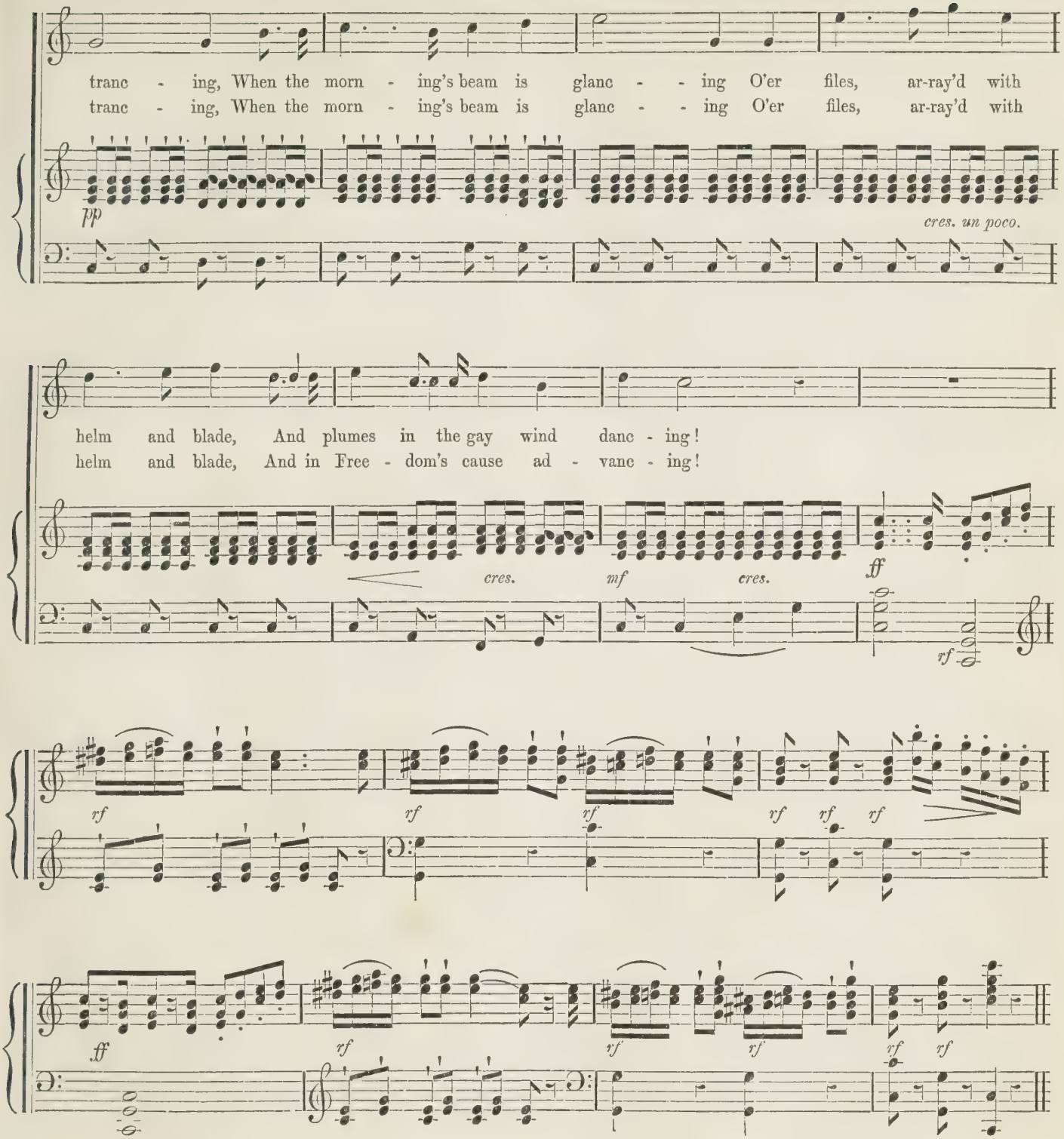
OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Triumphantly.

AIR—PLANXTY SUDLEY.




espress e piu lento.
beat - ing, And the trum - pet's voice re - peat - ing That song, whose breath May
need 'em— A - dorn but man with free - dom, And proud he braves The
stacc.
p
tempo primo.
lead to death, But nev - er to re - treat - ing! Then, if a cloud comes
gau-diest slaves, That crawl where mon - archs lead - 'em. The sword may pierce the
mf
p
o - ver The brow of sire or lov - er, Think 't is the shade By
bea - ver, Stone walls in time may sev - er, 'T is mind a - lone, Worth
Vic - t'ry made, Whose wings right o'er us hov-er. . . Oh the sight en-
steel and stone, That keeps men free for ev - er! . . Oh that sight en-
cres.
f
p


tranc - ing, When the morn - ing's beam is glanc - - ing O'er files, ar-ray'd with
tranc - ing, When the morn - ing's beam is glanc - - ing O'er files, ar-ray'd with
pp
cres. un poco.
helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind danc - ing!
helm and blade, And in Free - dom's cause ad - vanc - ing!
cres.
mf
cres.
ff
rf
rf
rf
rf
rf
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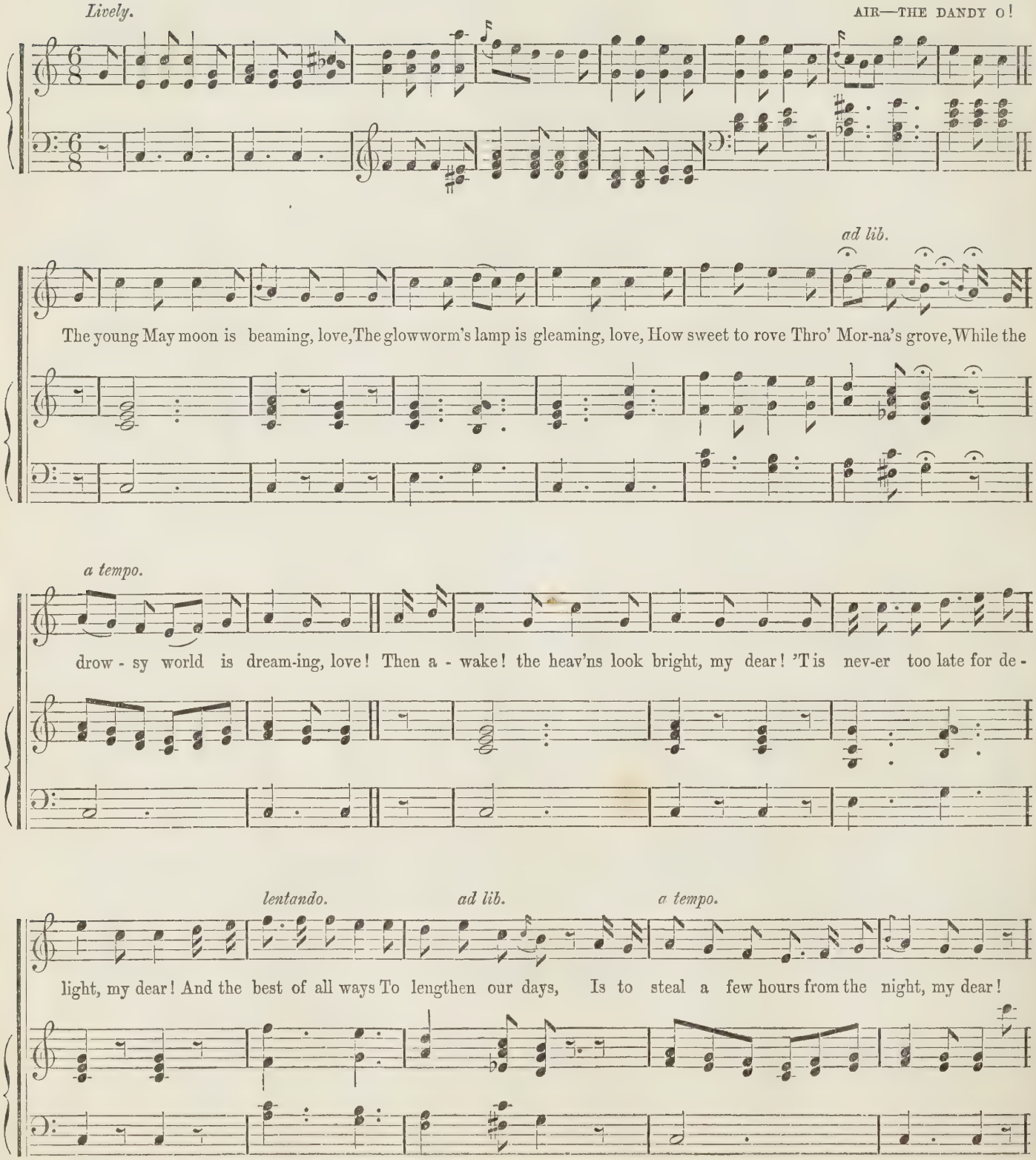
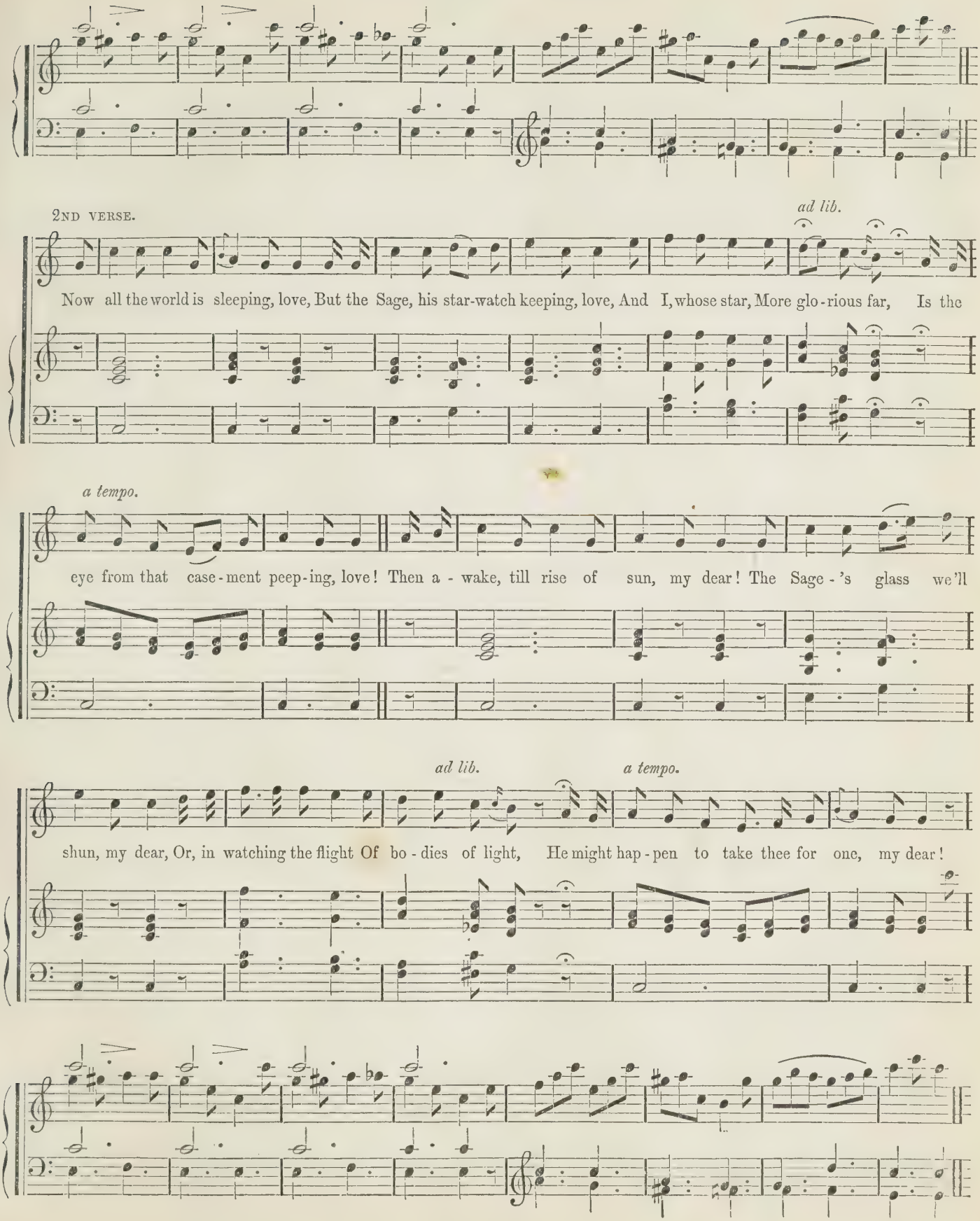
THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

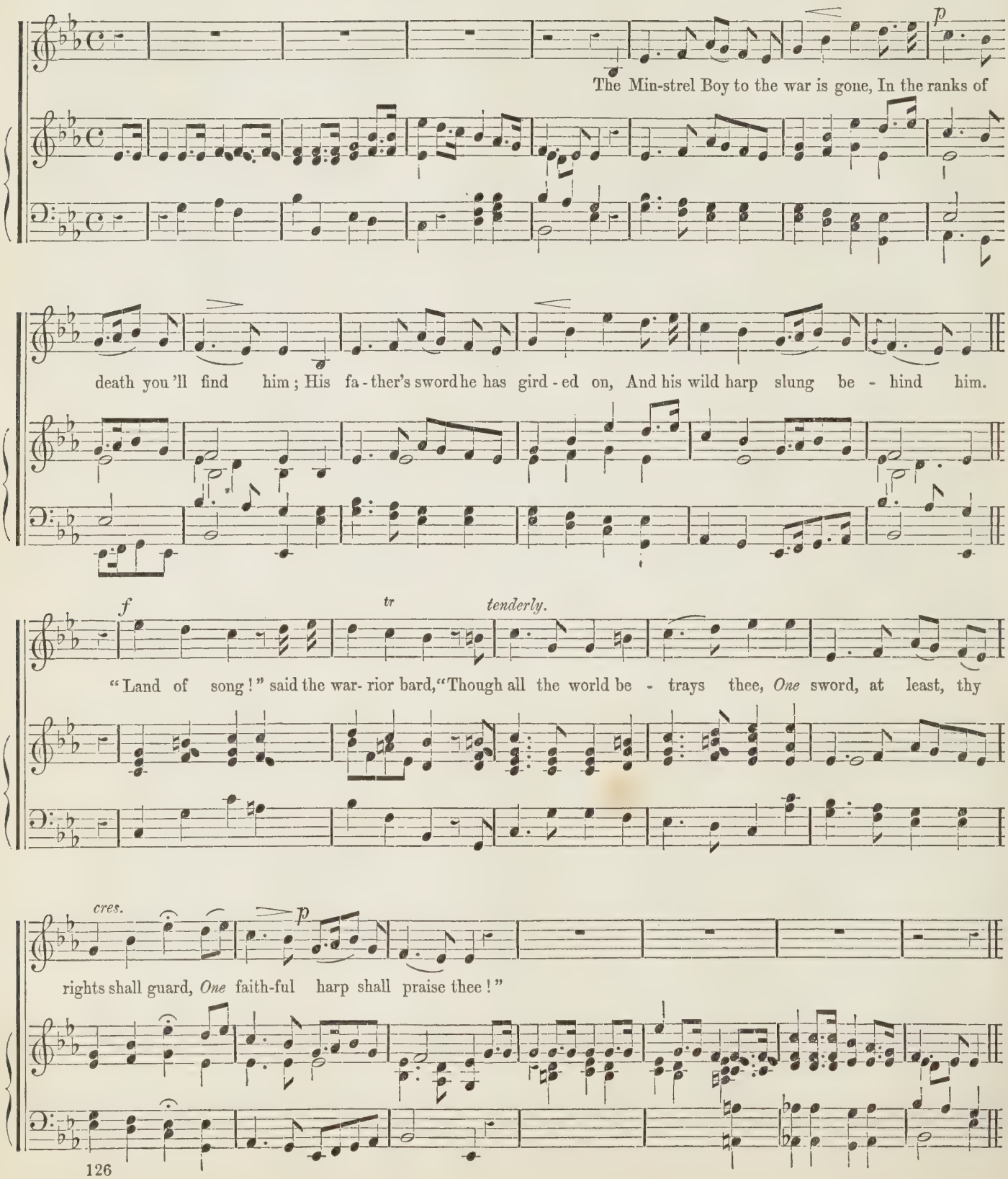


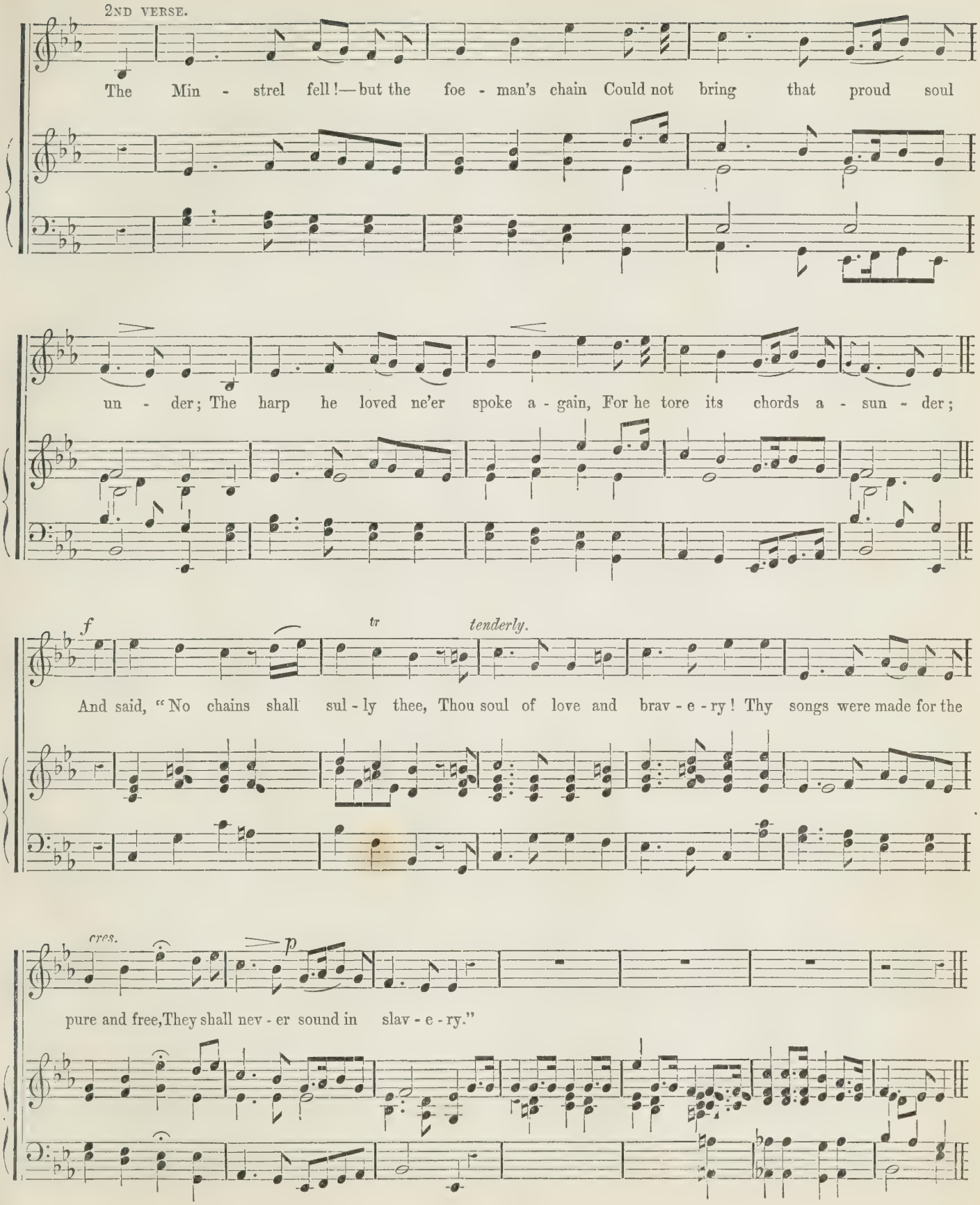

2ND VERSE.
ad lib.
Now all the world is sleeping, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love, And I, whose star, More glo-rious far, Is the
a tempo.
eye from that case-ment peep-ing, love! Then a-wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The Sage-'s glass we'll
ad lib.
a tempo.
shun, my dear, Or, in watching the flight Of bo-dies of light, He might hap-pen to take thee for one, my dear!

THE MINSTREL BOY.

With strength and spirit.

AIR—THE MOREEN.

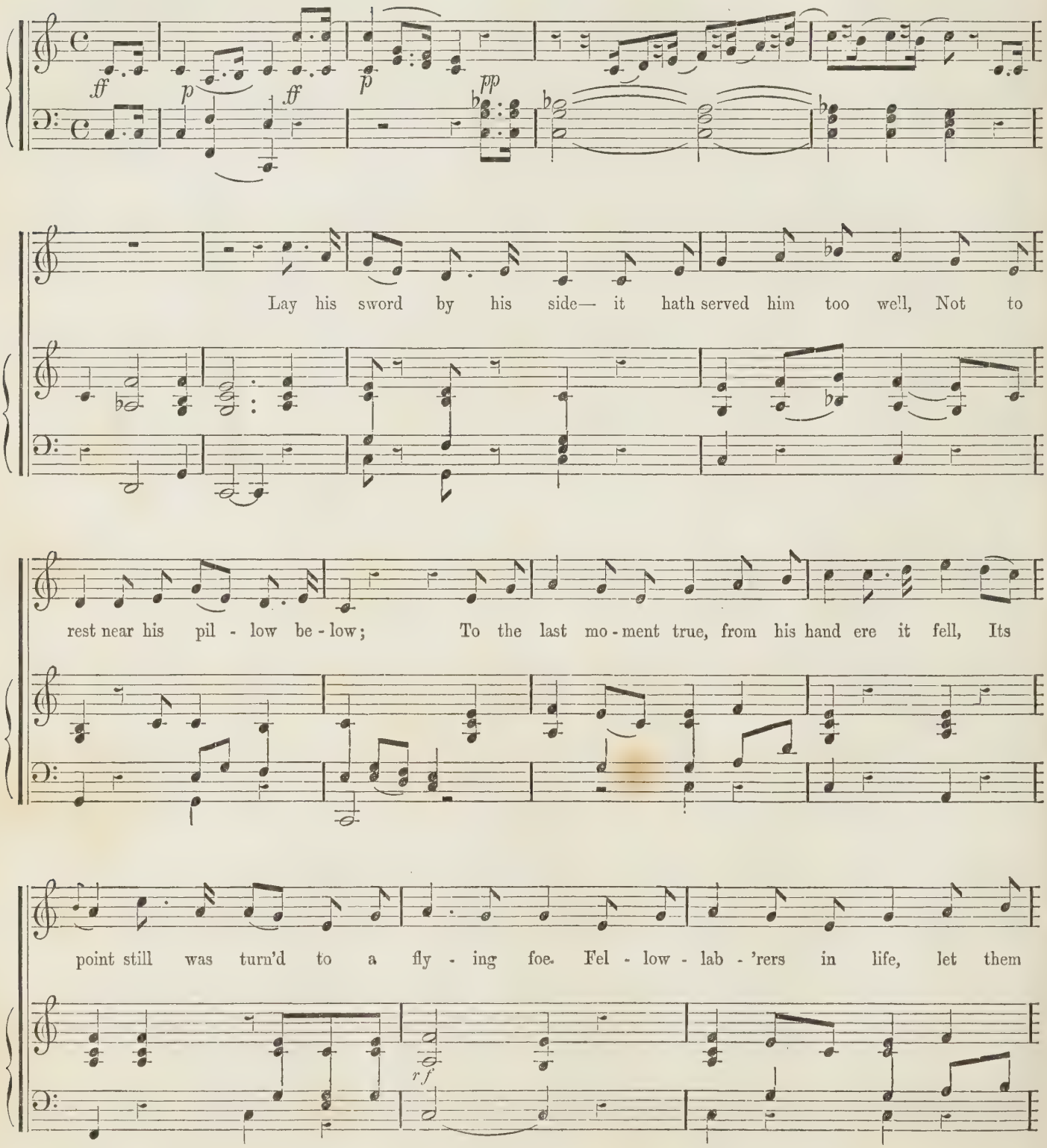


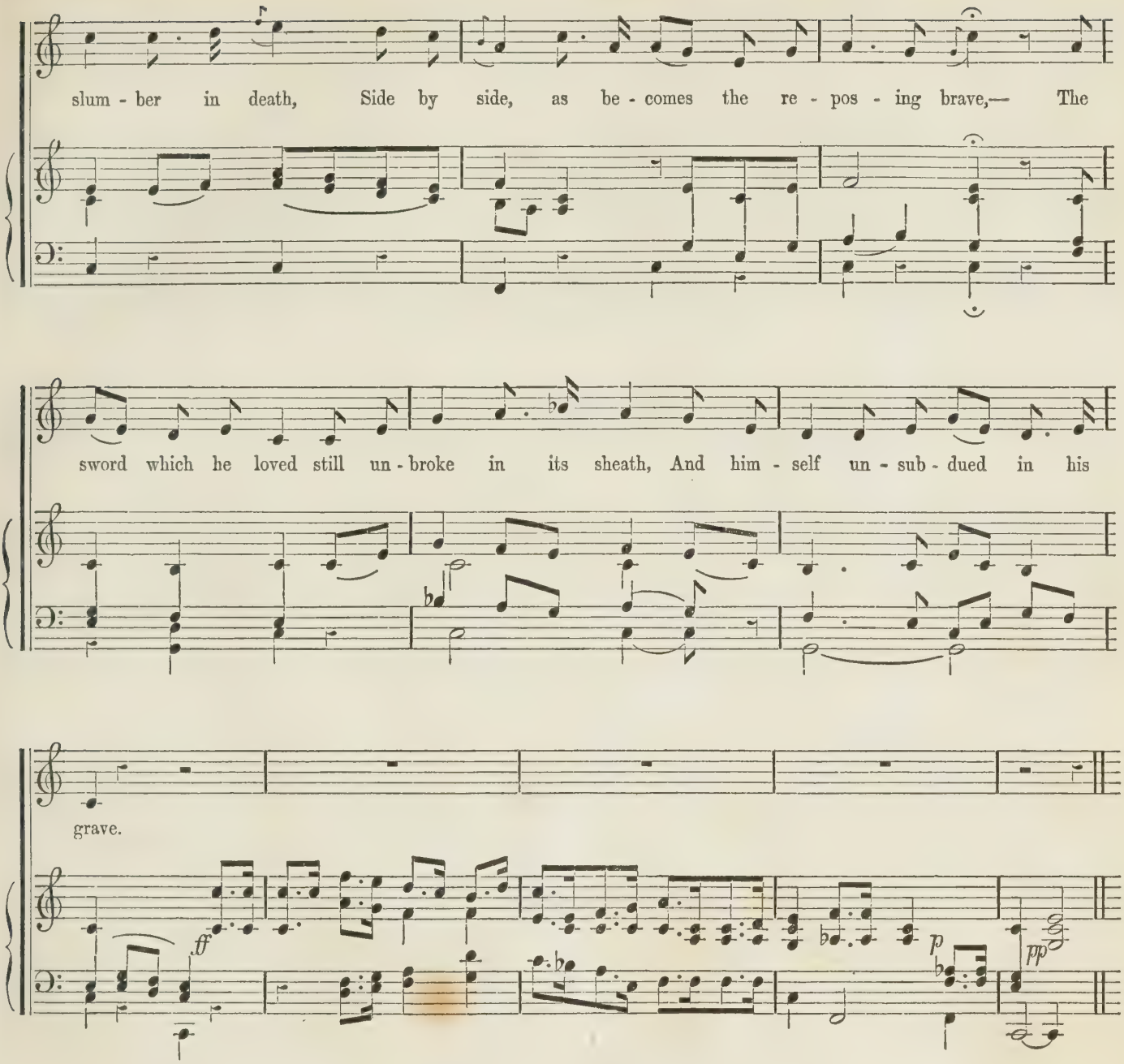

2ND VERSE.
The Min - strel fell!—but the foe - man's chain Could not bring that proud soul
un - der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der;
f
tr
tenderly.
And said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - e - ry! Thy songs were made for the
cres.
p
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - e - ry."

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

With melancholy feeling and energy.

AIR—IF THE SEA WERE INK.





II.

Yet pause—for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
As if breath'd from his brave heart's remains;—
Faint echo of that which in Slavery's ear
Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"
And it cries, from the grave where the Hero lies deep,
"Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,
Oh leave not his sword thus in-glorious to sleep,—
It hath Victory's life in it yet.

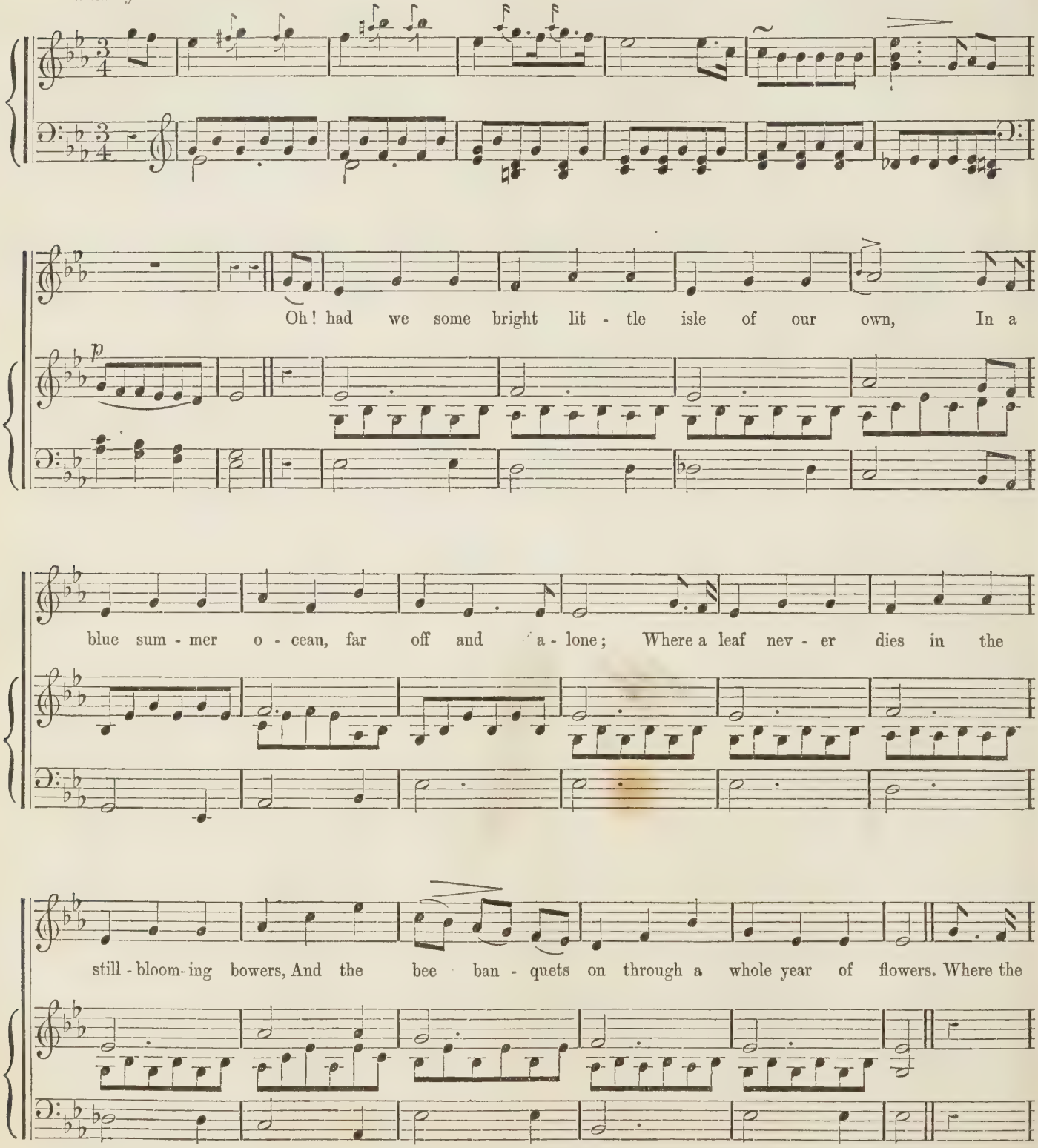
III.

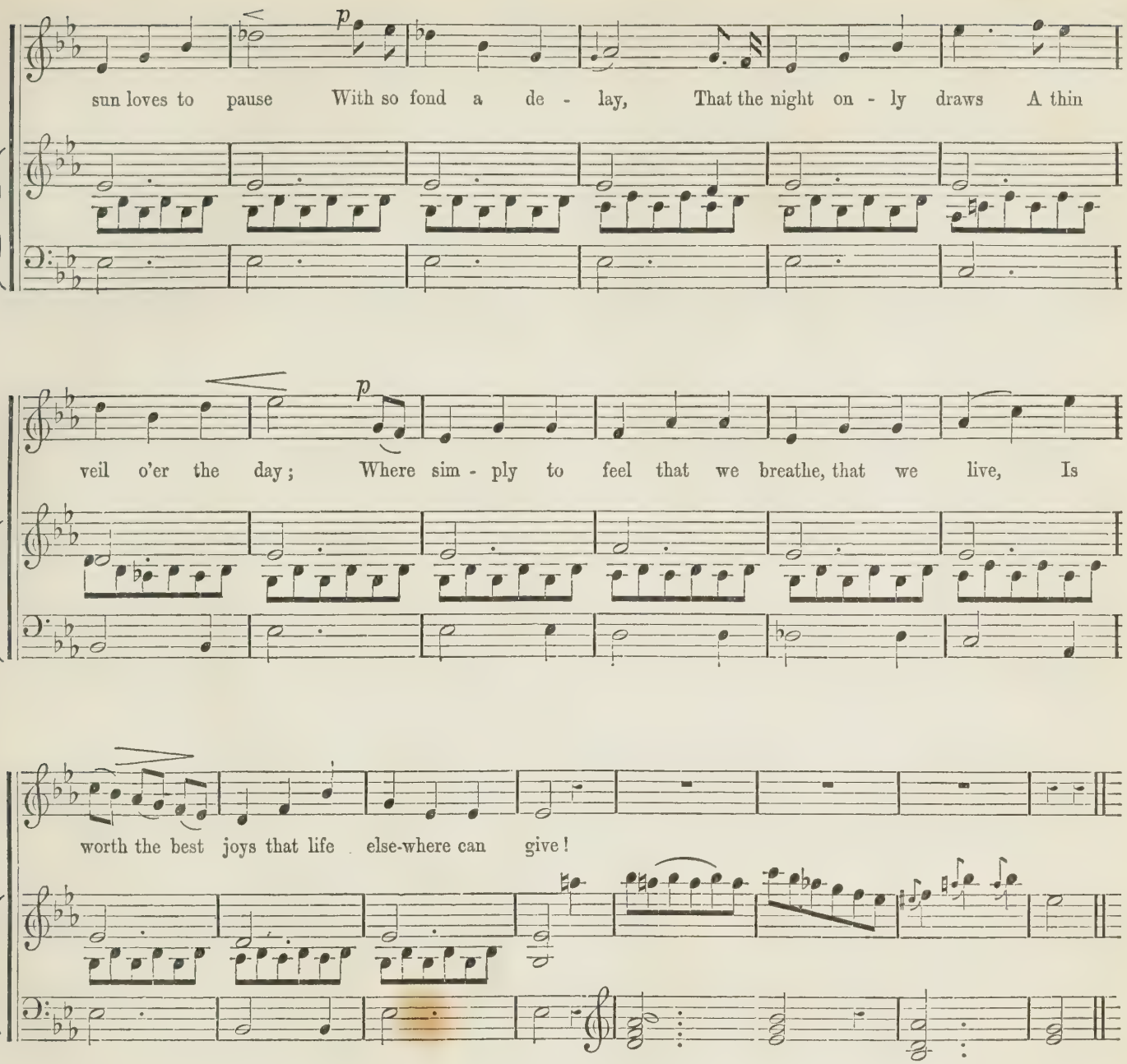
"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath known the bright use
Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,—
Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

With lightness and in moderate time.

AIR—SHEELA NA GUIRA.



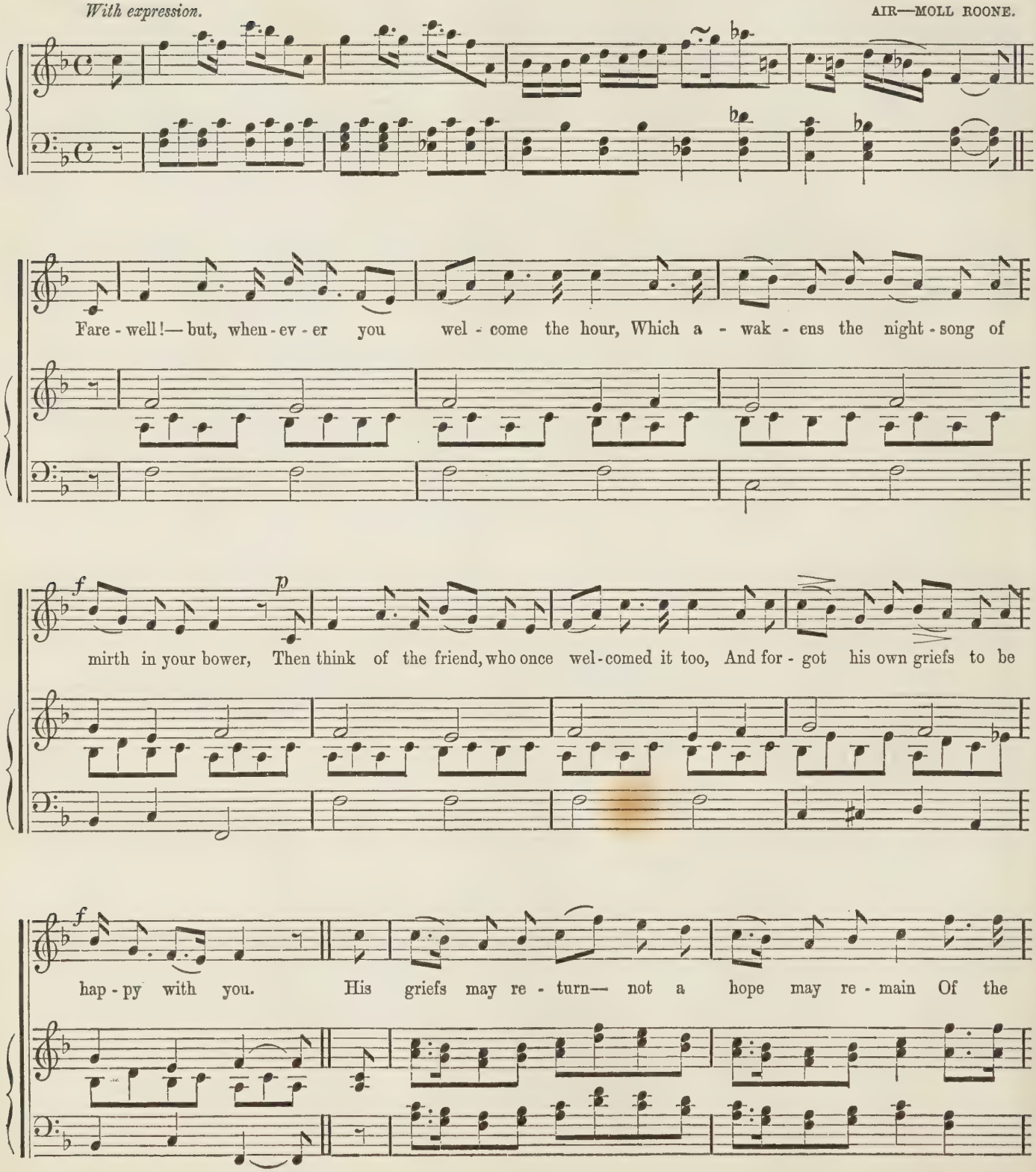


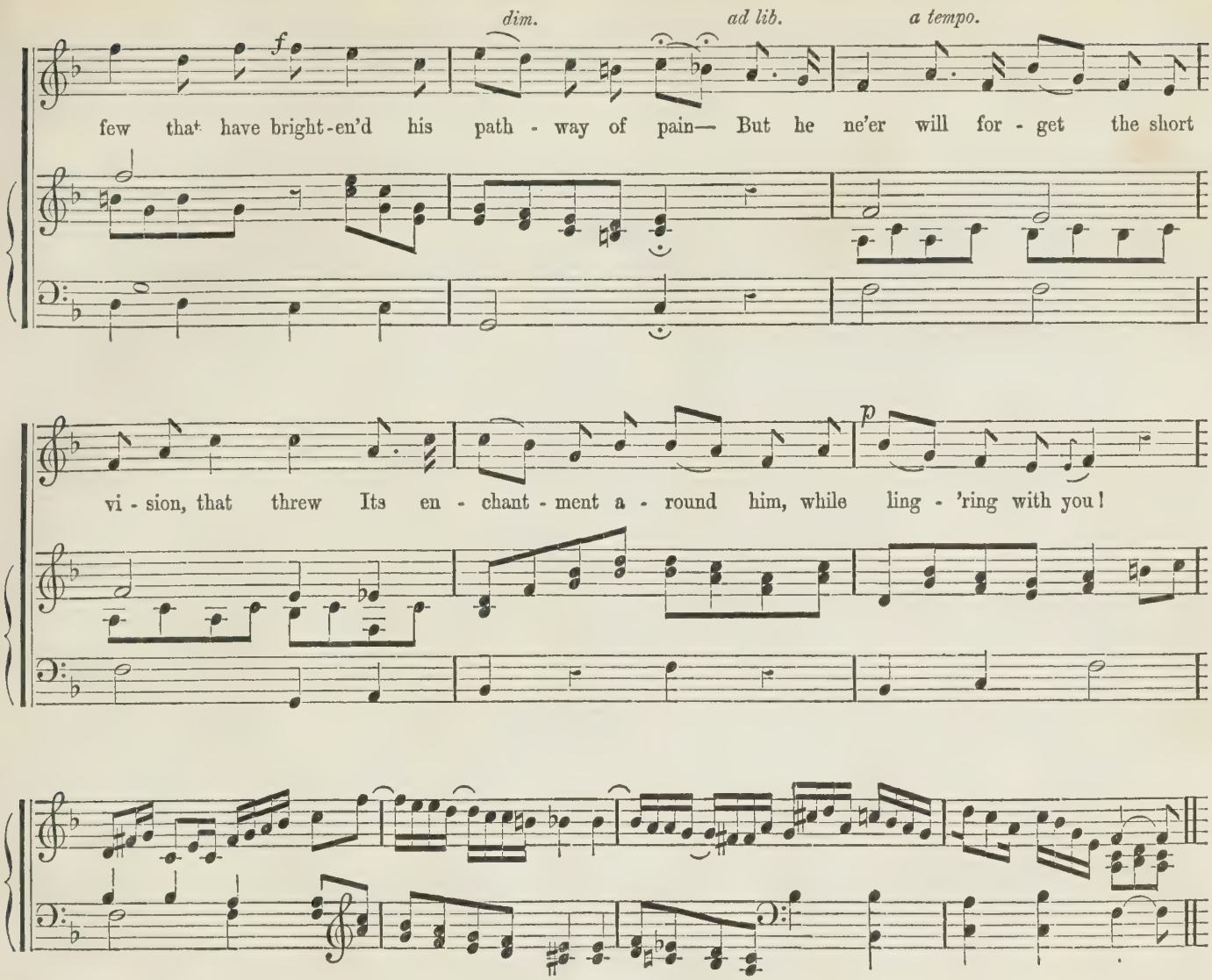
There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there!
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers;
And with Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers;
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night!

FAREWELL! BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

With expression.

AIR—MOLL ROONE.





II.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

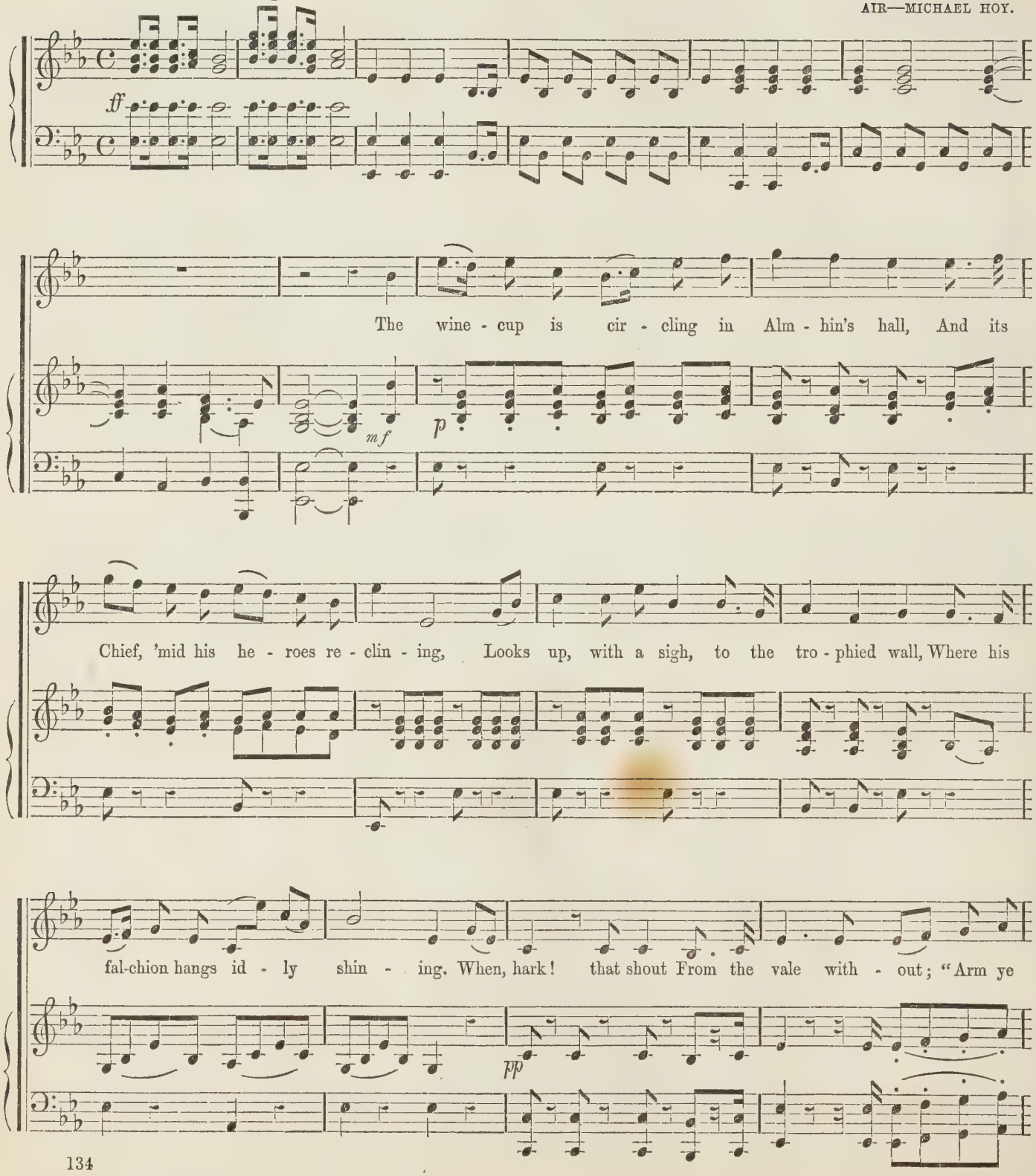
III.

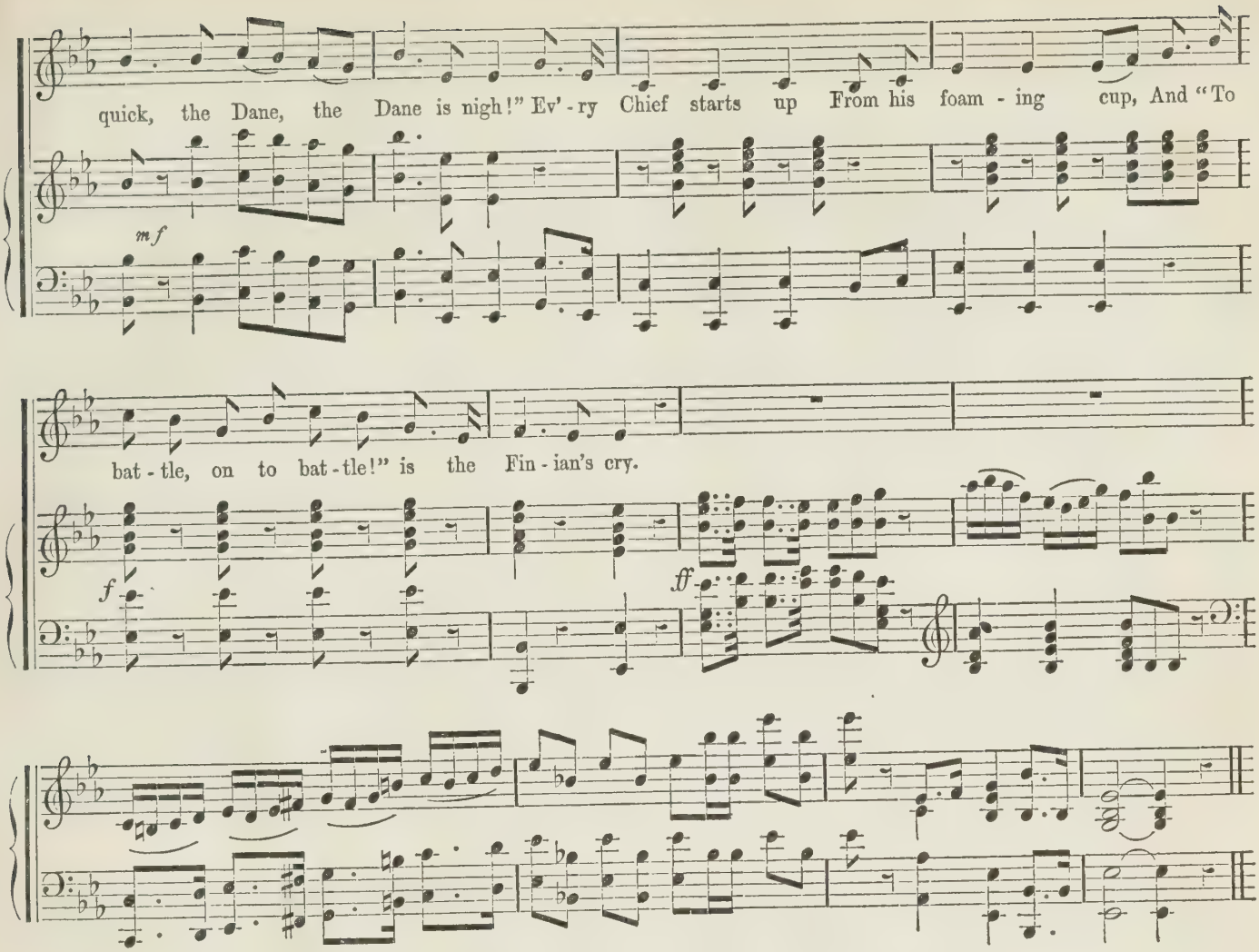
Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy—
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will;
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

In march time, and with spirit.

AIR—MICHAEL HOY.





II.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
And they sing such thrilling numbers,—
Oh! it seems like the voice of the Dead, of old,
Breaking forth from their place of slumbers!
Spear to buckler rang
As the minstrels sang,
And the Sunburst o'er them floated wide;
While, rememb'ring the yoke
Which their fathers broke,
"On for liberty, for liberty!" the Finians cried.

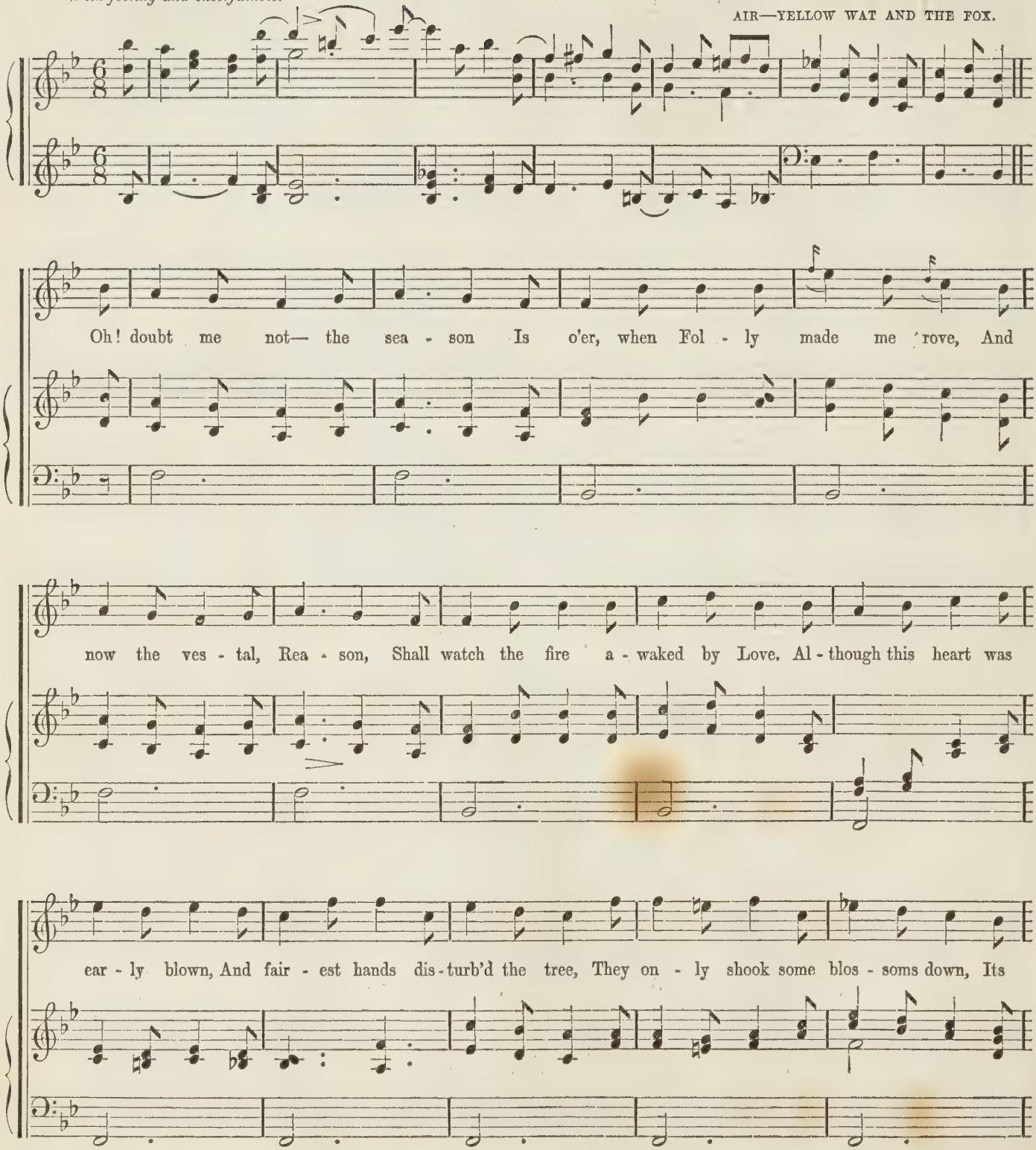
III.

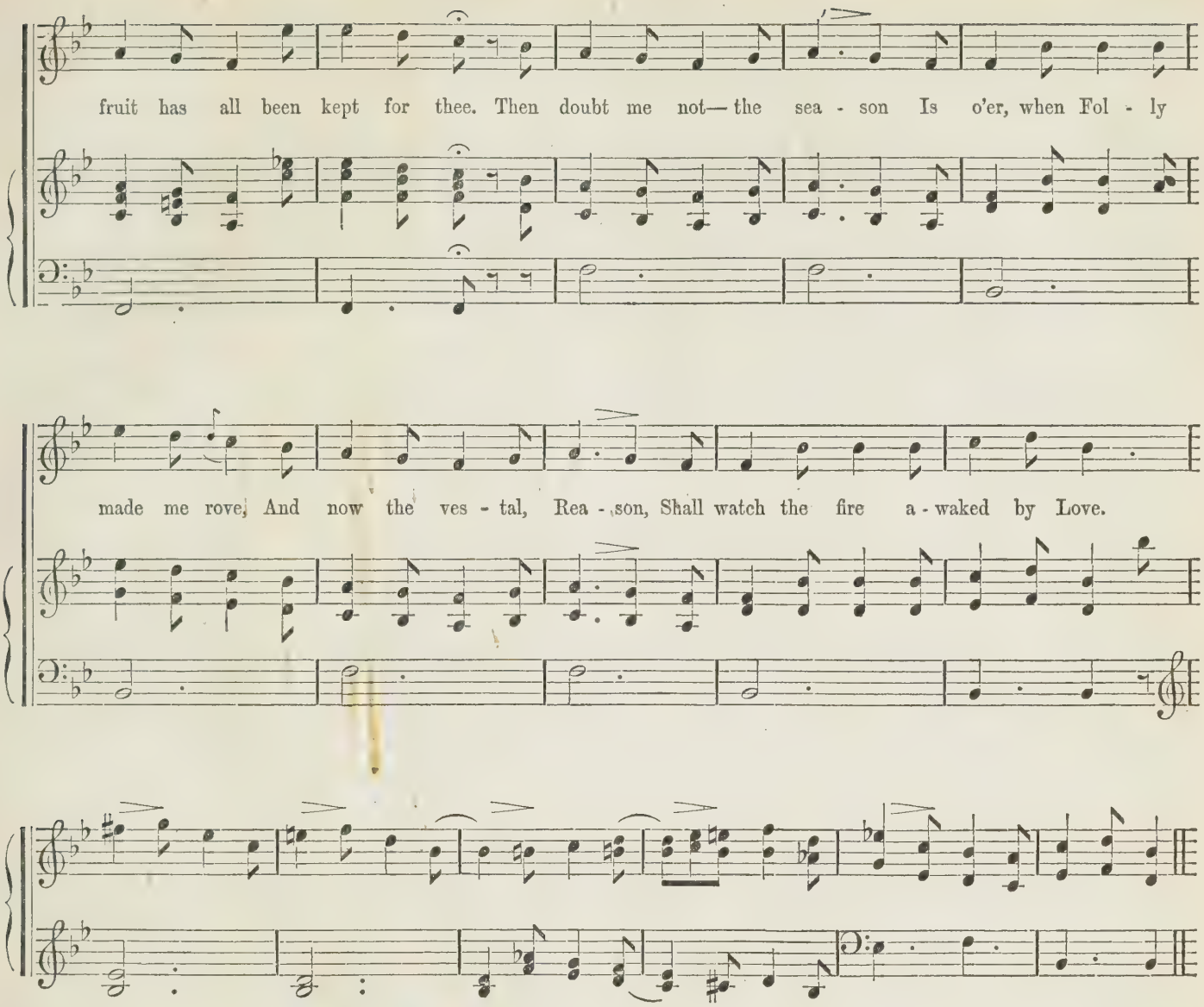
Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
O'er the valley of Almhin lowering;
While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
That banner of Erin, towering.
With the mingling shock
Ring cliff and rock,
While, rank on rank, the invaders die;
And the shout, that last
O'er the dying pass'd,
Was "victory!" was "victory!"—the Finian's cry.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

With feeling and cheerfulness.

AIR—YELLOW WAT AND THE FOX.



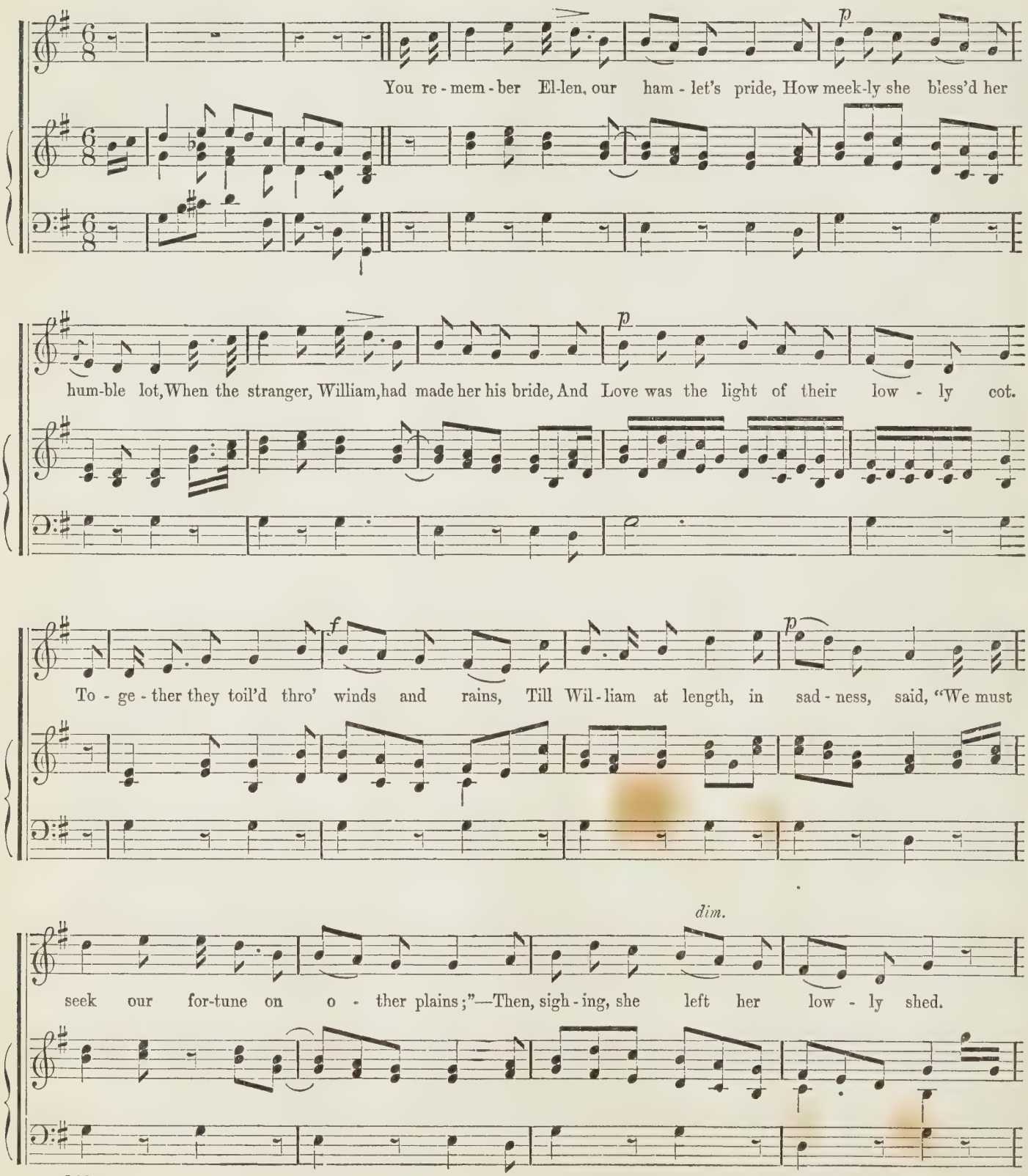


And though my lute no longer
May sing of passion's ardent spell,
Oh! trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee thro' many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

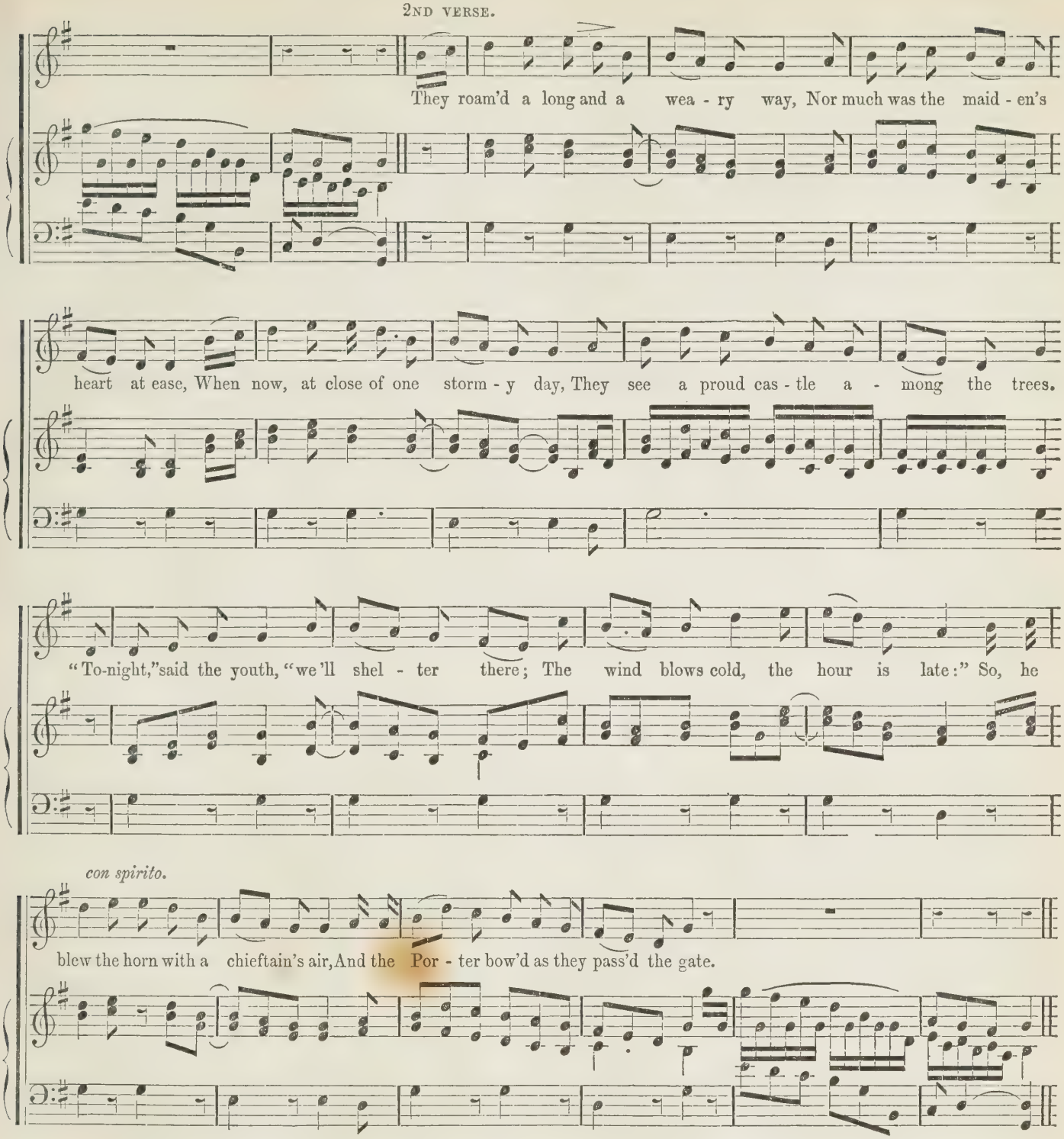
Simply and in moderate time.

AIR—WERE I A CLERK.



YOU REMEMBER ELLEN, OUR HAMLET'S PRIDE.

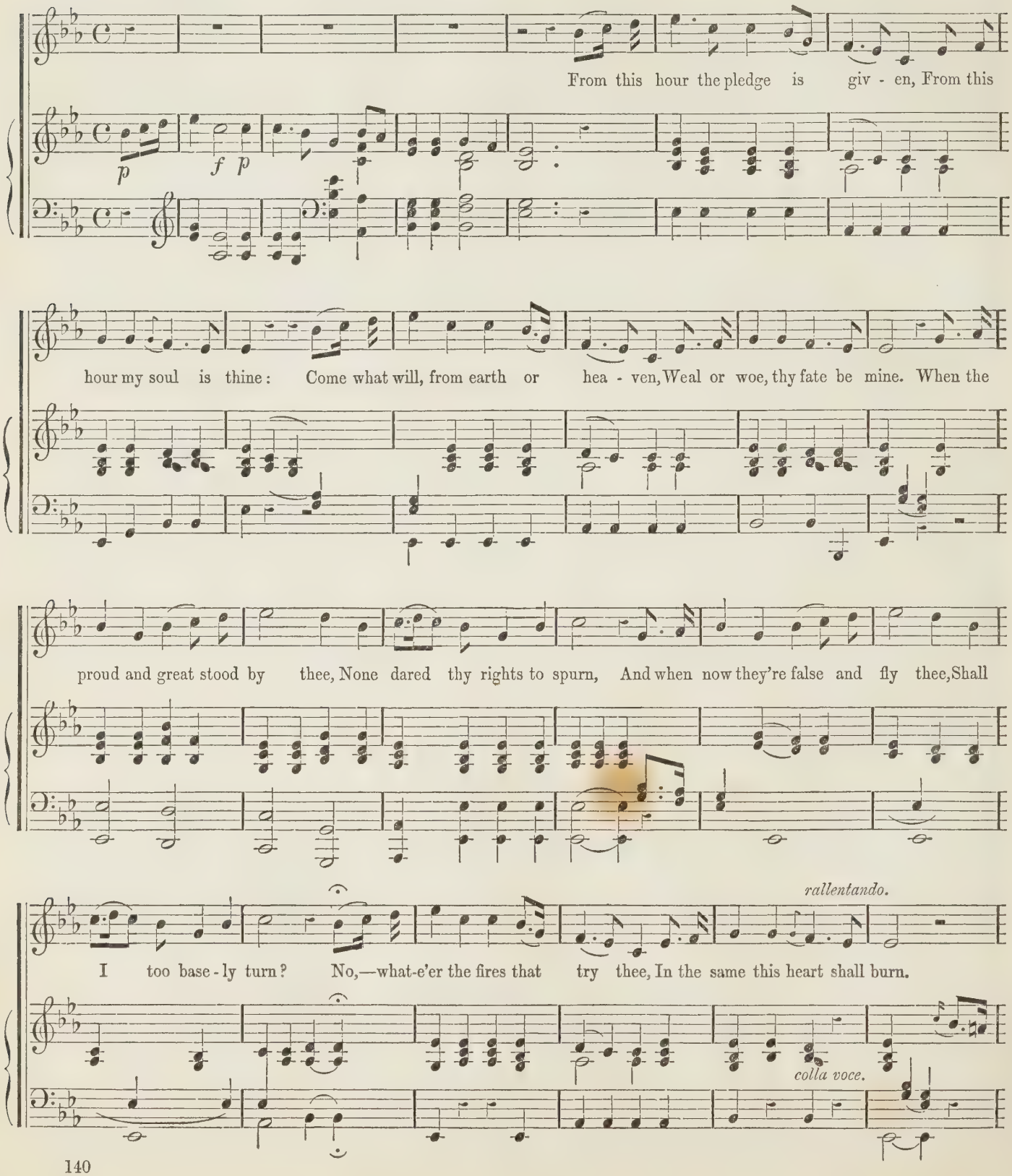
2ND VERSE.



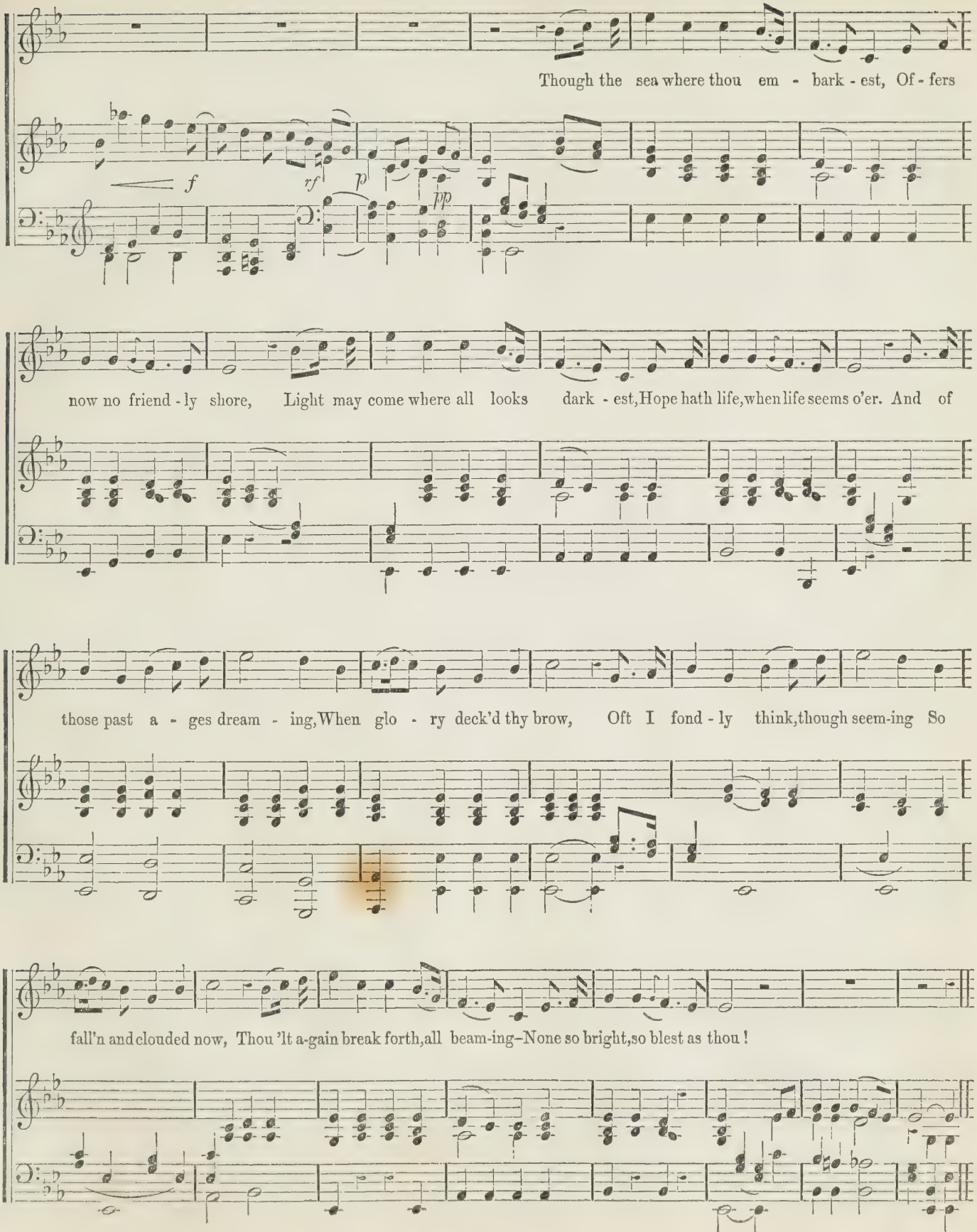
"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
She believed him wild, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William, the stranger, woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in those lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

With spirit and feeling. AIR—RENARDINE.



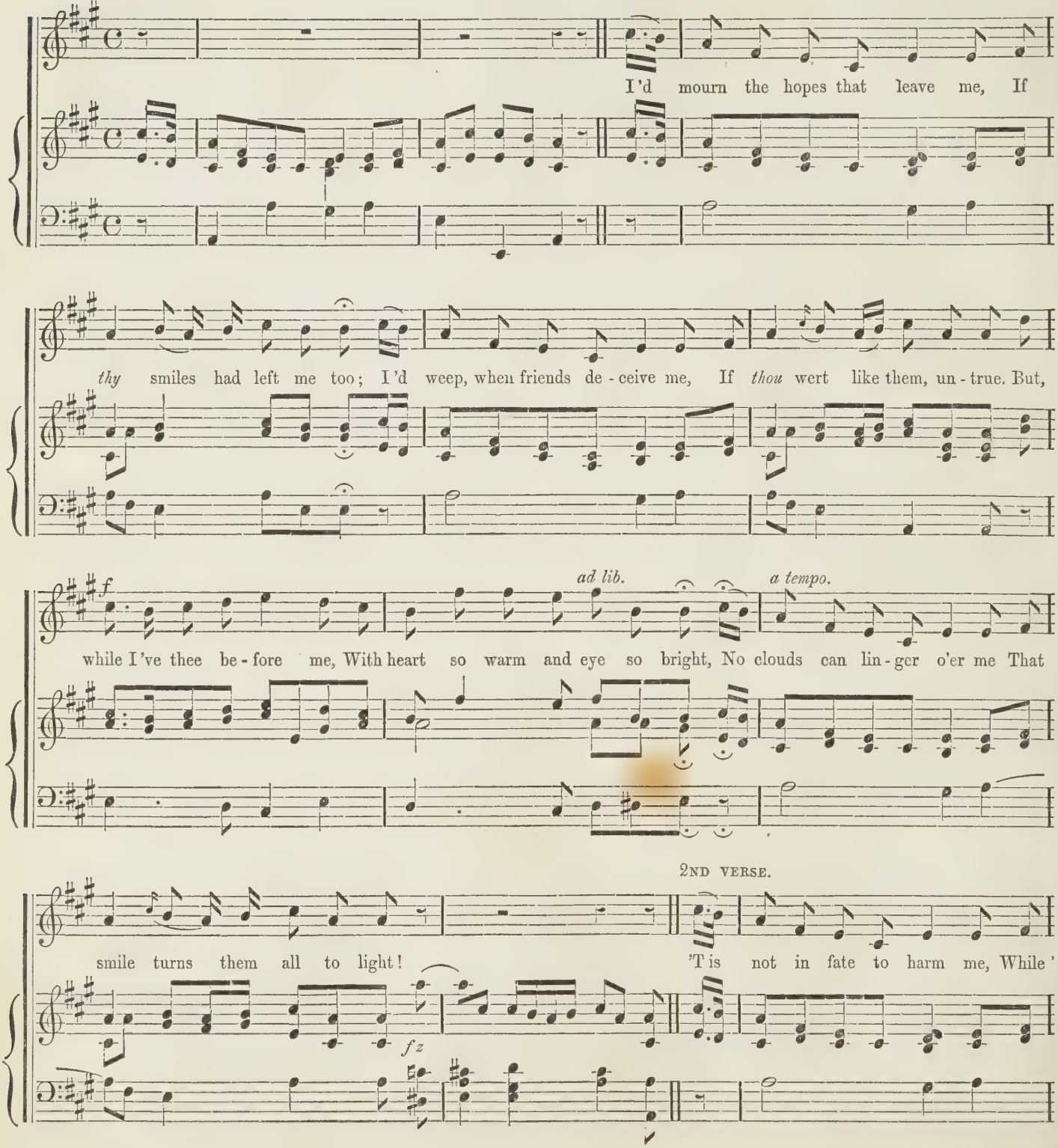
2ND VERSE.

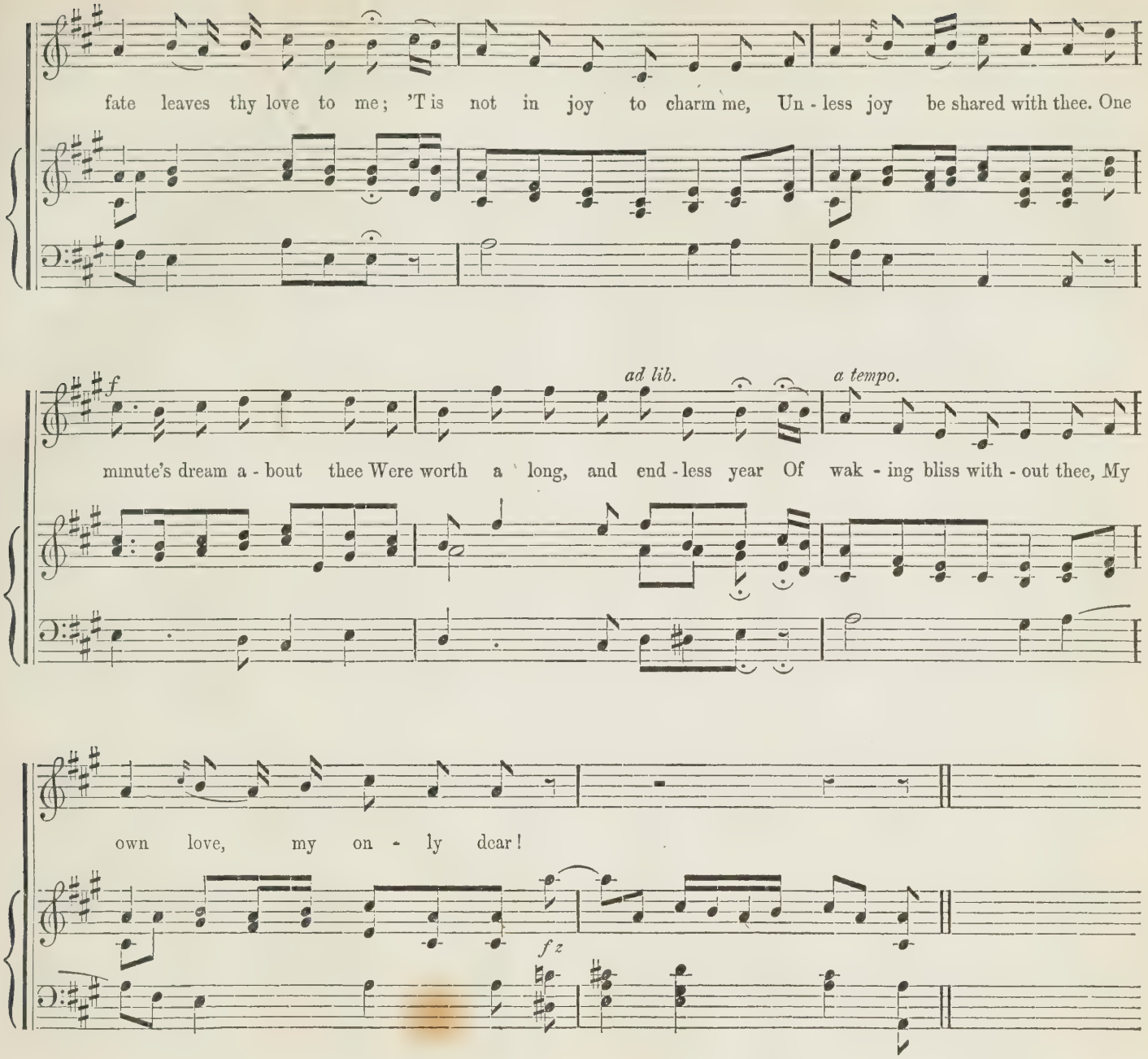

Though the sea where thou em - bark - est, Of - fers
f
rf
p
pp
now no friend - ly shore, Light may come where all looks dark - est, Hope hath life, when life seems o'er. And of
those past a - ges dream - ing, When glo - ry deck'd thy brow, Oft I fond - ly think, though seem-ing So
fall'n and clouded now, Thou 'lt a-gain break forth, all beam-ing–None so bright, so blest as thou!

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

Tenderly.

AIR—THE ROSE TREE.





III.

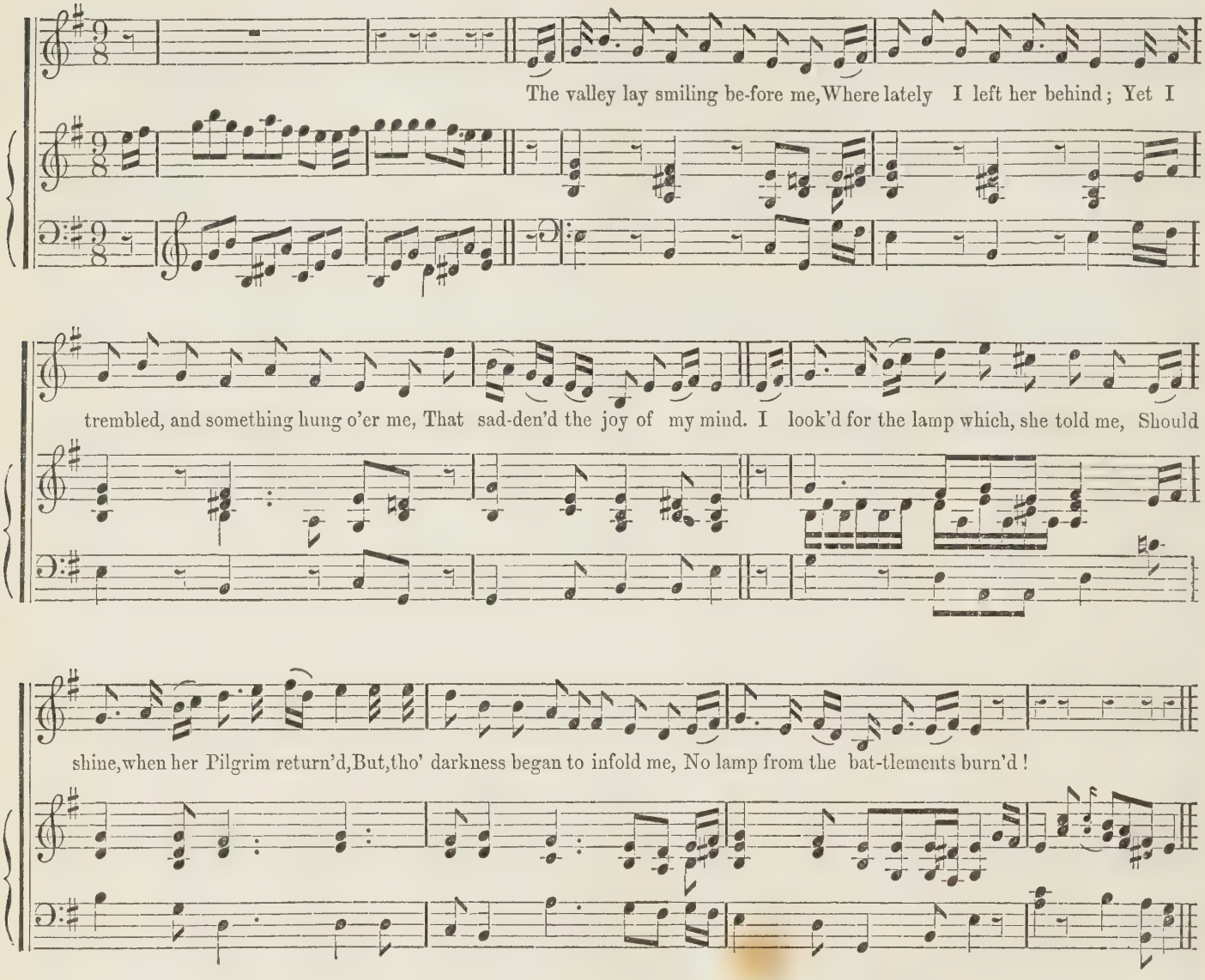
And, though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I 've yet to roam,
The mind, that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

IV.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds!

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

In moderate time and according to the feeling of each verse. AIR—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.



II.

I flew to her chamber—'t was lonely
As if the loved tenant lay dead—
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no—the young false one had fled.
And *there* hung the lute, that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand, that had waked it so often,
Now throbb'd to my proud rival's kiss!

III.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When BREFFNI's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought!*
While now—oh! degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

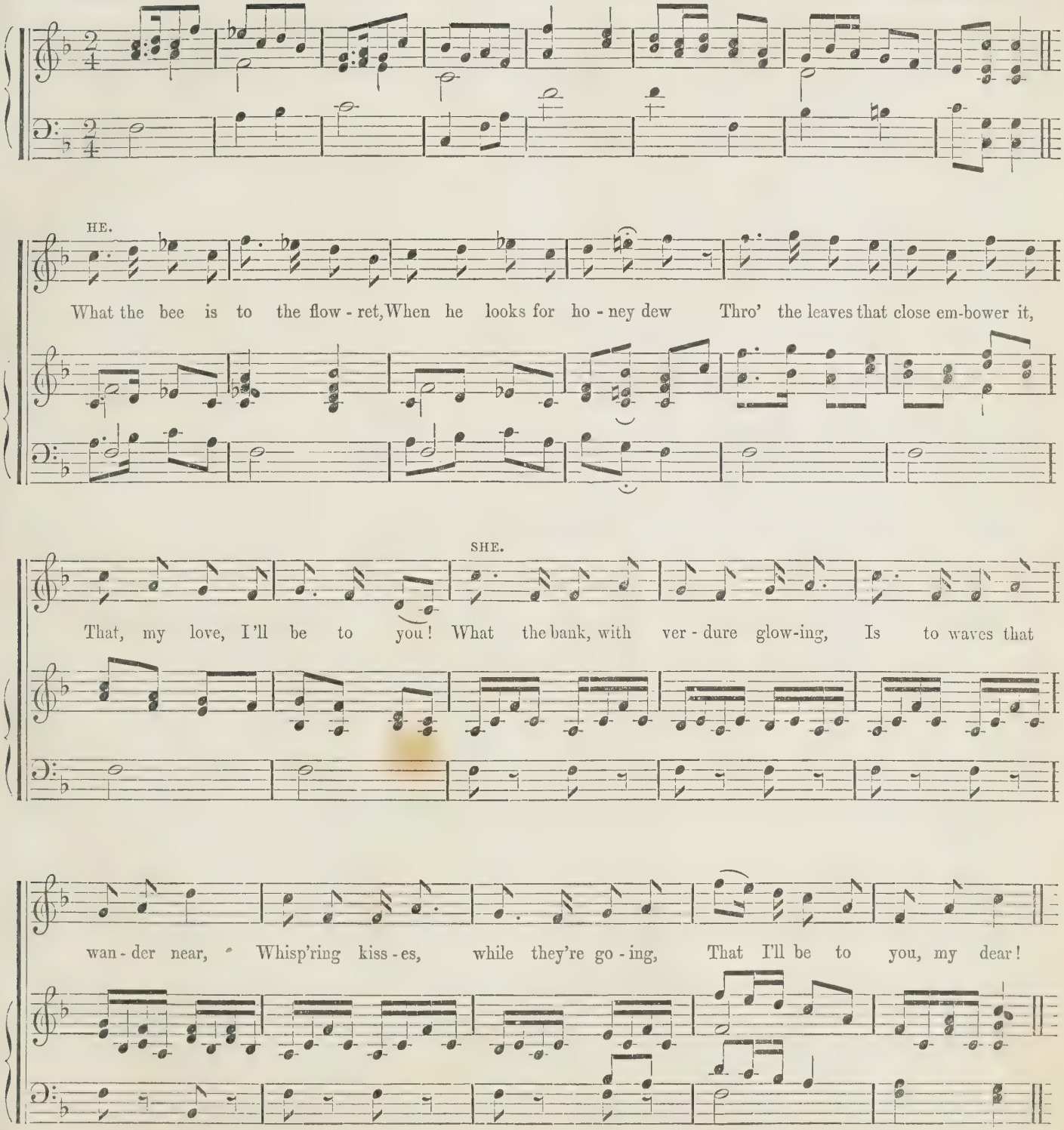
IV.

Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane!
They come to divide—to dishonour—
And tyrants they long will remain!
But onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh ev'ry brand to the hilt;
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN,
On *theirs* is the SAXON and GUILT.

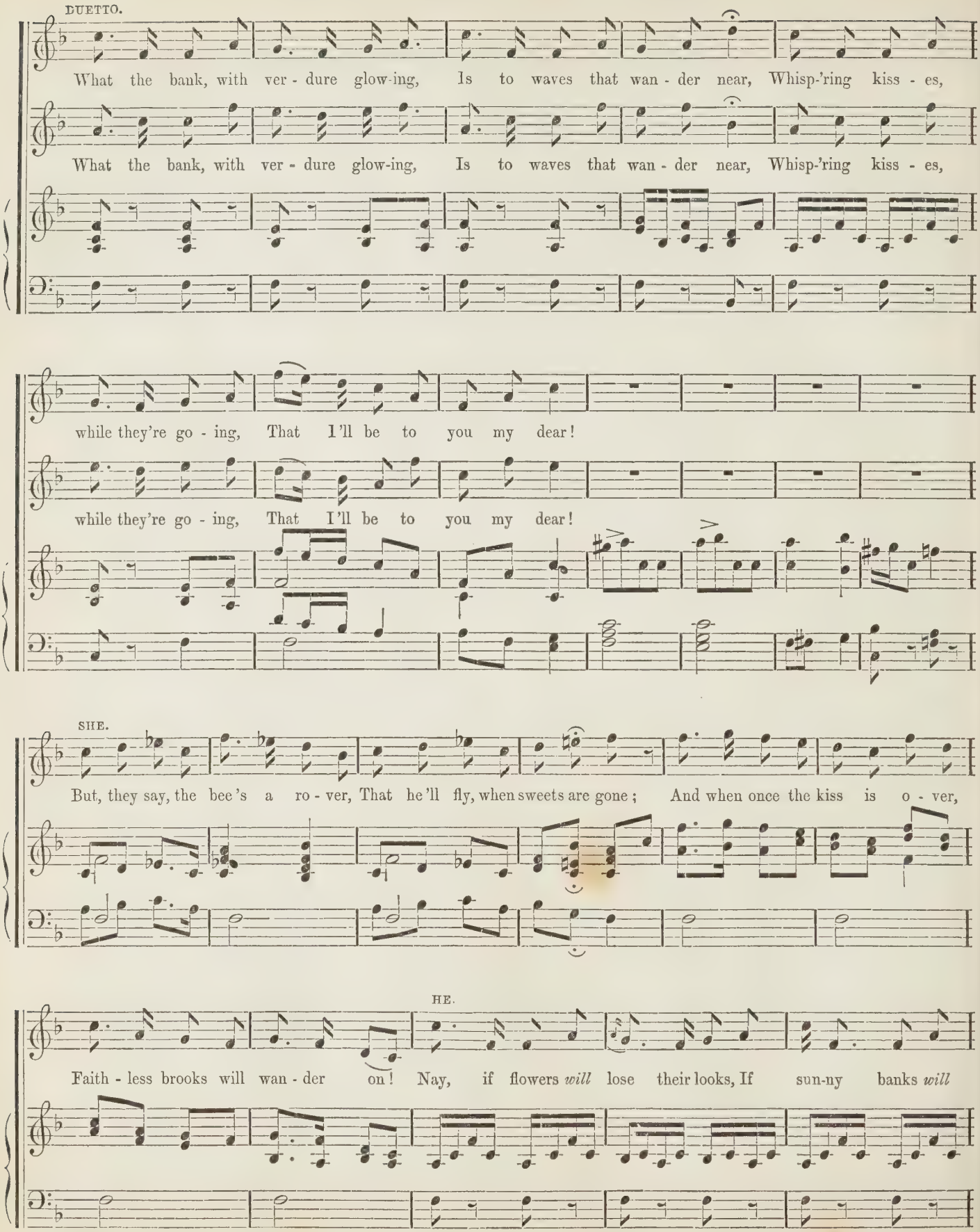
WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWRET.

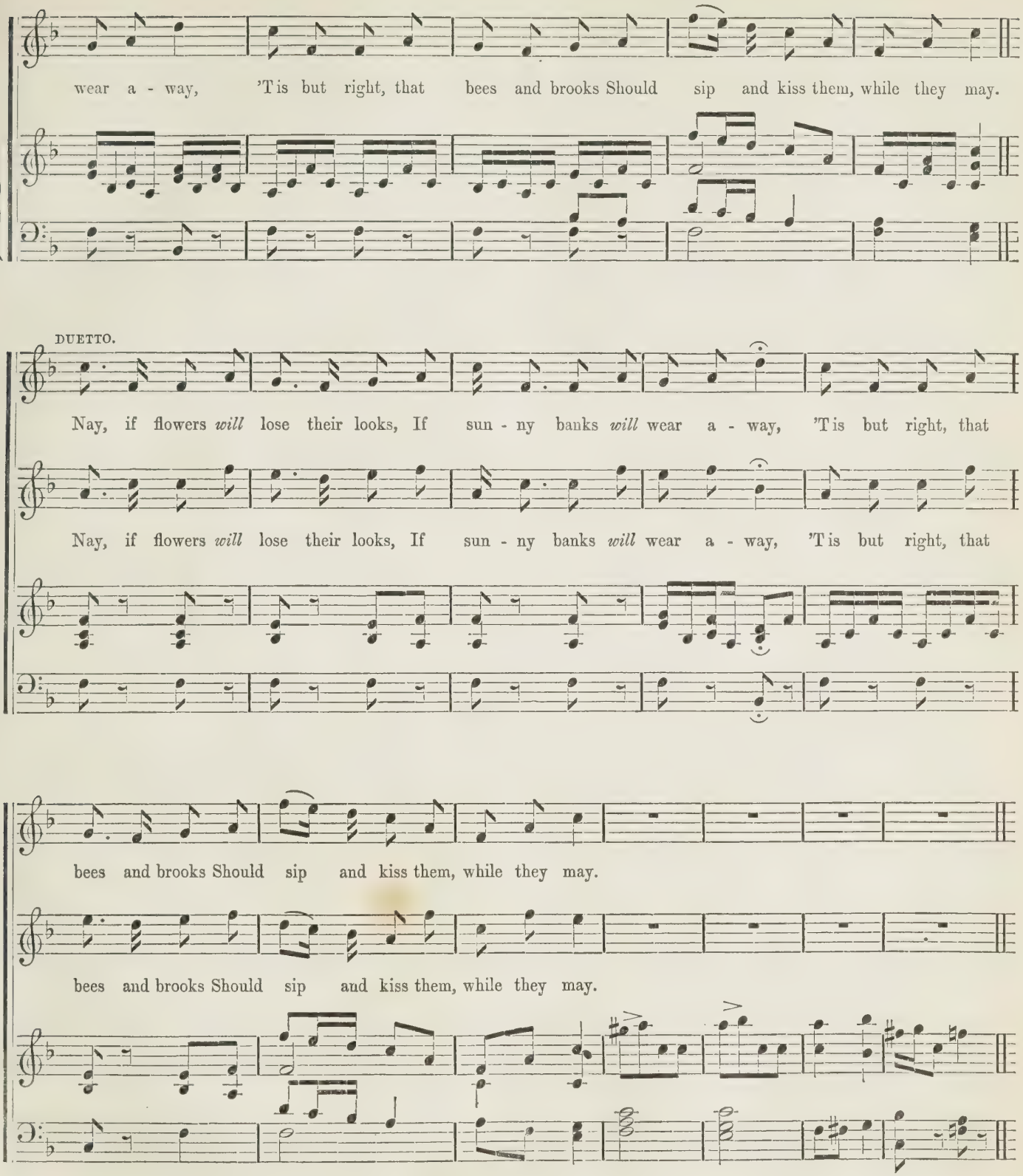
Playfully.

AIR—THE YELLOW HORSE.



WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWRET.

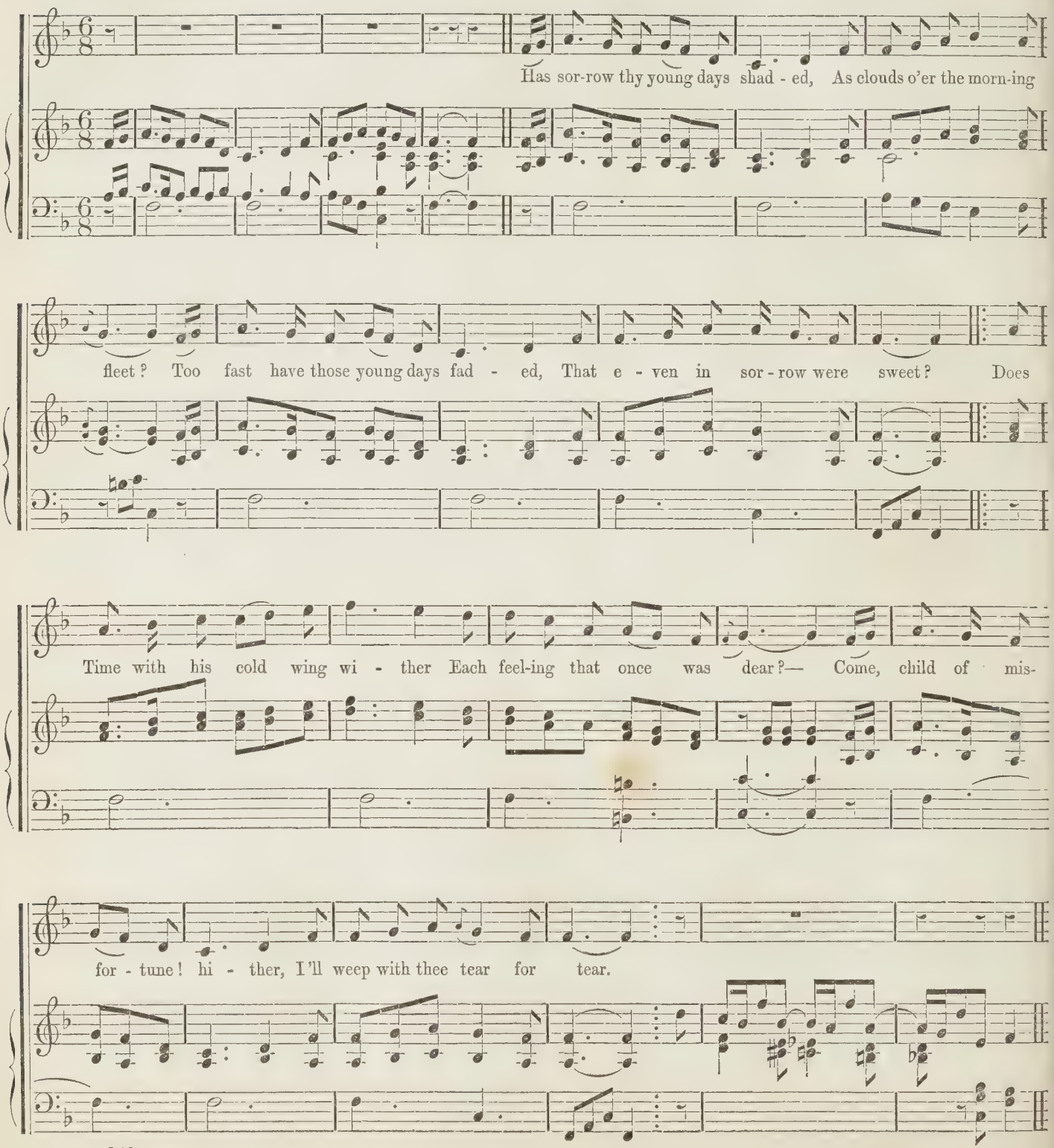


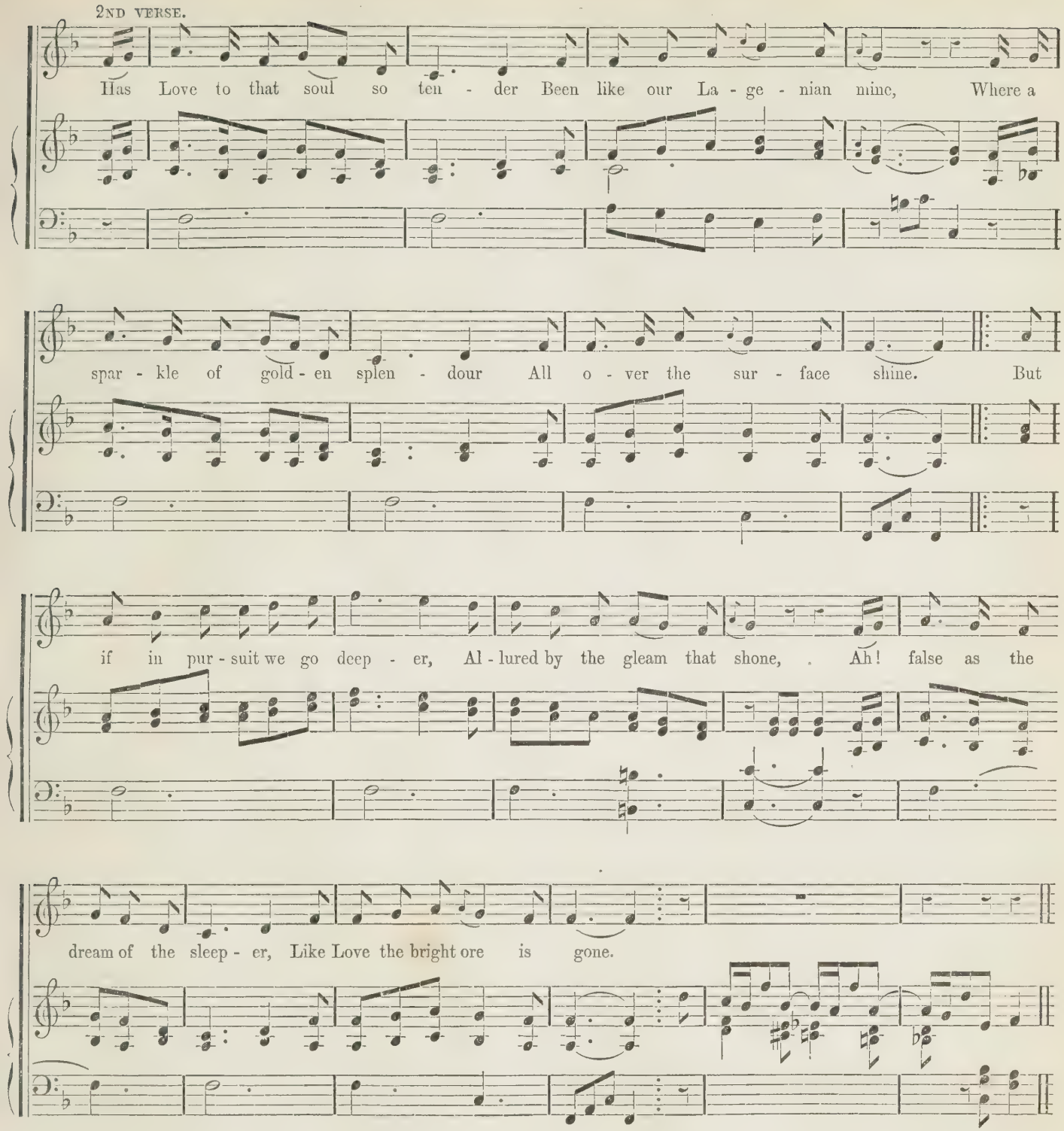

wear a - way, 'T is but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.
DUETTO.
Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will* wear a - way, 'T is but right, that
Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will* wear a - way, 'T is but right, that
bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.
bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Simply and tenderly.

AIR—SLY PATRICK.





III.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glitt'ring glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

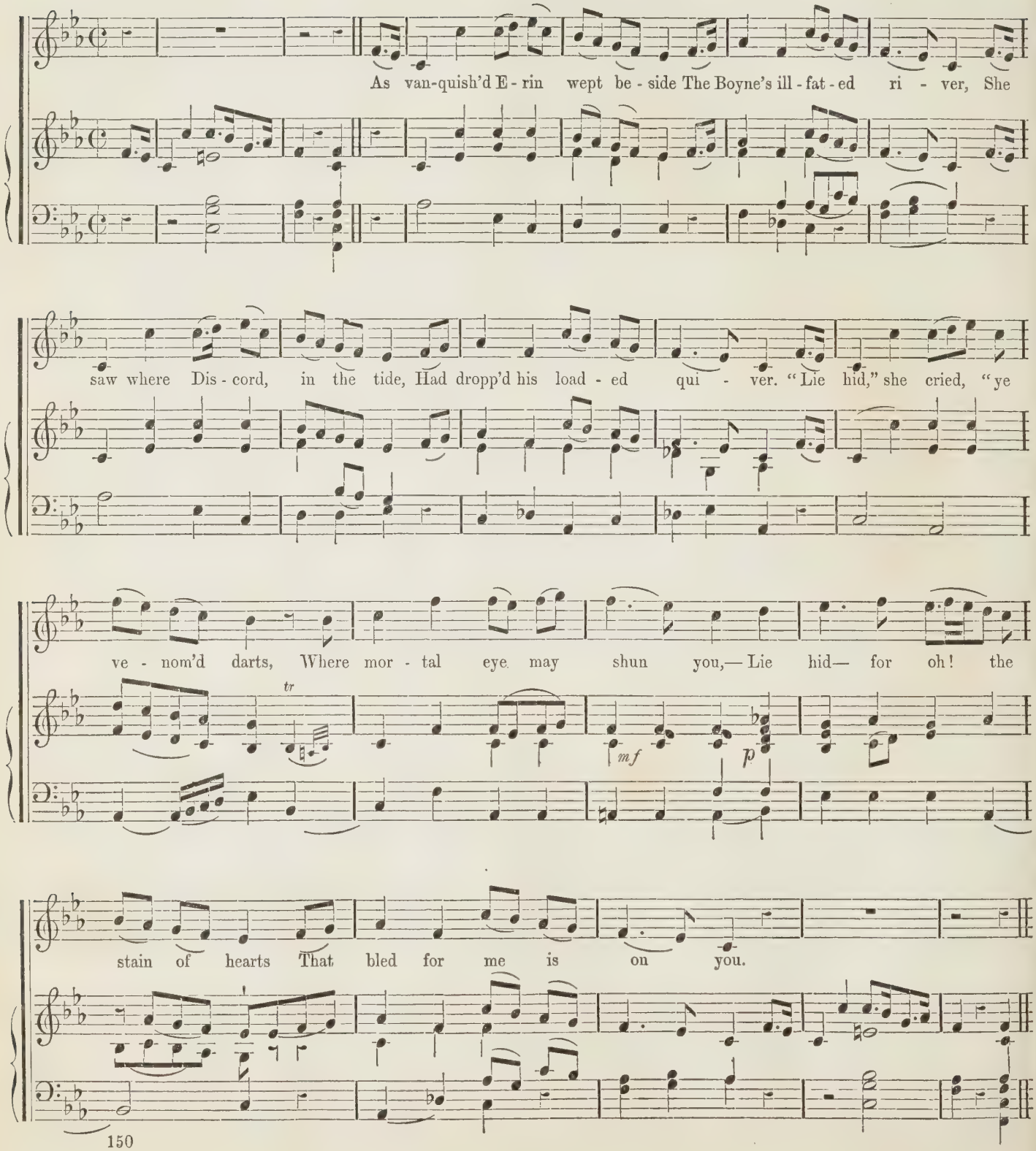
IV.

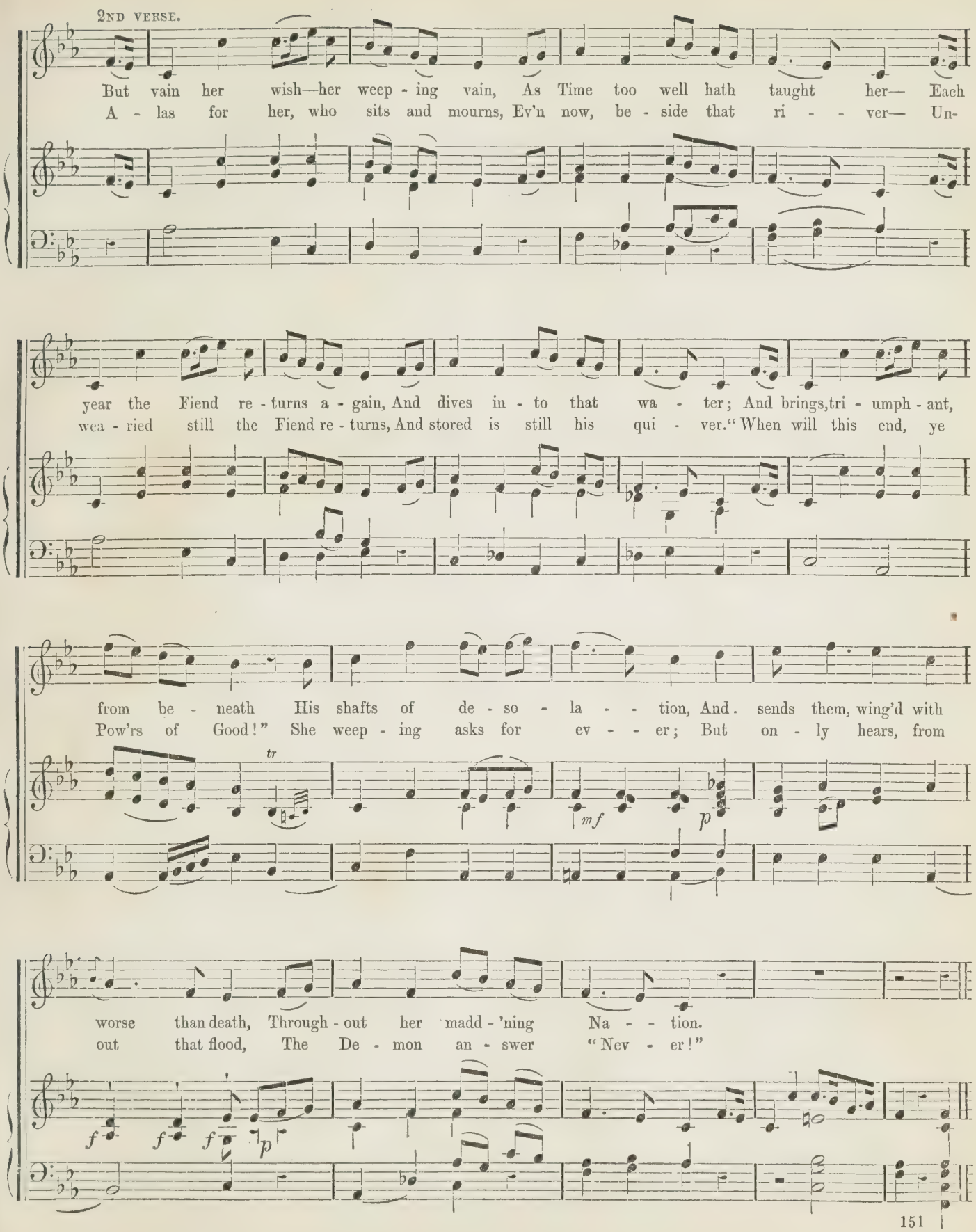
If thus the sweet hours have fleeted,
When Sorrow herself look'd bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;—
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

With expression.

AIR—THE BOYNE WATER.

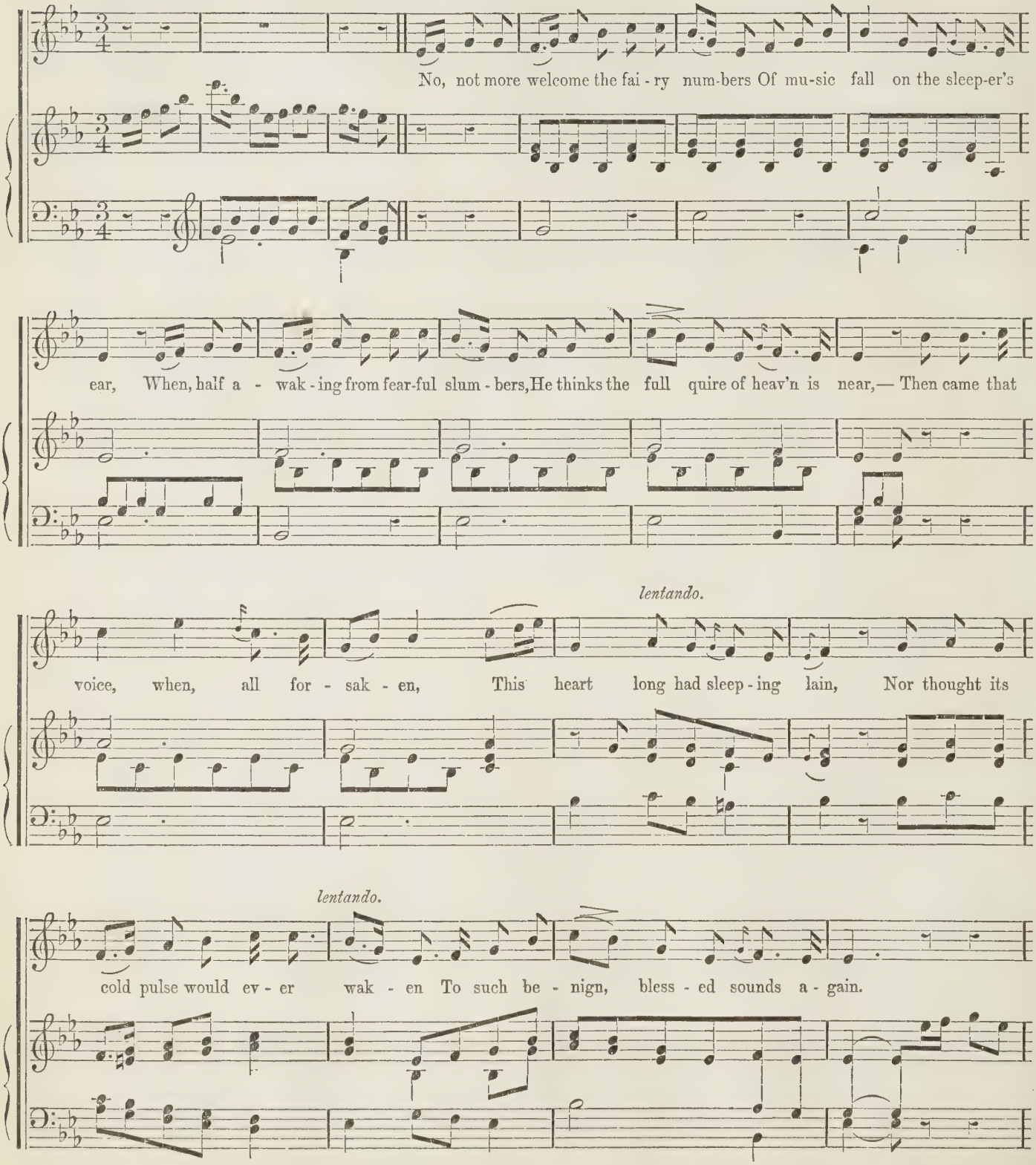



2ND VERSE.
But vain her wish—her weep - ing vain, As Time too well hath taught her— Each
A - las for her, who sits and mourns, Ev'n now, be - side that ri - - ver— Un-
year the Fiend re - turns a - gain, And dives in - to that wa - ter; And brings, tri - umph - ant,
wea - ried still the Fiend re - turns, And stored is still his qui - ver." When will this end, ye
from be - neath His shafts of de - so - la - - tion, And sends them, wing'd with
Pow'rs of Good!" She weep - ing asks for ev - - er; But on - ly hears, from
tr
mf
p
worse than death, Through - out her madd - 'ning Na - - tion.
out that flood, The De - mon an - swer "Nev - er!"
f
f
f
p

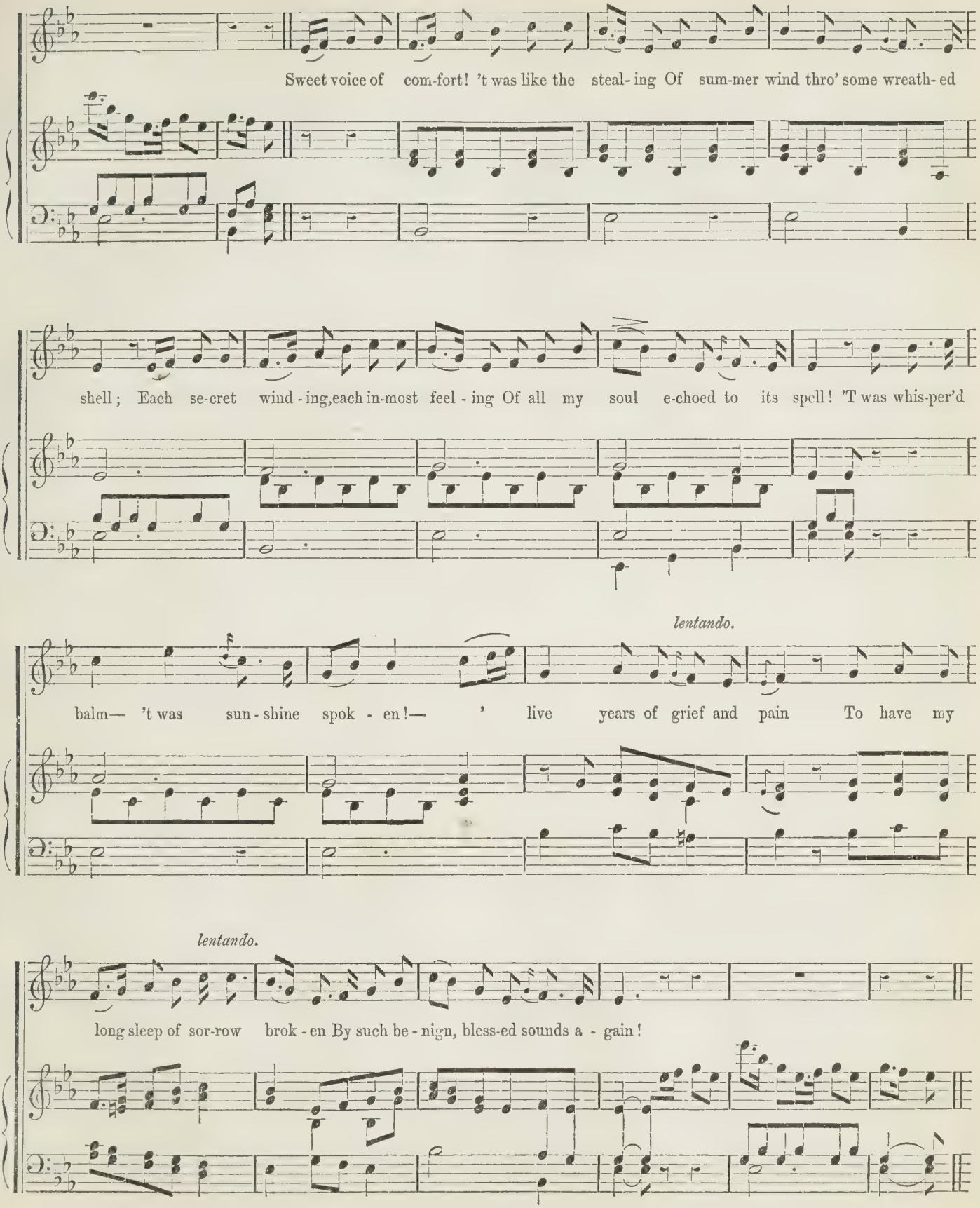
NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

With expression.

AIR—LUGGELAW.



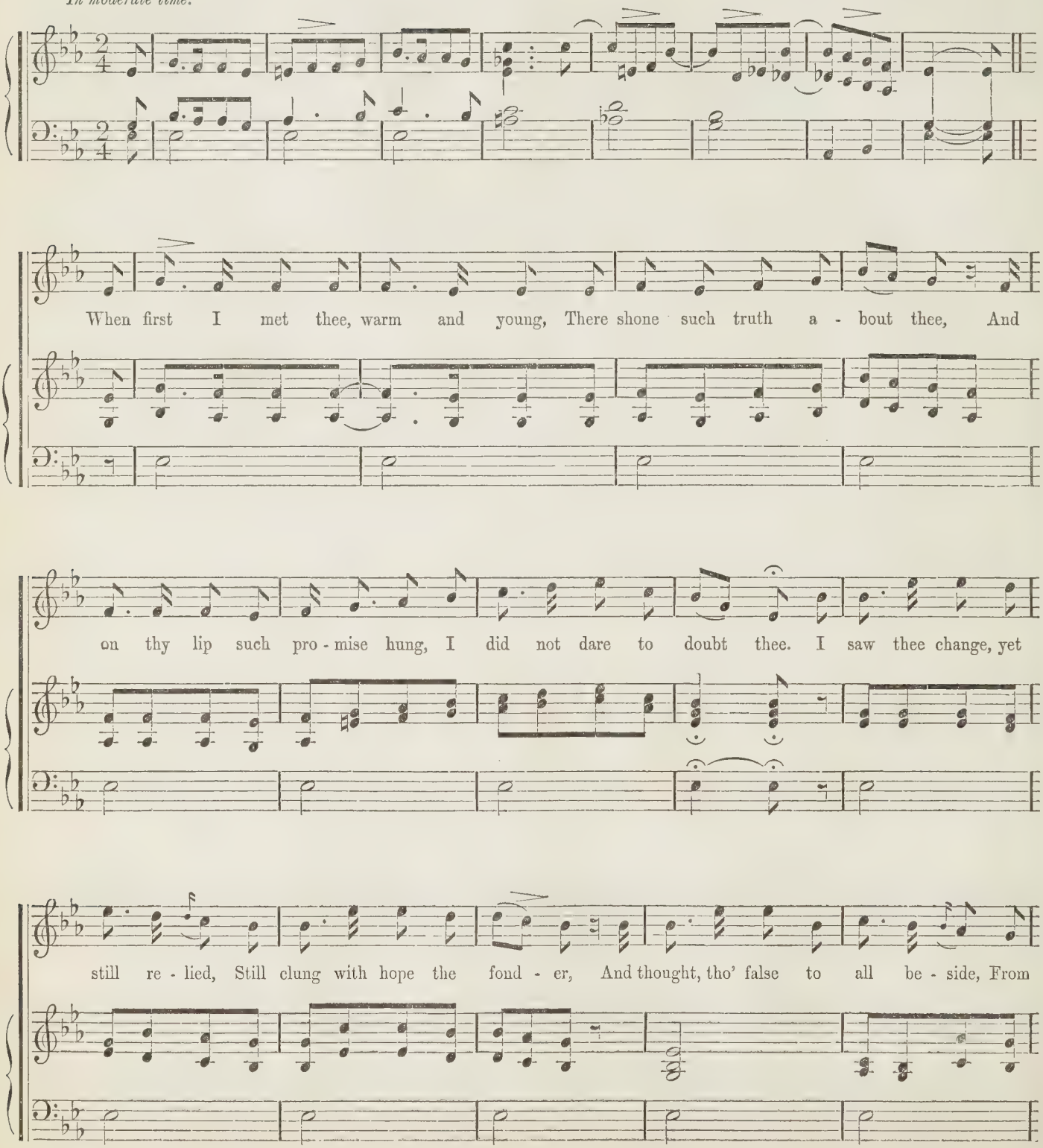
2ND VERSE.

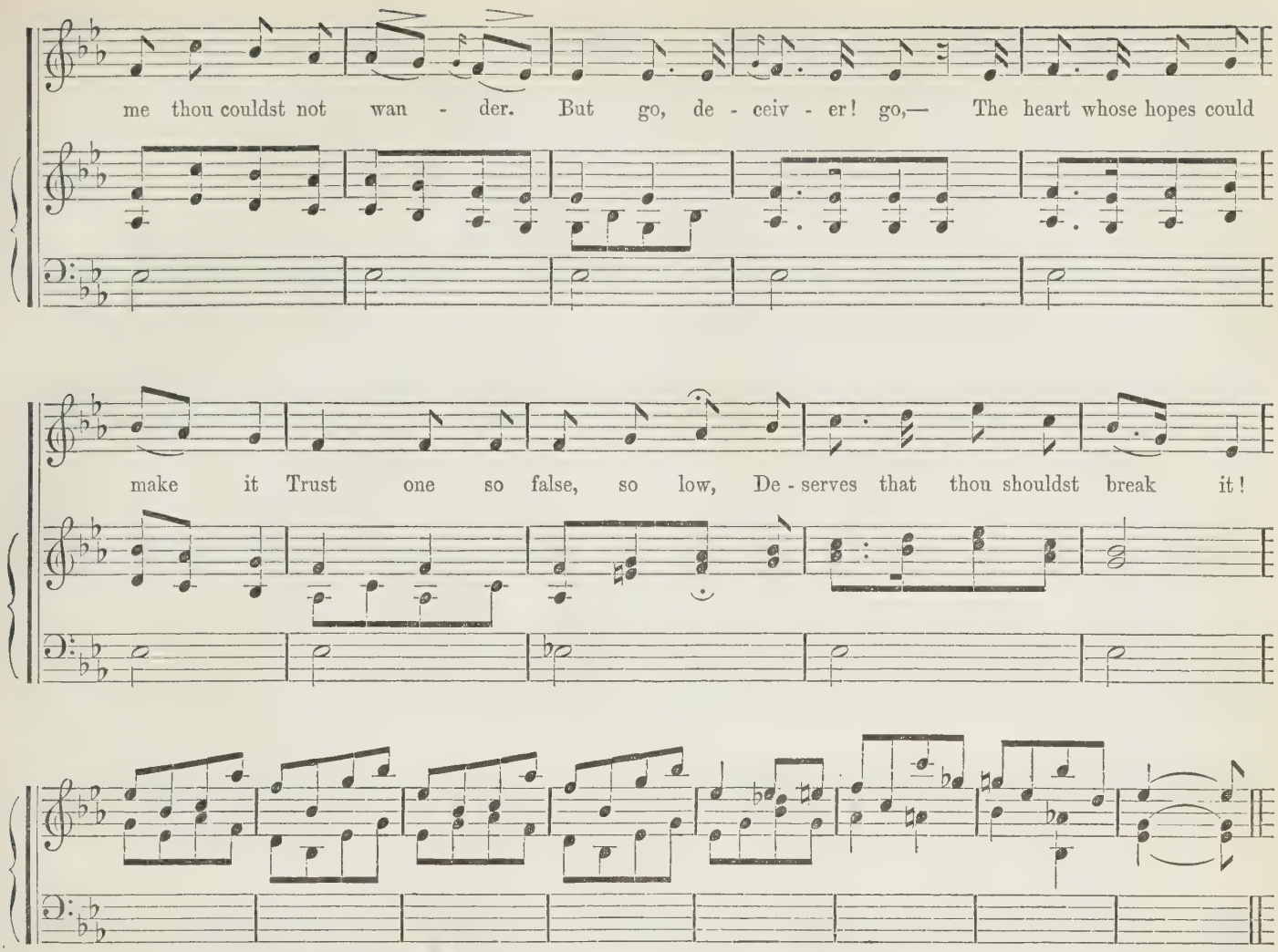

Sweet voice of com-fort! 't was like the steal-ing Of sum-mer wind thro' some wreath-ed
shell; Each se-cret wind-ing, each in-most feel-ing Of all my soul e-choed to its spell! 'T was whis-per'd
lentando.
balm— 't was sun-shine spok-en!— ' live years of grief and pain To have my
lentando.
long sleep of sor-row brok-en By such be-nign, bless-ed sounds a-gain!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

In moderate time.

AIR—O PATRICK, FLY FROM ME.





II.

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found, in ev'n the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou 'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

III.

Ev'n now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few, who loved thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

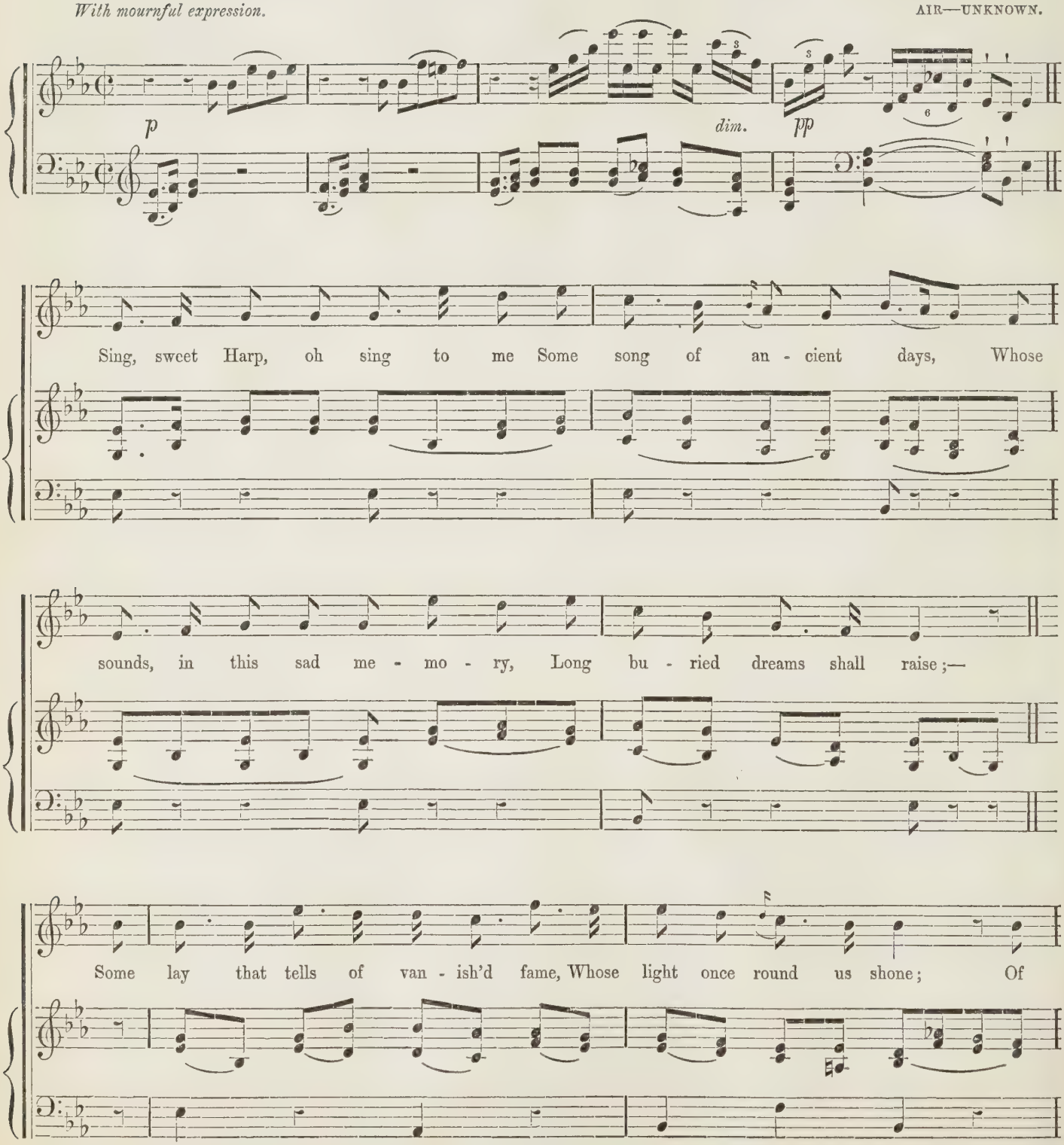
IV.

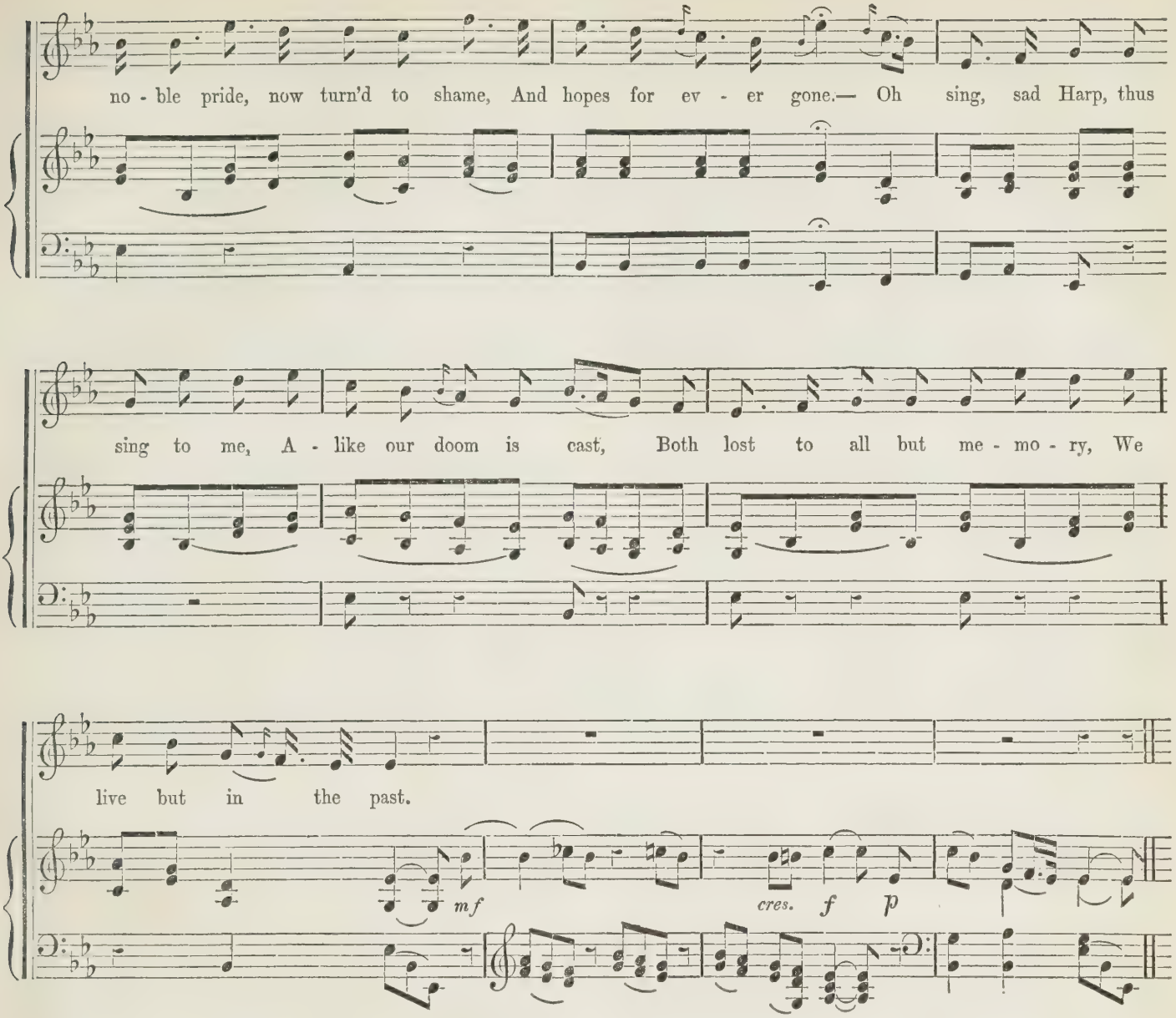
And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When ev'n those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou 'st lost for ever!
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—'t is vain to curse,
'T is weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

SING, SWEET HARP, OH SING TO ME.

With mournful expression.

AIR—UNKNOWN.





II.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by;—
Of Chieftains, now forgot, who beam'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.—
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

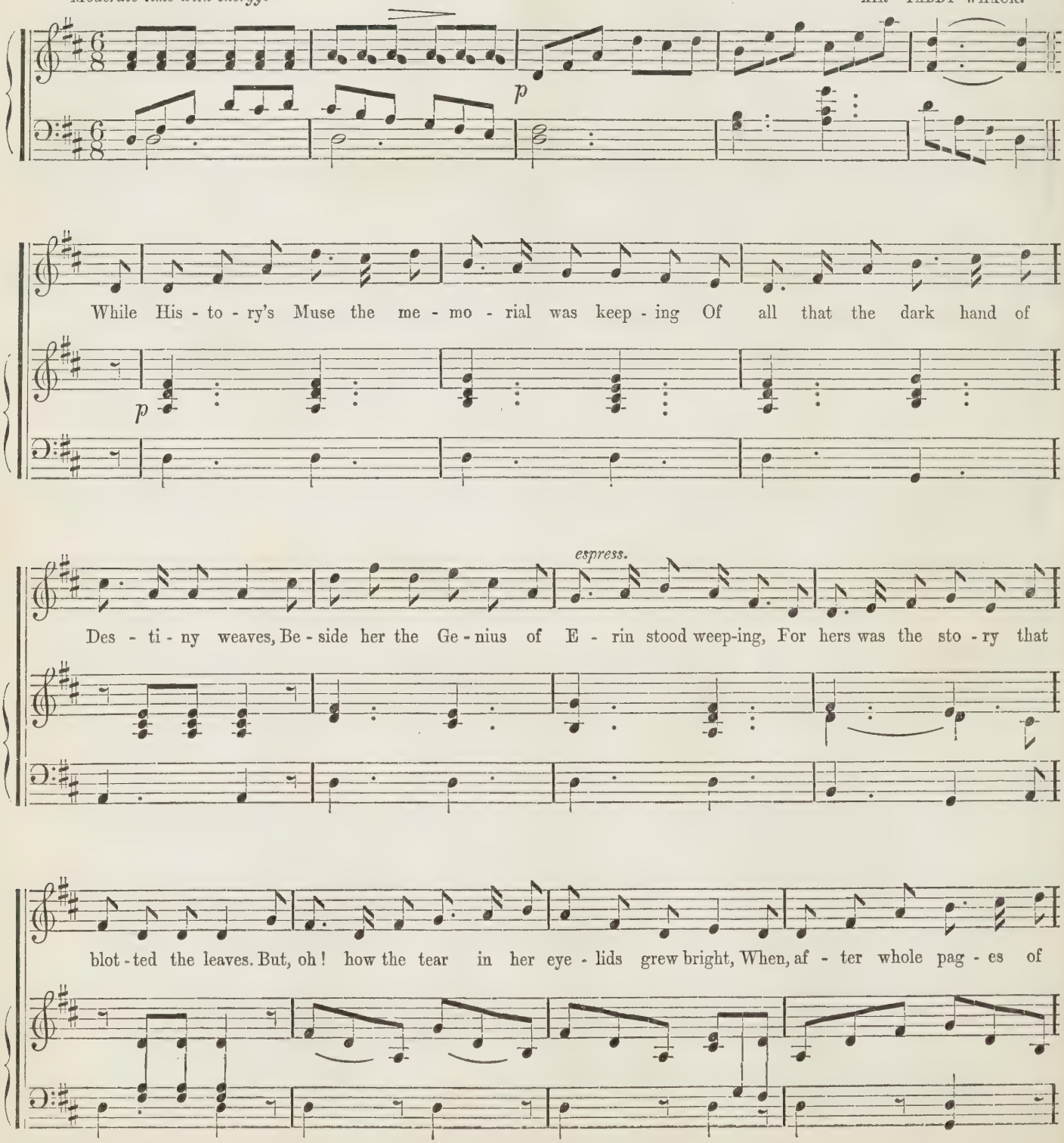
III.

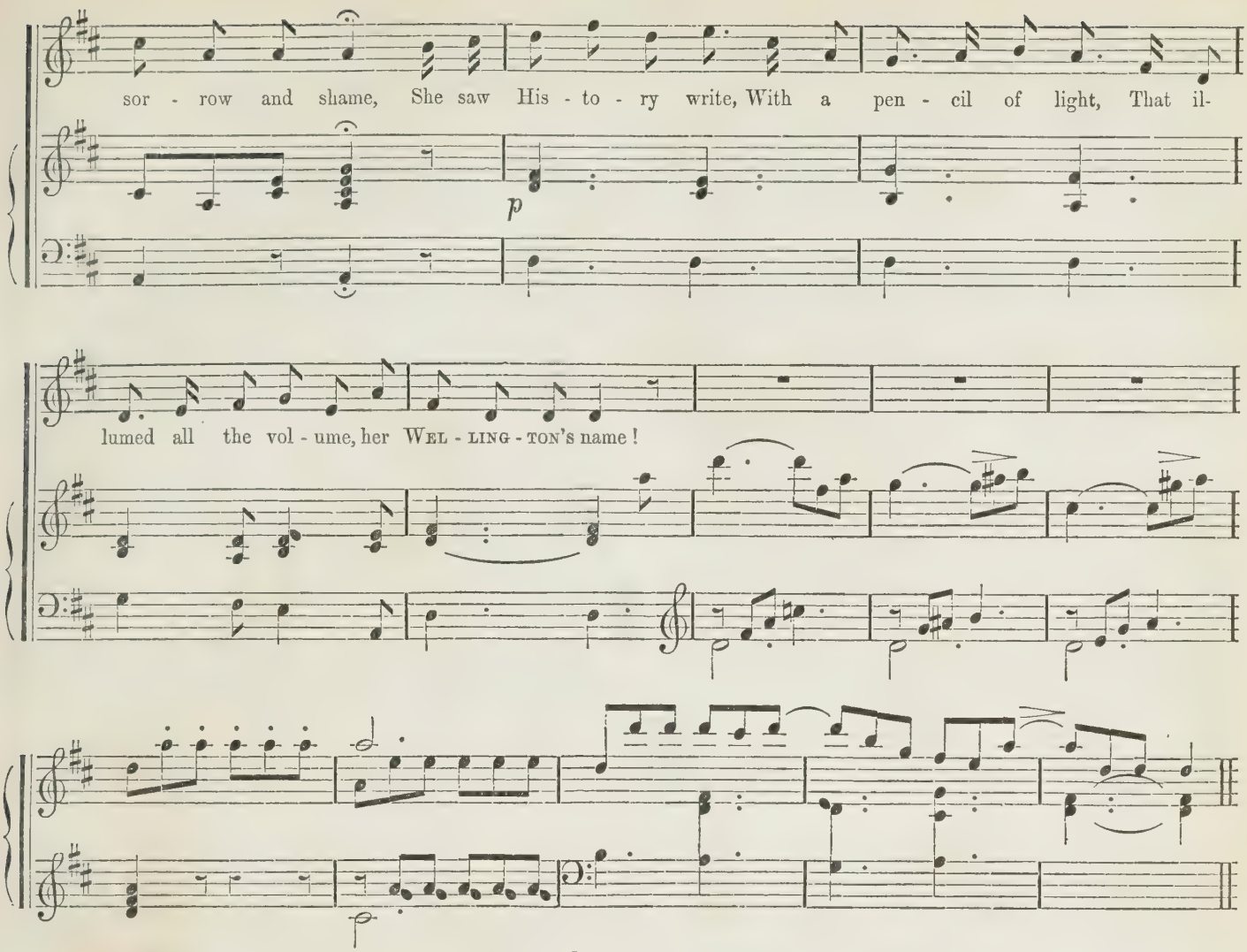
Could'st thou but call those spirits round
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sate list'ning to thy magic sound,—
Now mute and mould'ring all.
But, no—they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;—
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The Dead, at least, are free.—
Oh! hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day,
Or, list'ning to its deathlike moan,
Let me, too, die away.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

Moderate time with energy.

AIR—PADDY WHACK.





II.

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies;—
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For, though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of Fame;—
But, oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON'S name!"

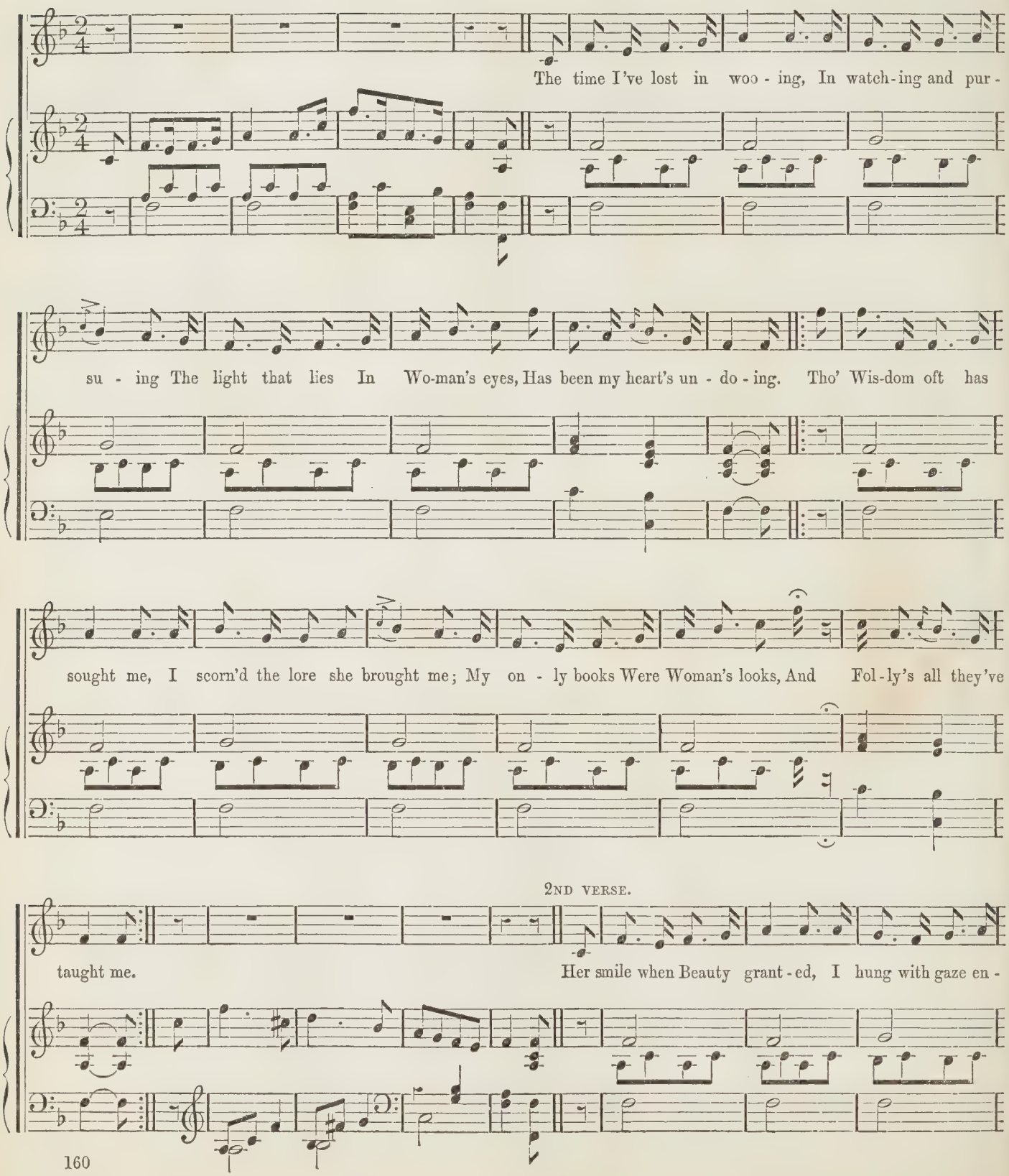
III.

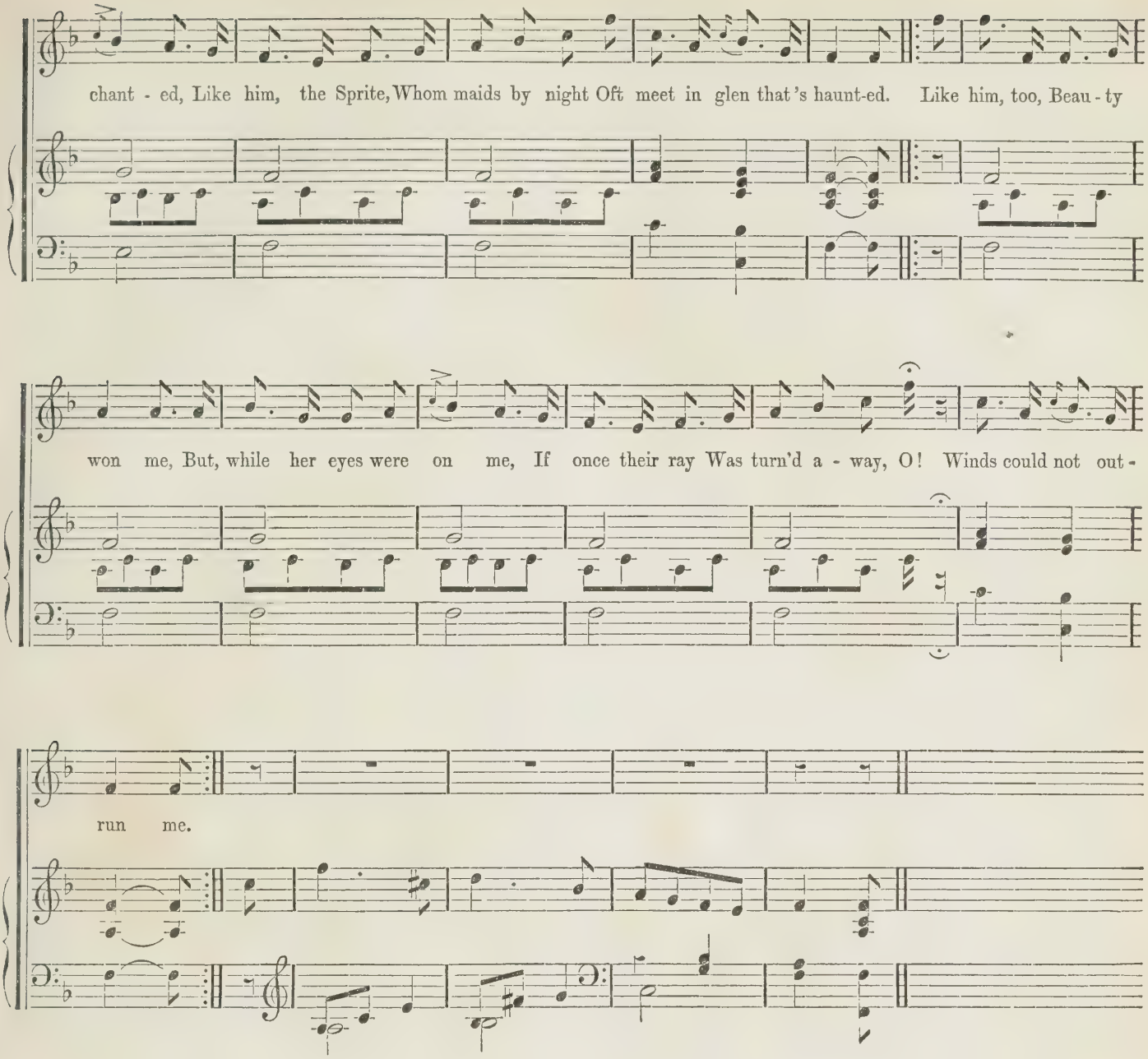
"And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest e'en thou hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
And bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood
Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON'S name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

Lightly and in moderate time.

AIR—PEASE UPON A TRENCHER.



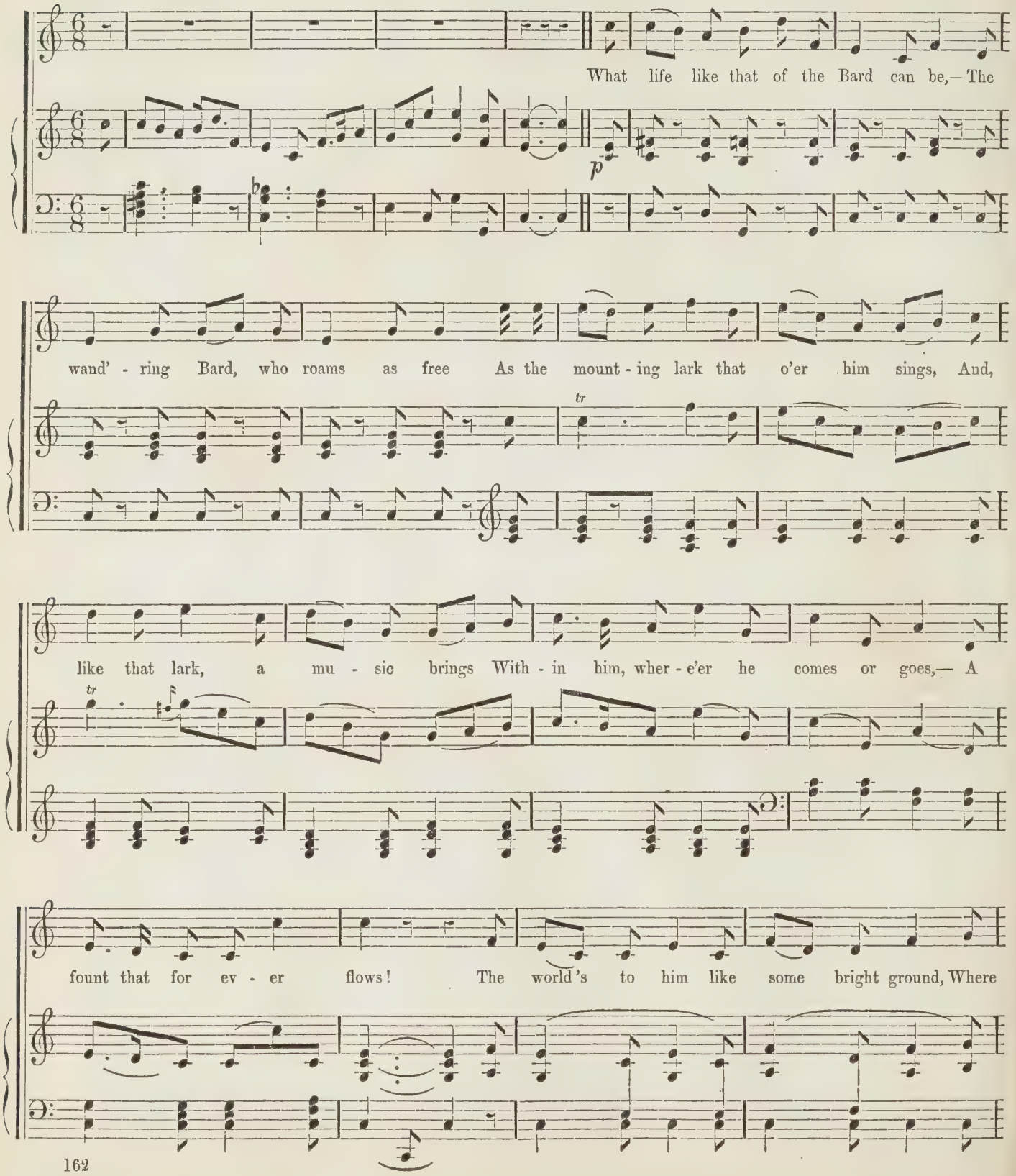


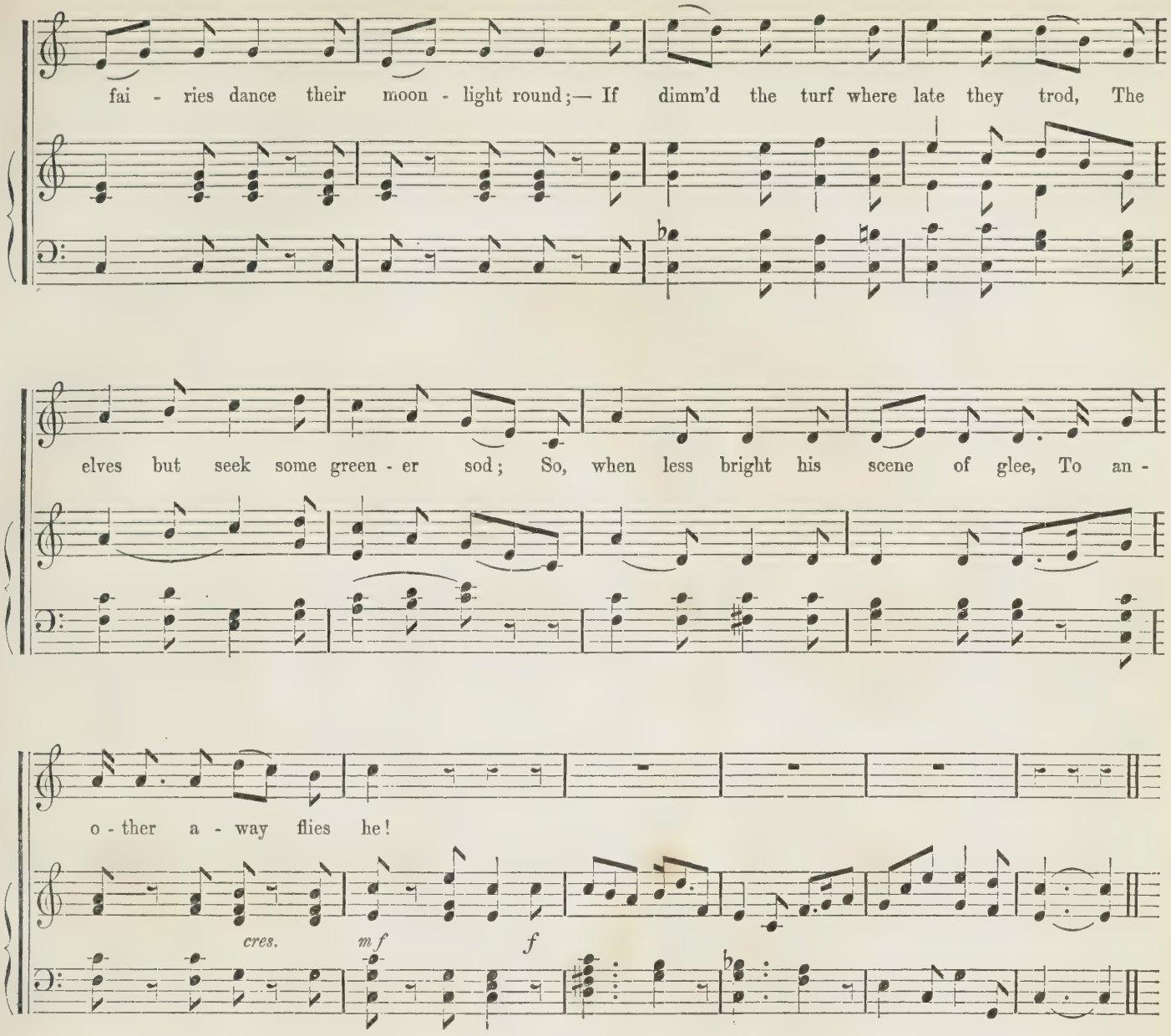
And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th'endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

WHAT LIFE LIKE THAT OF THE BARD CAN BE.

With vivacity and expression.

AIR—PLANXTY O'REILLY.





II.

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,
Without a Bard to fix her bloom?
They tell us that in the moon's bright round
Things lost in this dark world are found;
So charms on earth long pass'd and gone,
In the poet's lay live on!—
Then would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim,
You 've only to give them all to him,
Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
Can lend them life, this life beyond,
And fix them high in Poesy's sky,—
Young stars that never die.

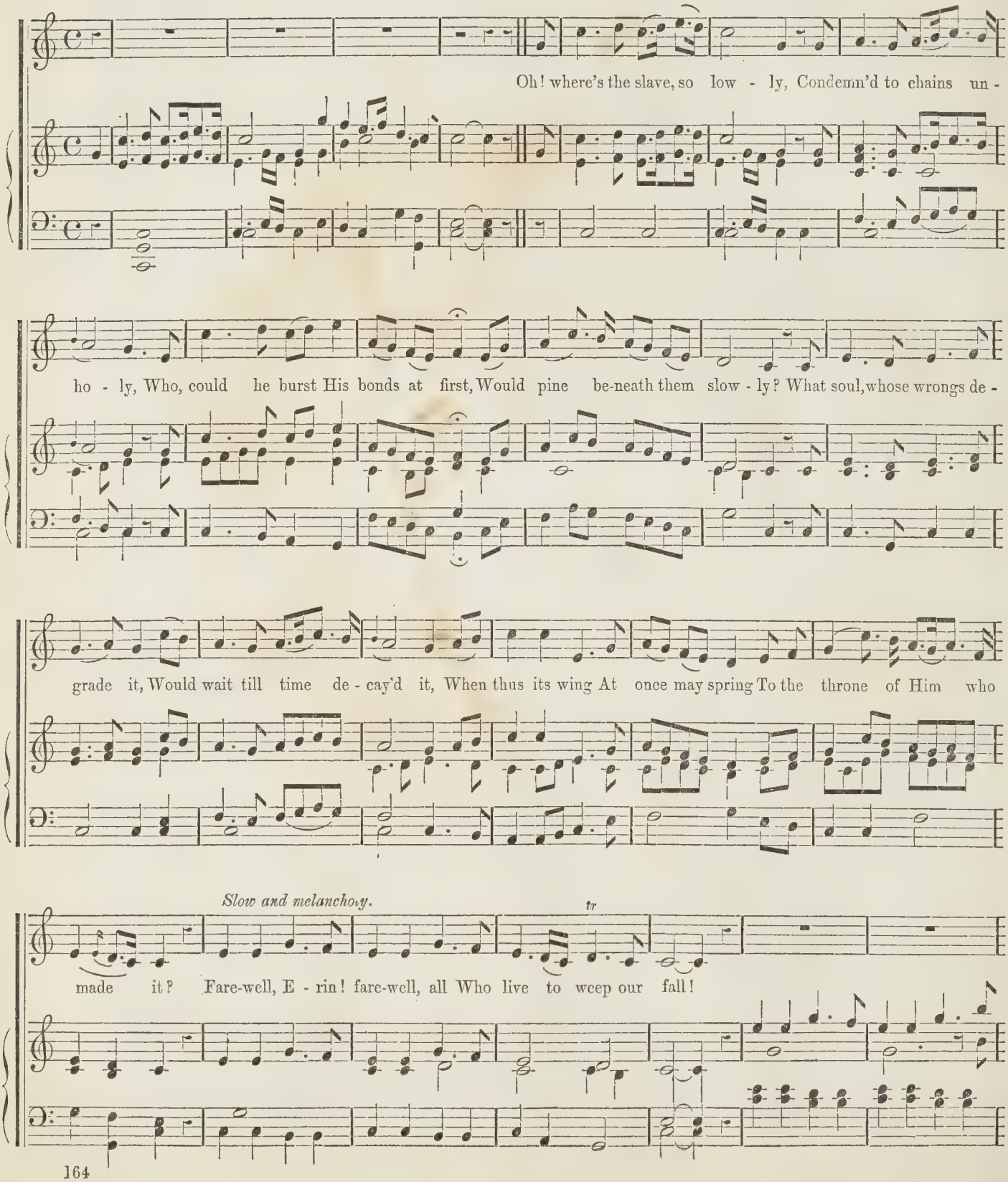
III.

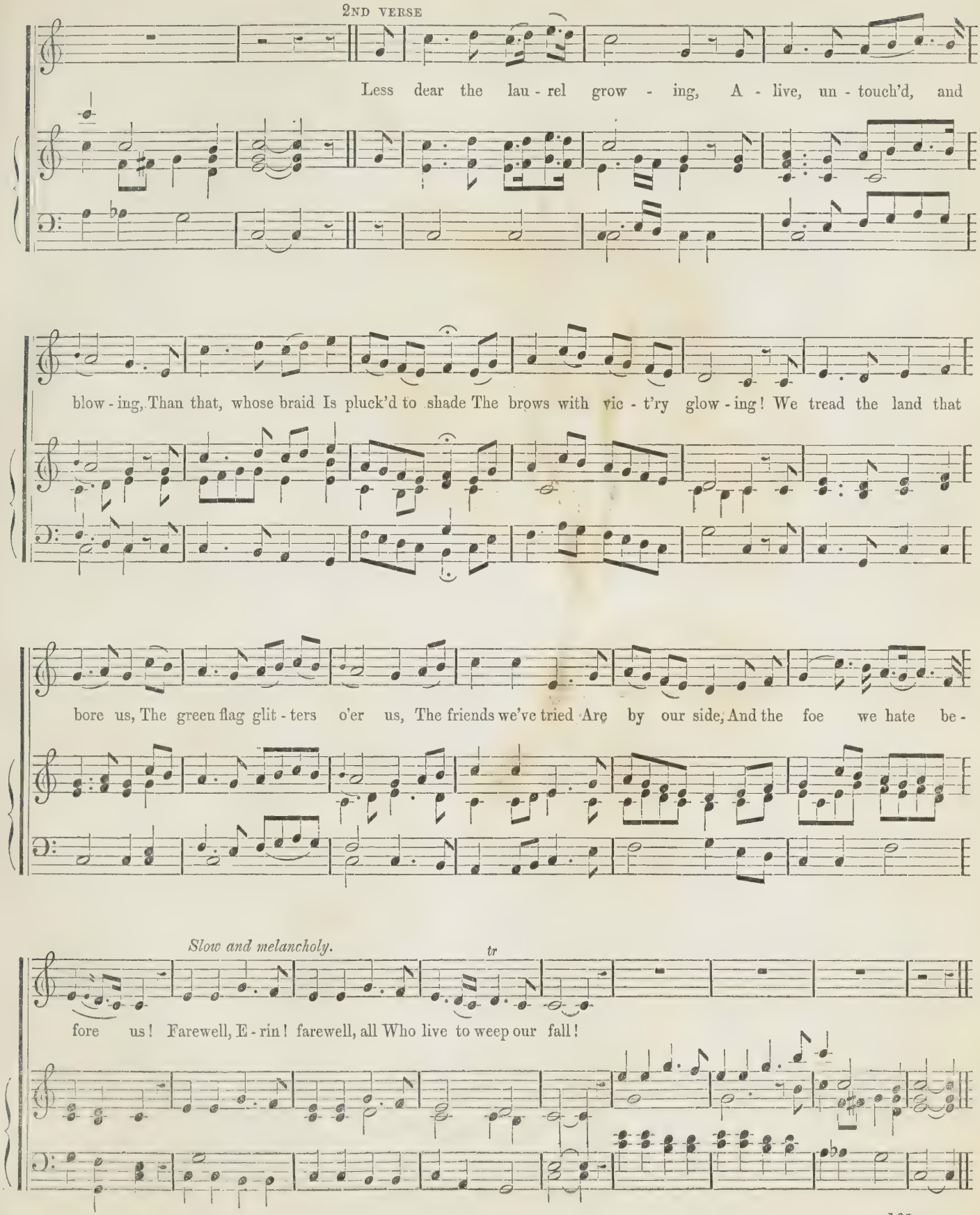
Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes,—
For, though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time, he loves
To light upon earth and find such cheer
As brightens our banquet here.
No matter how fleet, how far he flies,
You've only to light up kind young eyes,—
Such signal-fires as here are given,—
And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaims he's wanting on earth!

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

Spirited.

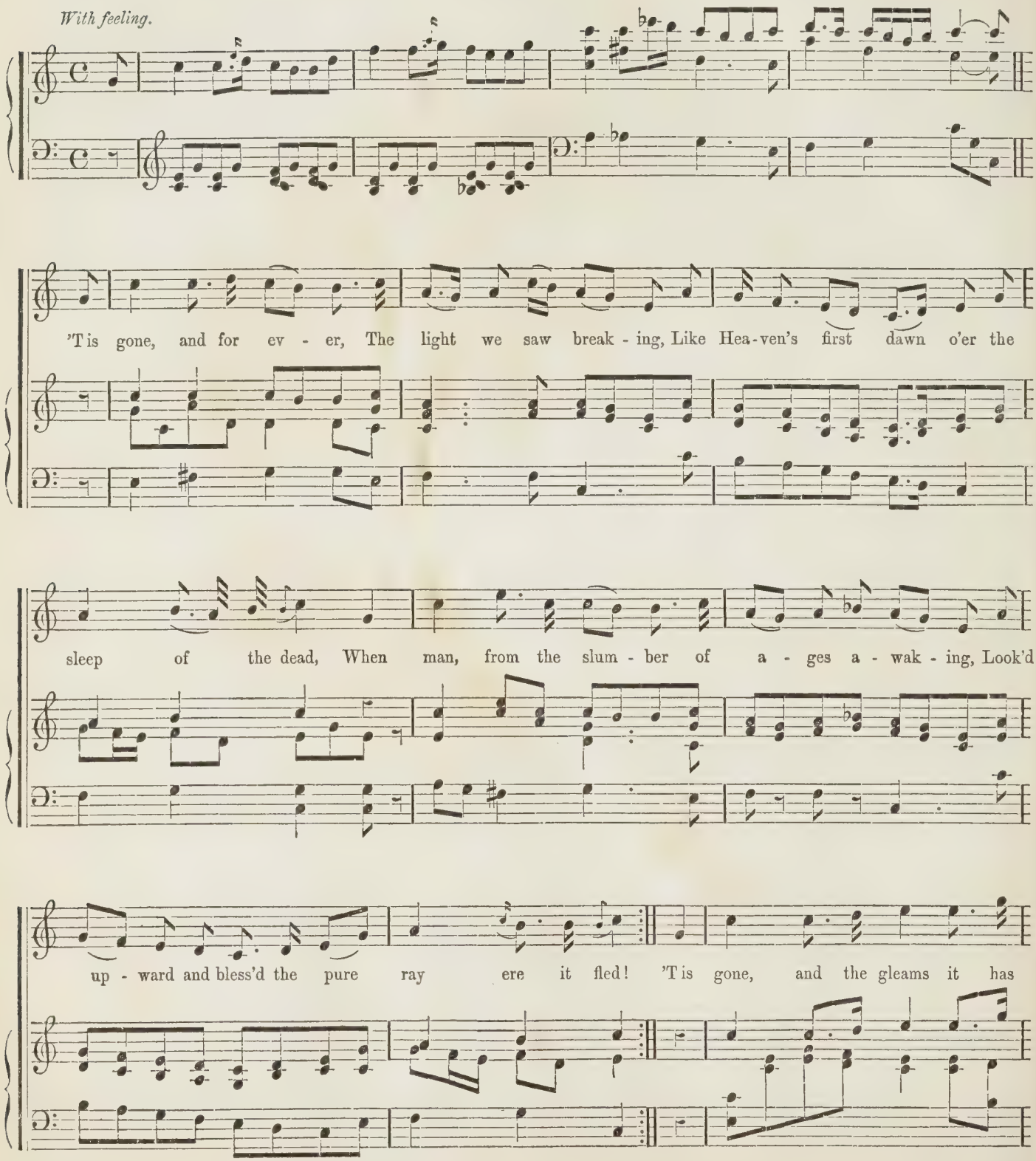
AIR— SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.

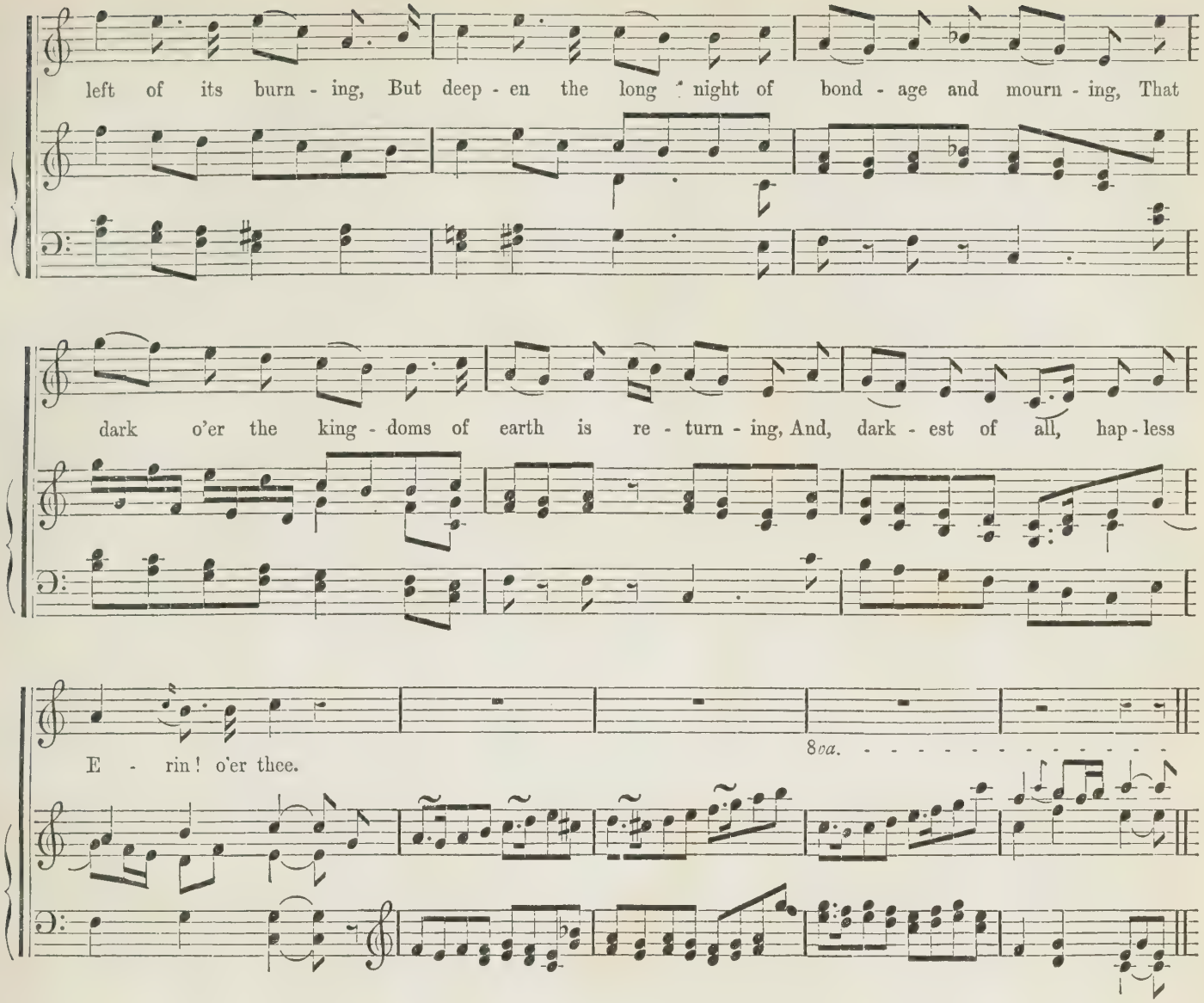



2ND VERSE
Less dear the lau - rel grow - ing, A - live, un - touch'd, and
blow - ing, Than that, whose braid Is pluck'd to shade The brows with vic - t'ry glow - ing! We tread the land that
bore us, The green flag glit - ters o'er us, The friends we've tried Are by our side, And the foe we hate be -
Slow and melancholy.
tr
fore us! Farewell, E - rin! farewell, all Who live to weep our fall!

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR—SAVOURNAH DEELISH.





II.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
  Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
  At once, like a sunburst, her banner unfurl'd.
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then, had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
  The first note of Liberty, Erin! from thee.

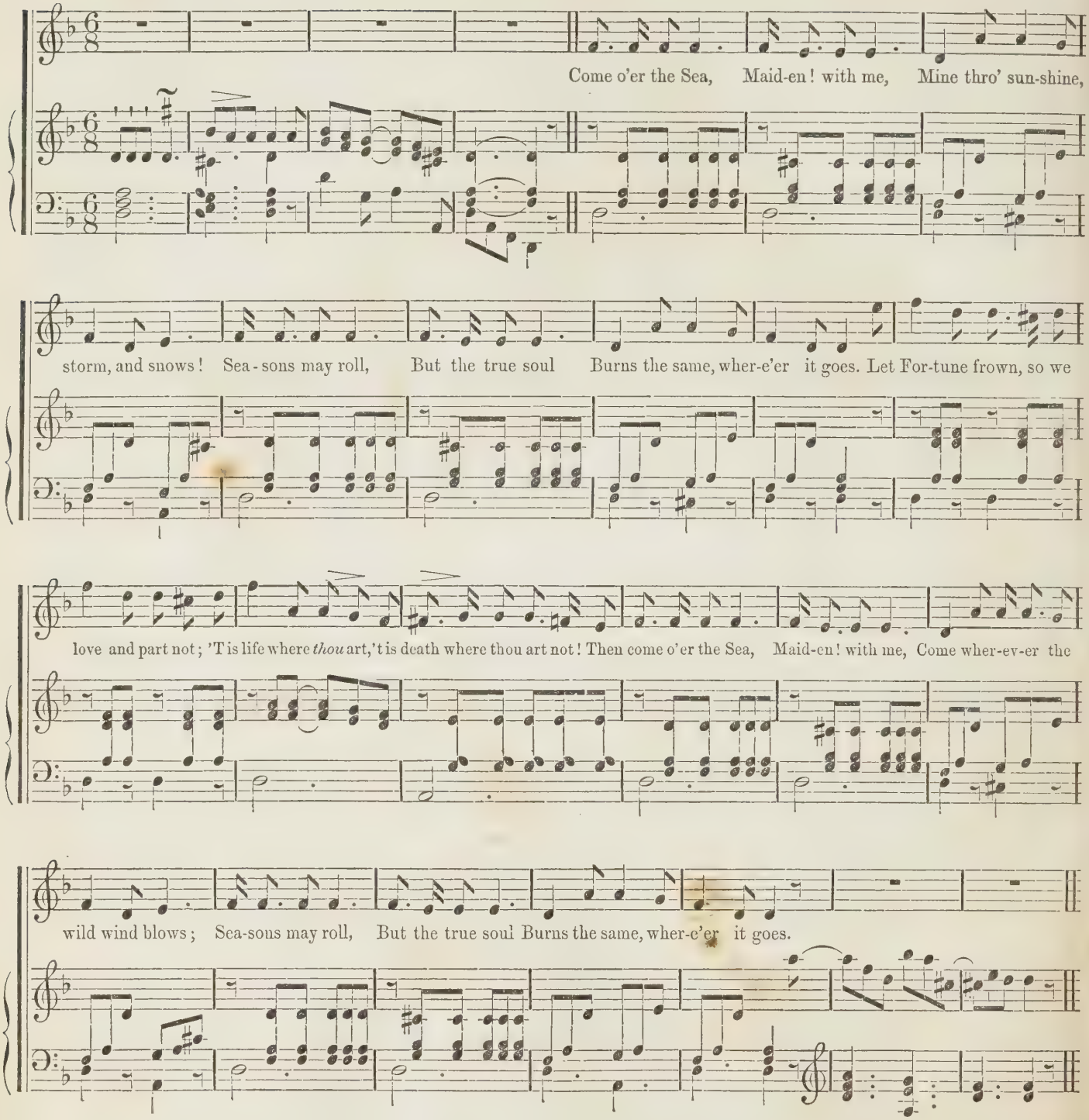
III.

But shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
  And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
  The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood.
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
  As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

With impassioned melancholy.

AIR—CUISHLIH MA CHREE.



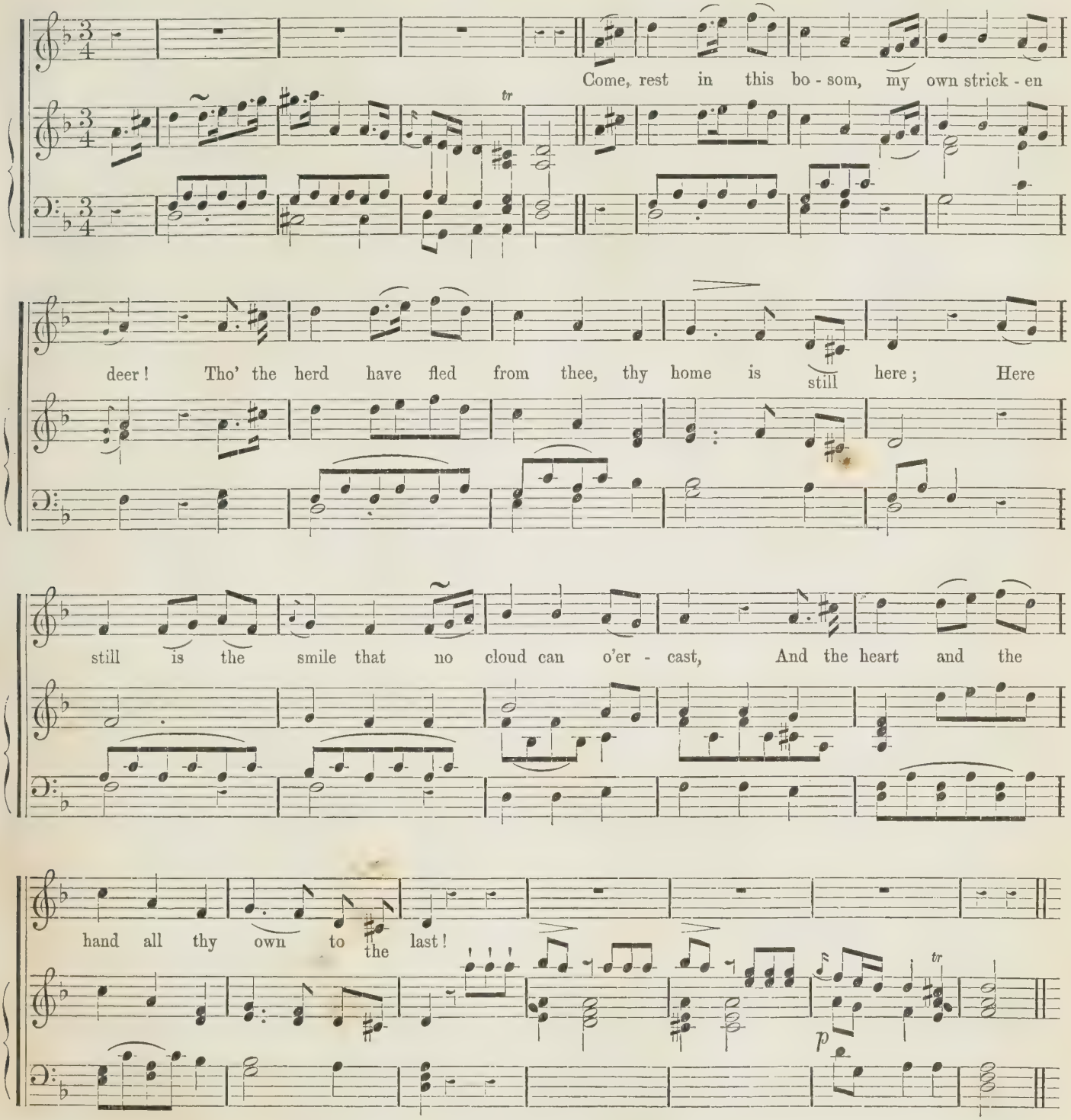
Is not the Sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves;
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty's all our own!
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!

Then come o'er the Sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

With melancholy feeling, but not too slow.

AIR—LOUGH SHEELING.



II.

Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

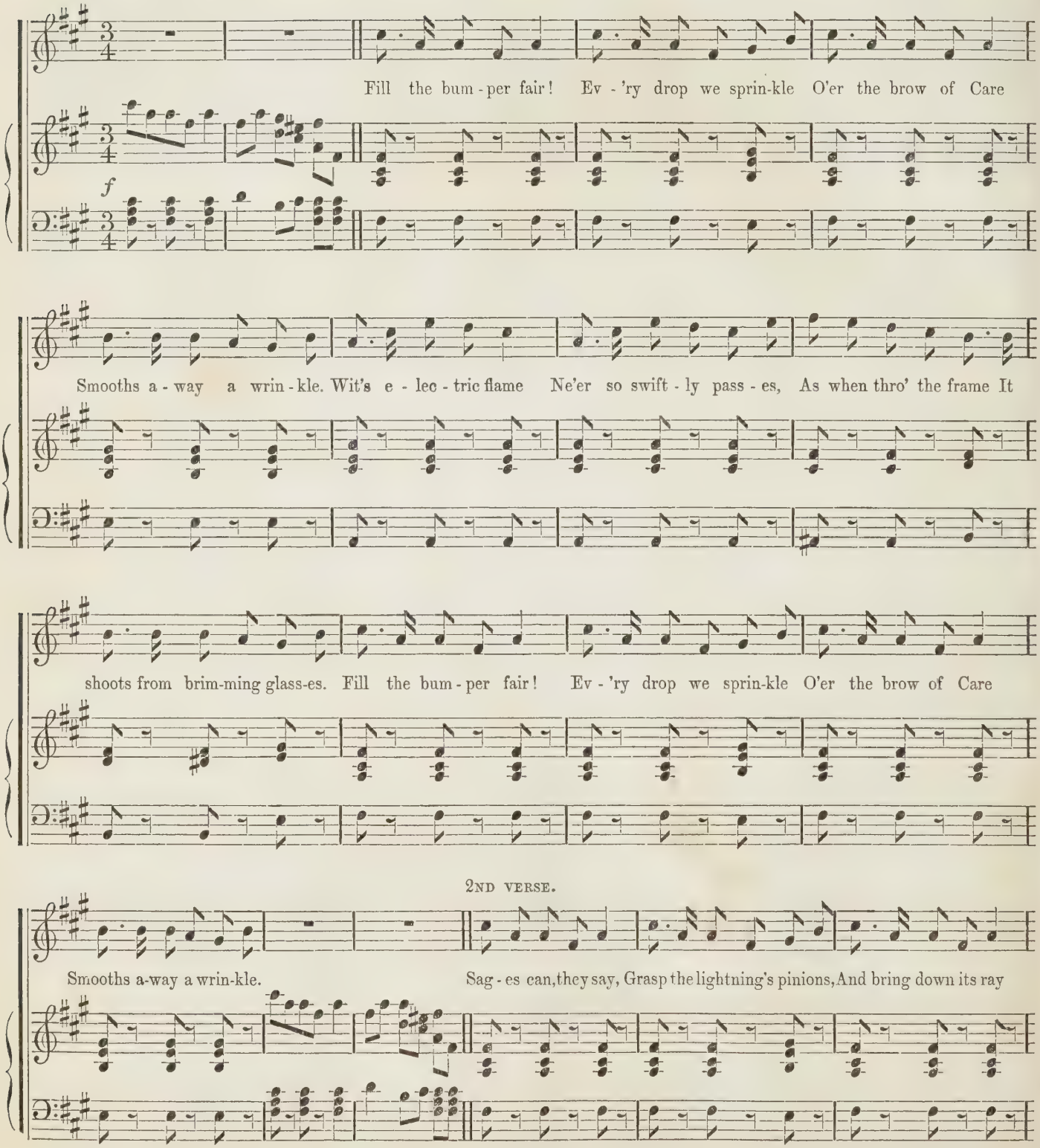
III.

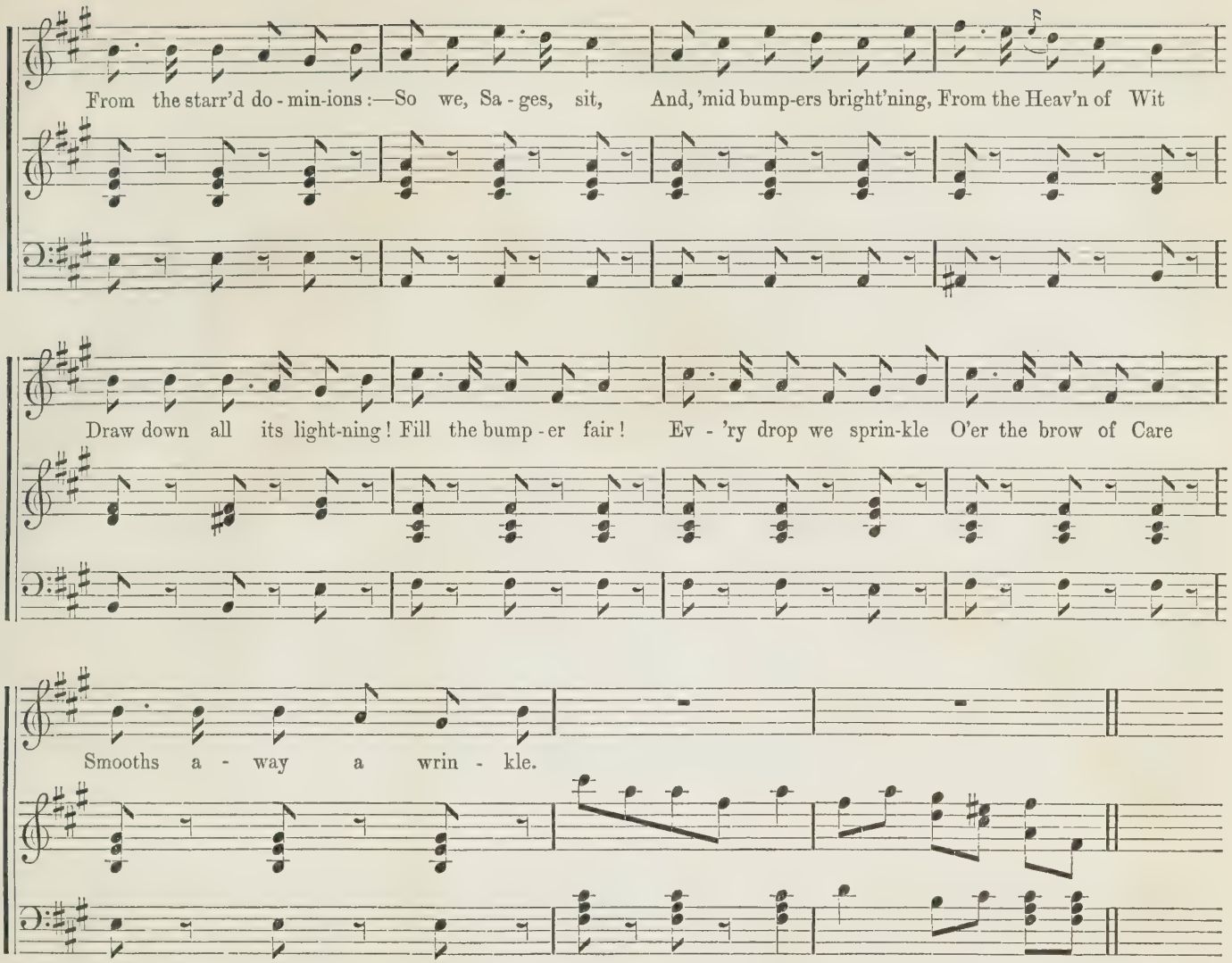
Thou hast called me thy Angel, in moments of bliss,—
Still thy Angel I 'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Lively and spirited.

AIR—BOB AND JOAN.





III.

Wouldst thou know what first
  Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
  For wine's celestial spirit ?
It chanced upon that day,
  When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
  The living fires that warm us.
    Fill the bumper fair ! &c.

IV.

The careless youth, when up
  To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup,
  To hide the pilfer'd fire in ;—
But oh his joy ! when round
  The halls of Heaven spying,
Amongst the stars he found
  A bowl of Bacchus lying.
    Fill the bumper fair ! &c.

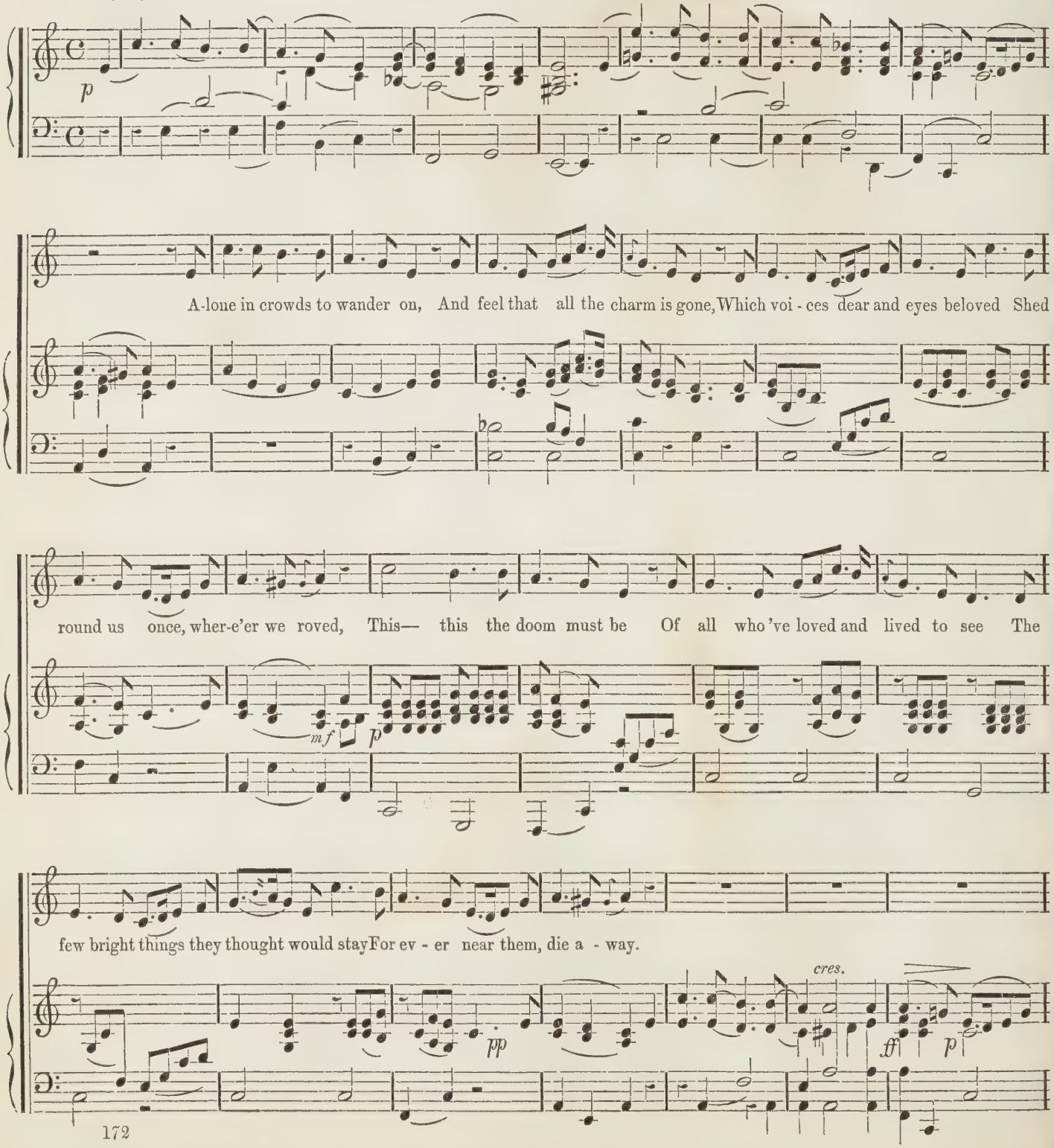
V.

Some drops were in the bowl,
  Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
  Mix'd their burning treasure !
Hence the goblet's shower
  Hath such spells to win us—
Hence its mighty power
  O'er that Flame within us.
    Fill the bumper fair ! &c.

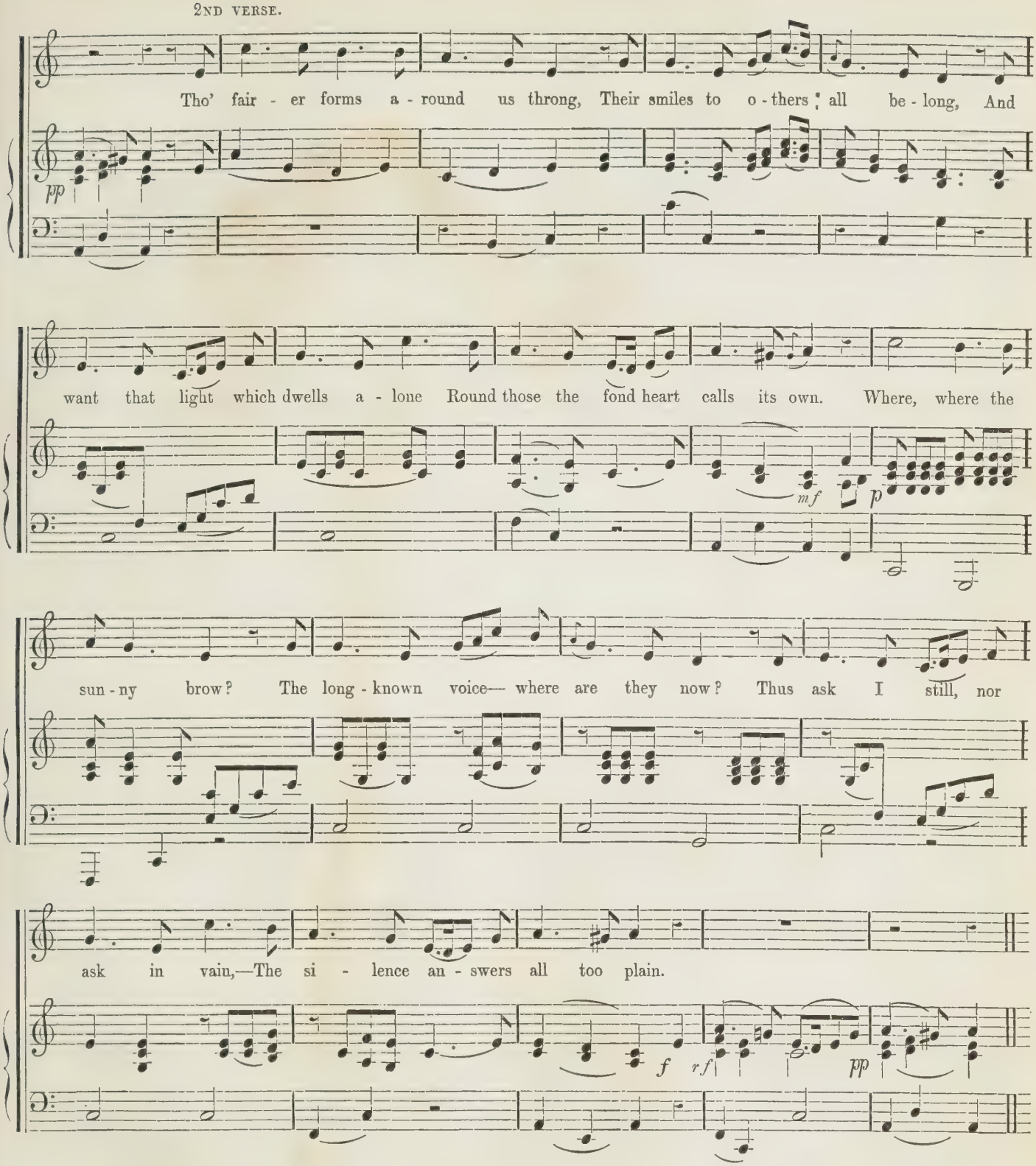
ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

Mournfully.

AIR—SHULE AROON.



2ND VERSE.



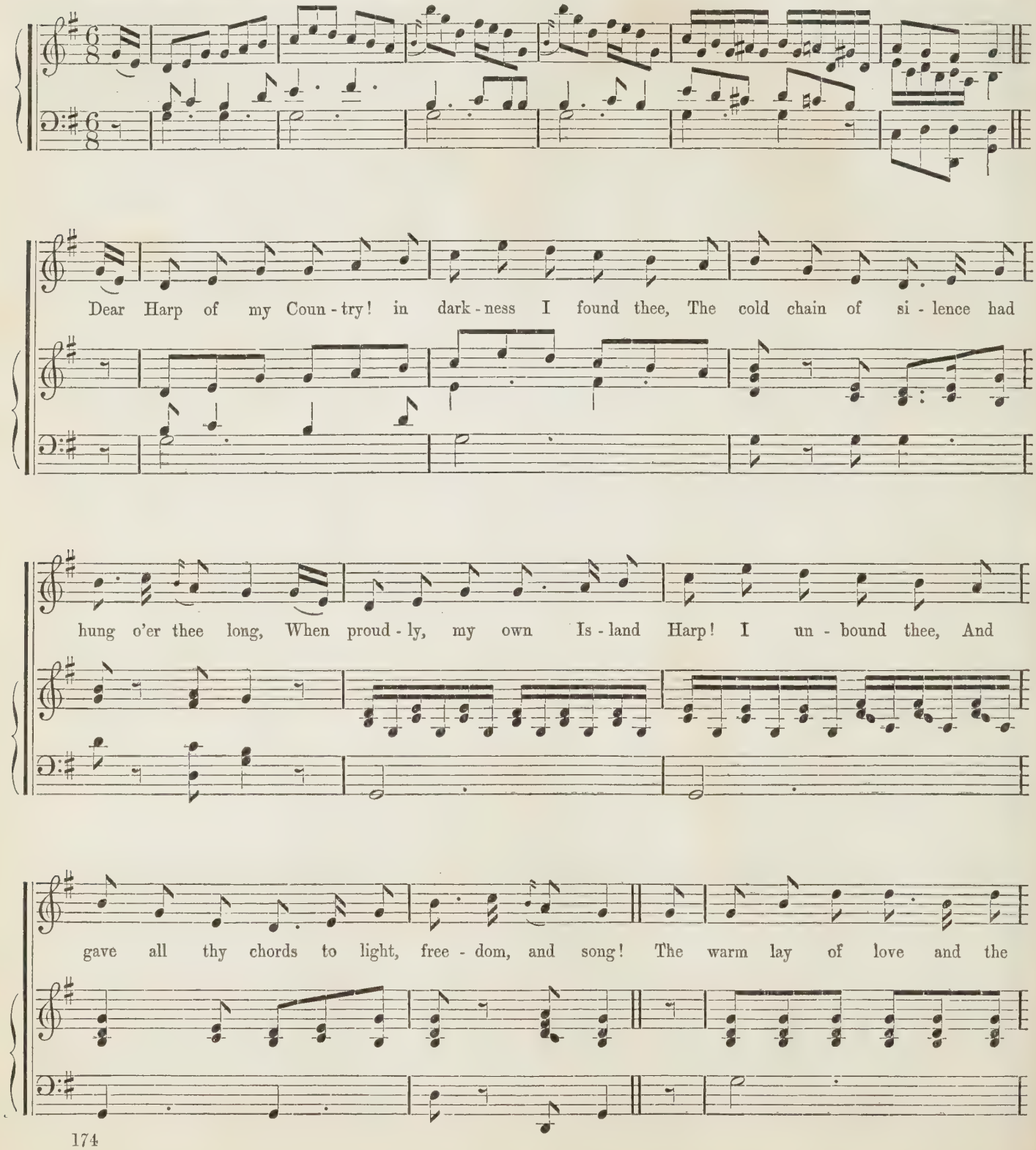
Oh! what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold!

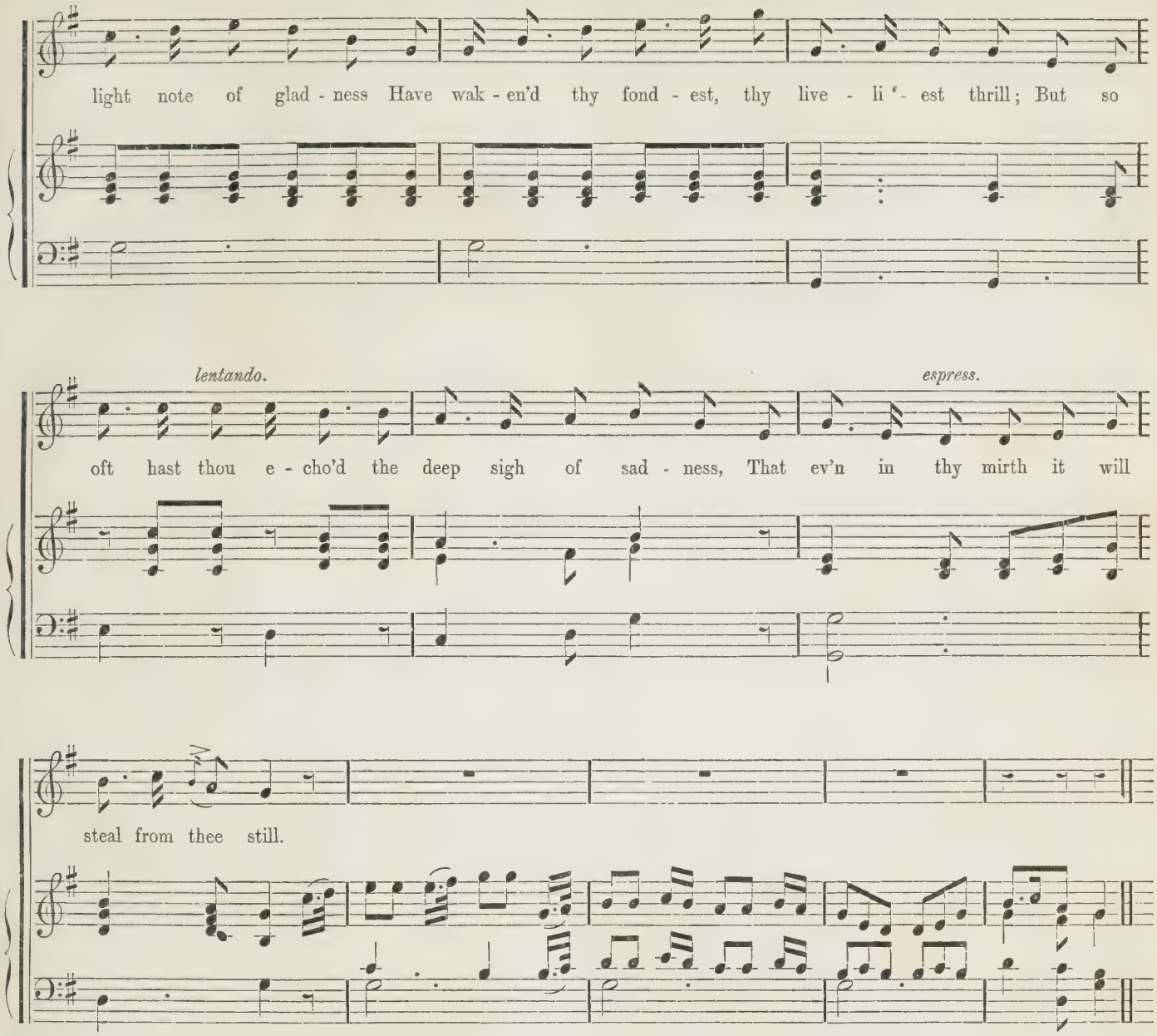
No,—no, her spell is vain,
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Moderate time, and with much warmth of expression.

AIR—NEW LANGOLEE.



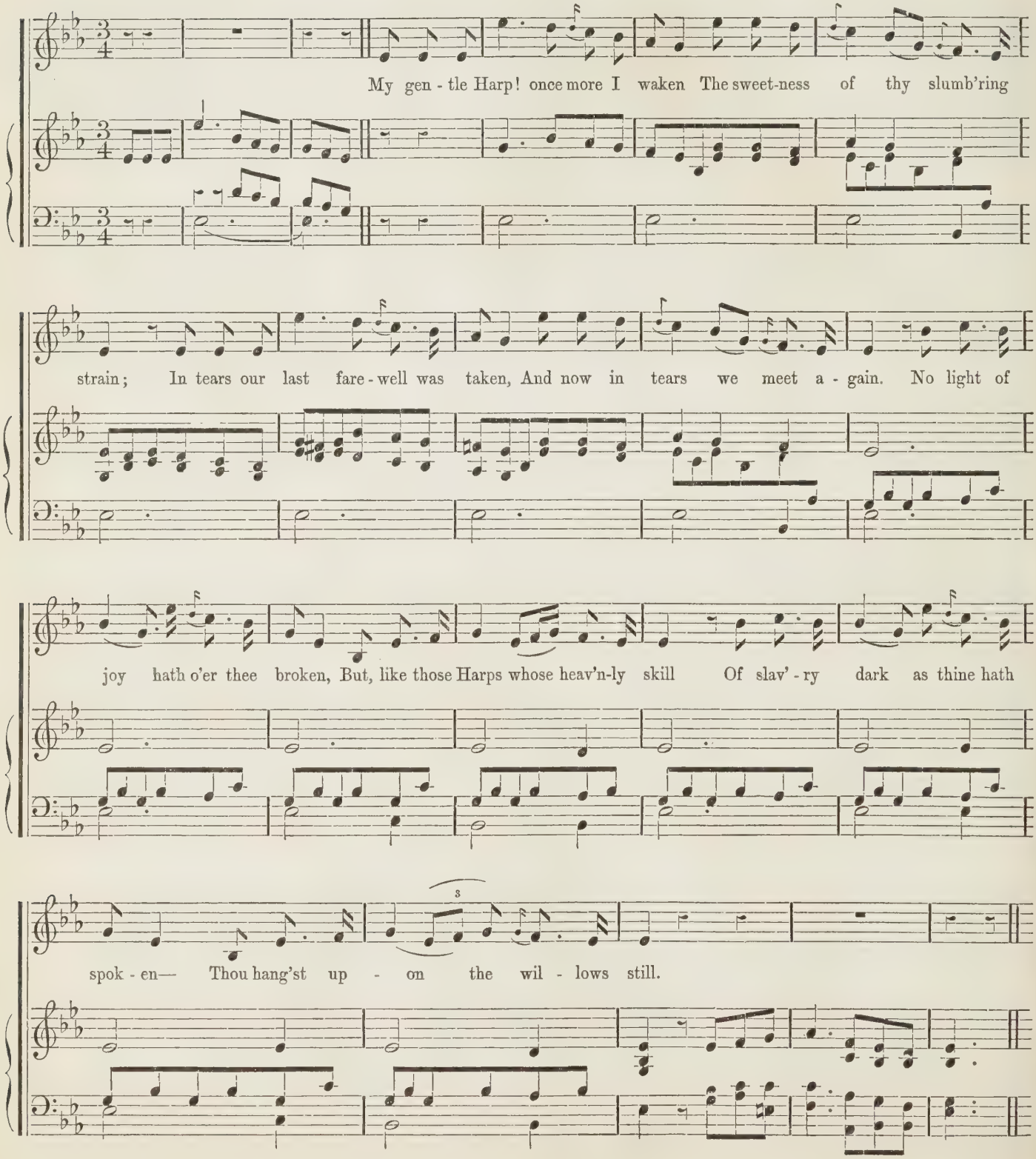


Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go,—sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

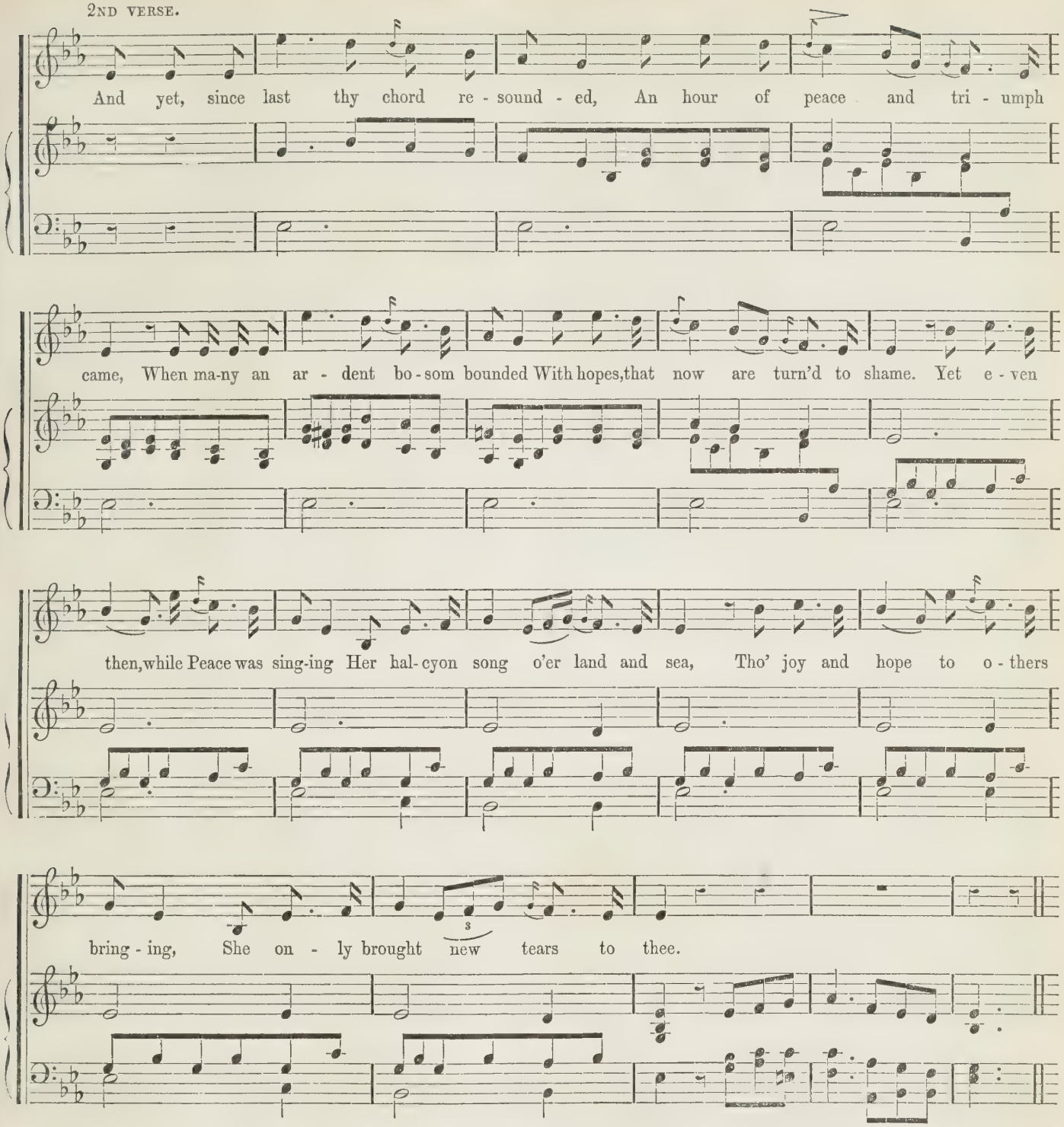
MY GENTLE HARP, ONCE MORE I WAKEN.

With feeling.

AIR—THE COINA OR DIRGE.



2ND VERSE.



III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths, in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains!

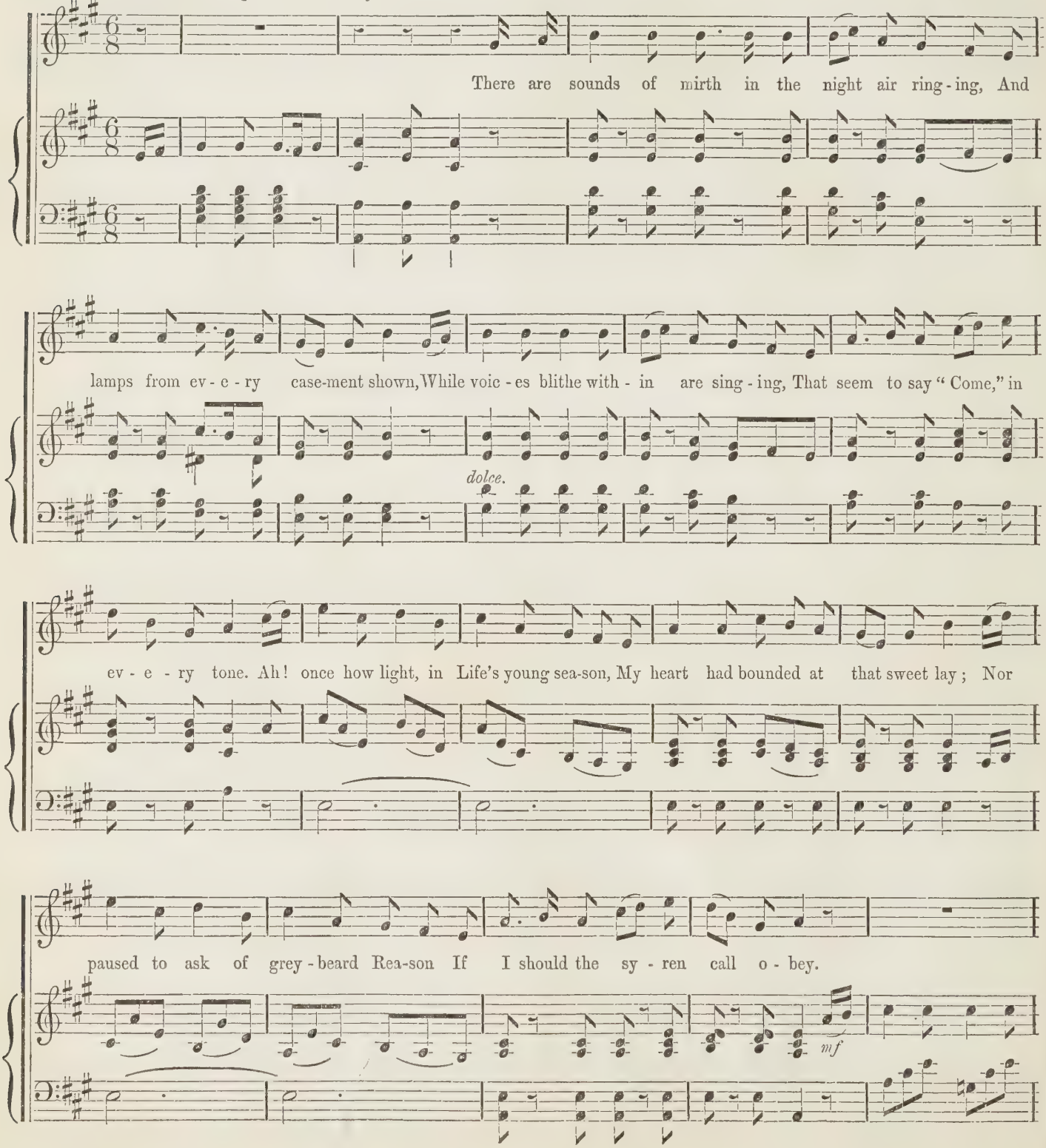
IV.

But, come,—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy,—oh breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How lightly, ev'n mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
Mid desolation tuneful still!

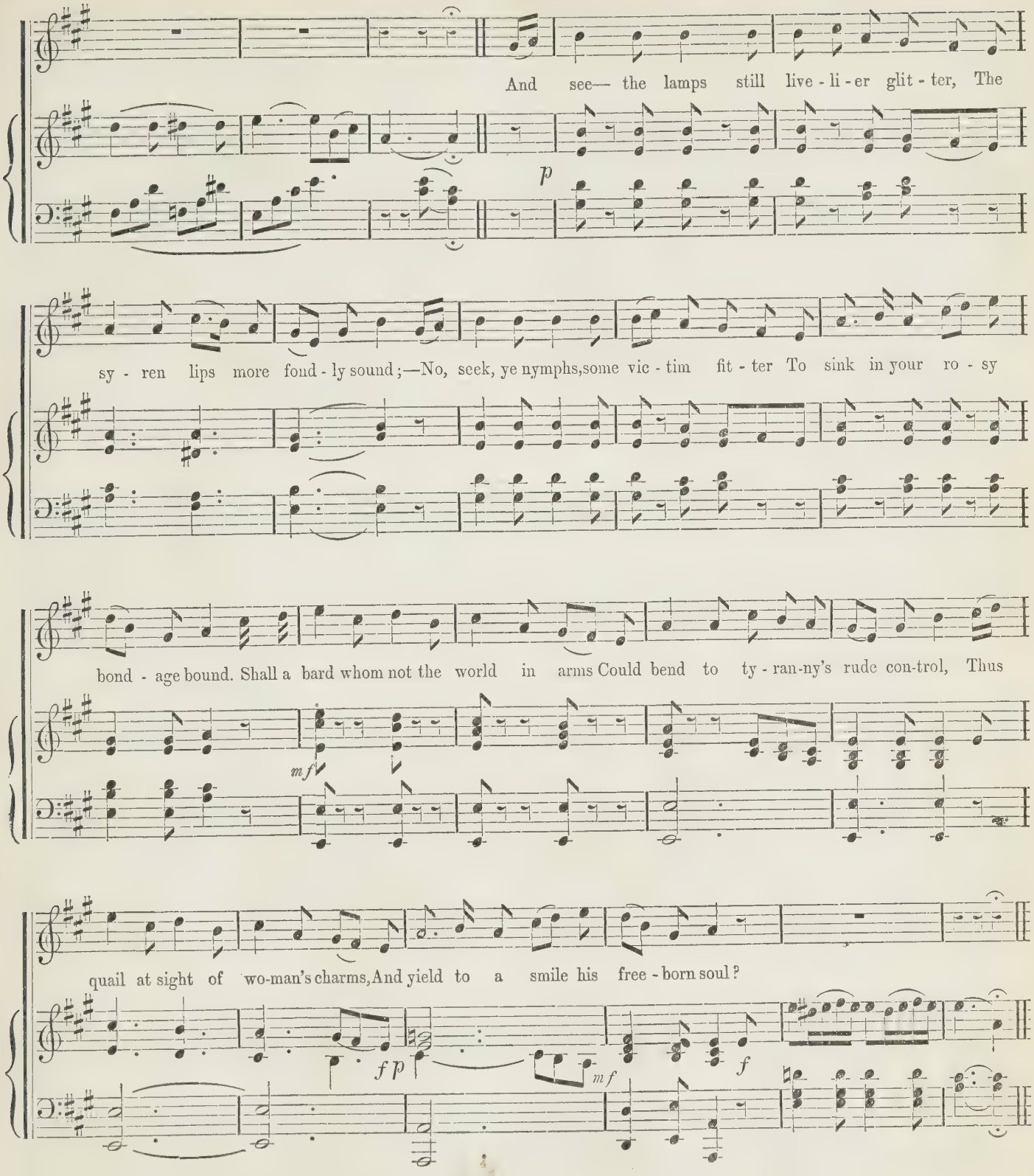
THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

With liveliness and spirit, but not too fast.

AIR—THE PRIEST IN HIS BOOTS.



2ND VERSE.



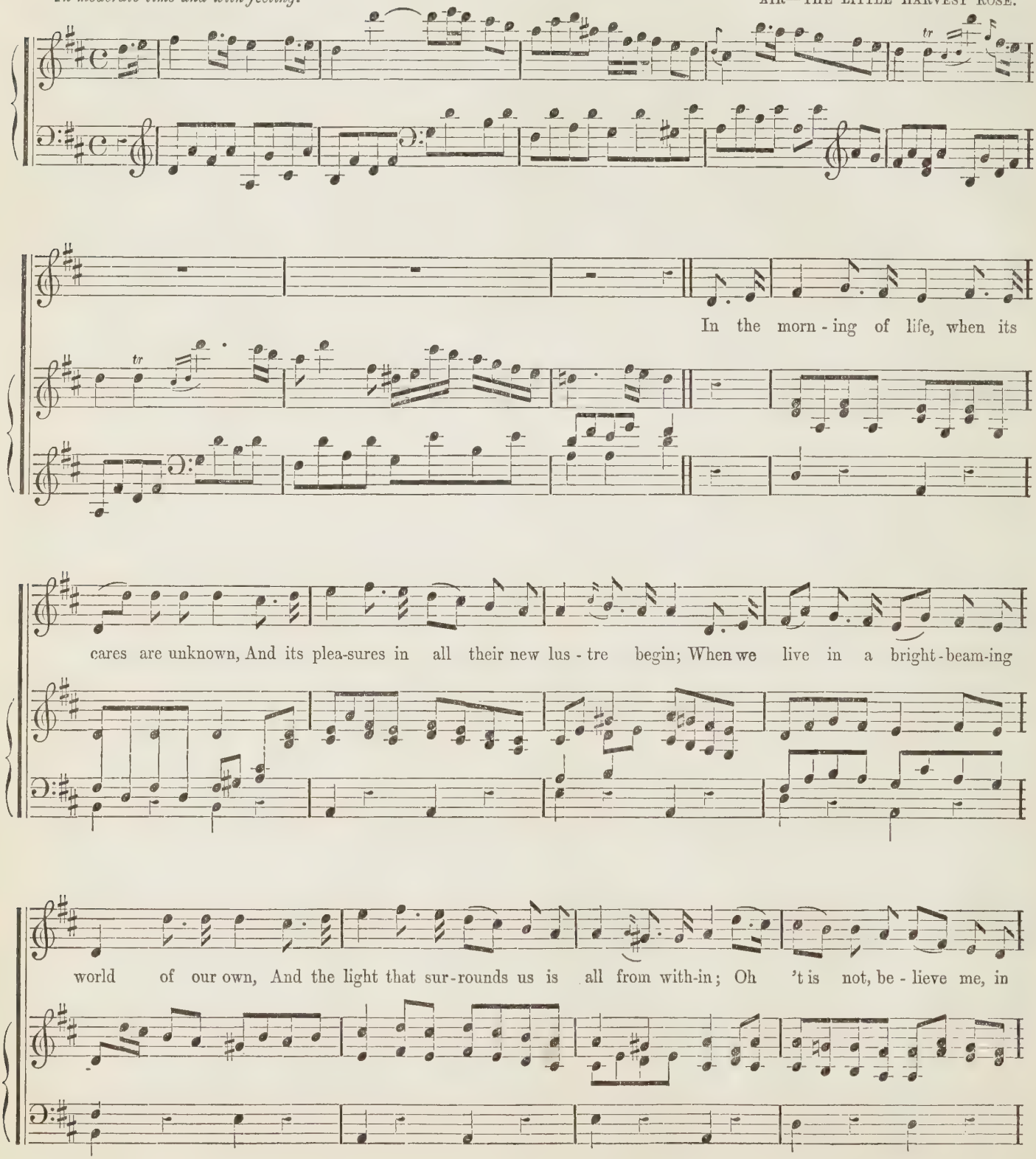
Thus sung the sage while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetter around him cast,
And, their laughing eyes the while concealing,
Led Liberty's Bard their slave at last.

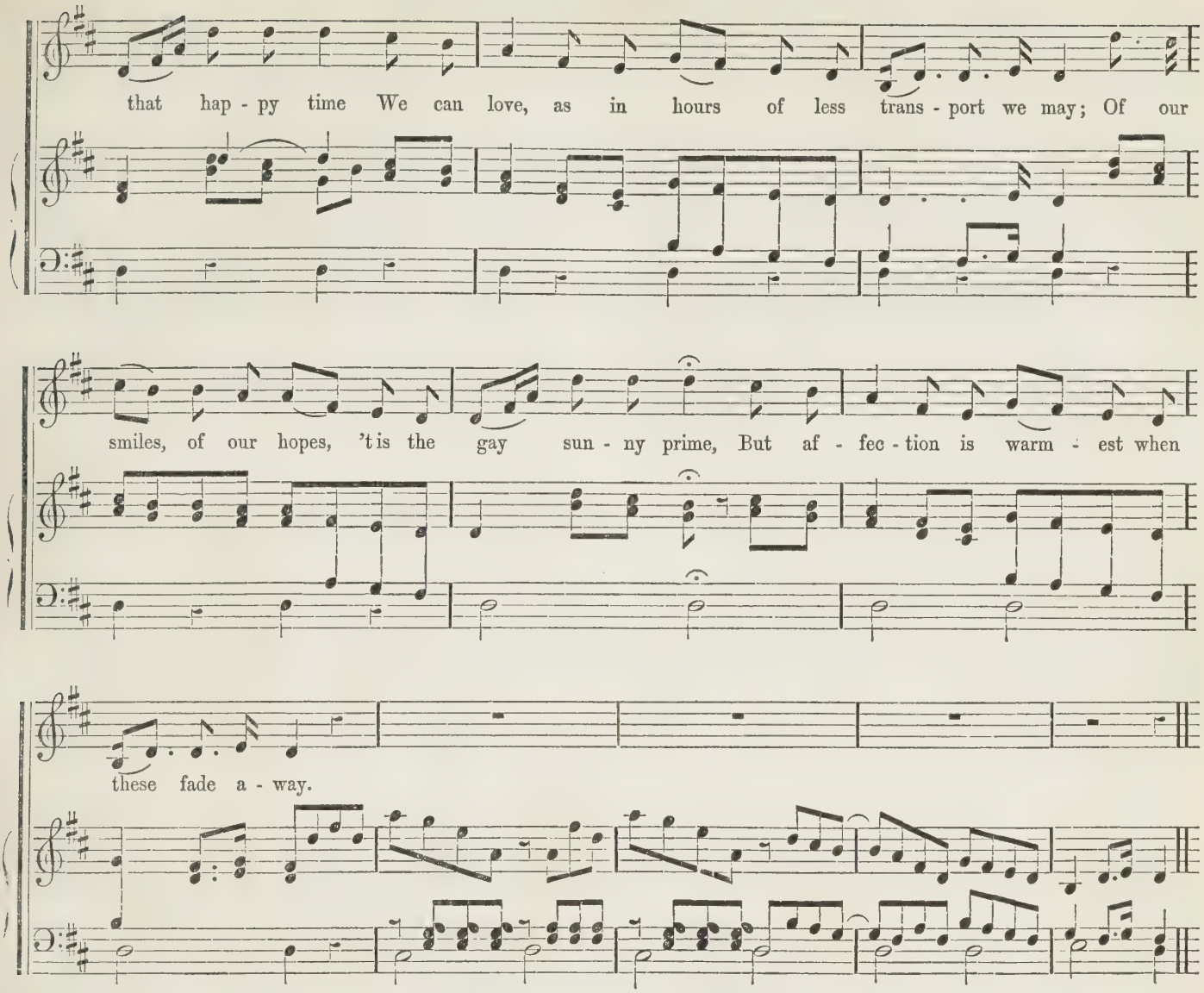
For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid race,
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power could not shake from its base.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In moderate time and with feeling.

AIR—THE LITTLE HARVEST ROSE.





II.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
  Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
  Now tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
  With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
  But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true!

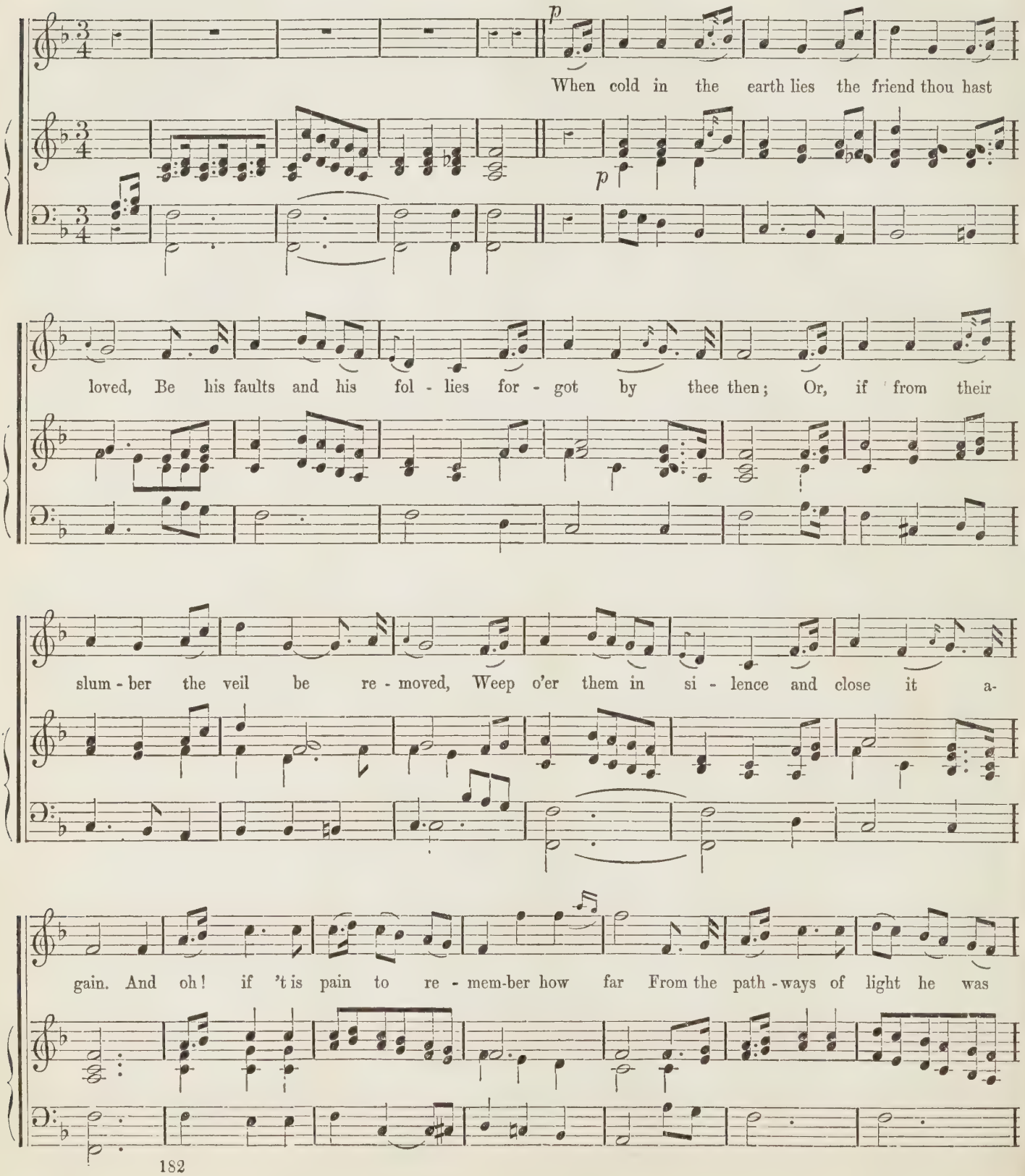
III.

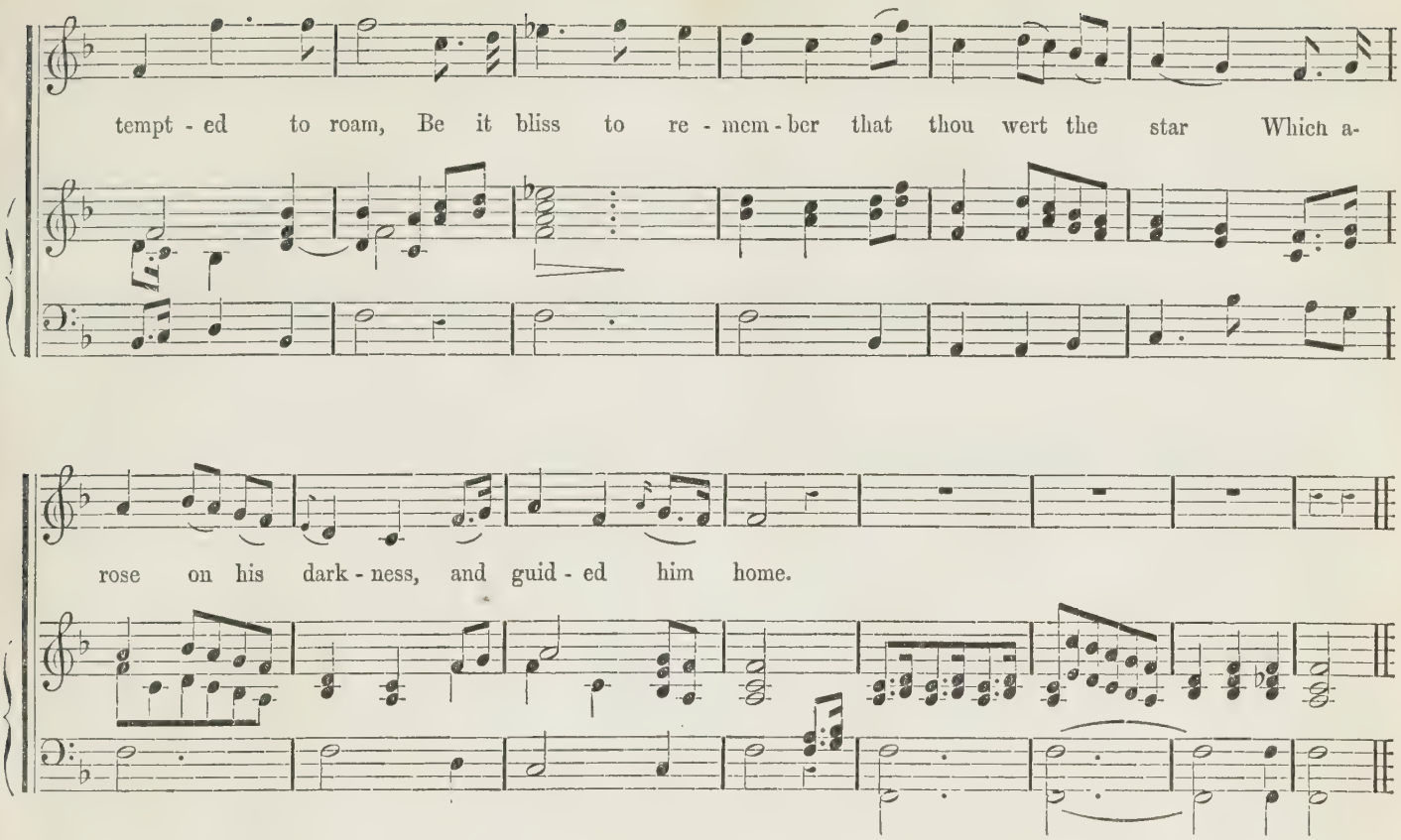
In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
  Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about;
'T is the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
  That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
  But 't is only in grief true affection appears;—
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
  But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

Slow and with melancholy expression.

AIR—LIMERICK'S LAMENTATION.





II.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings that taught him true Love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he darkly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

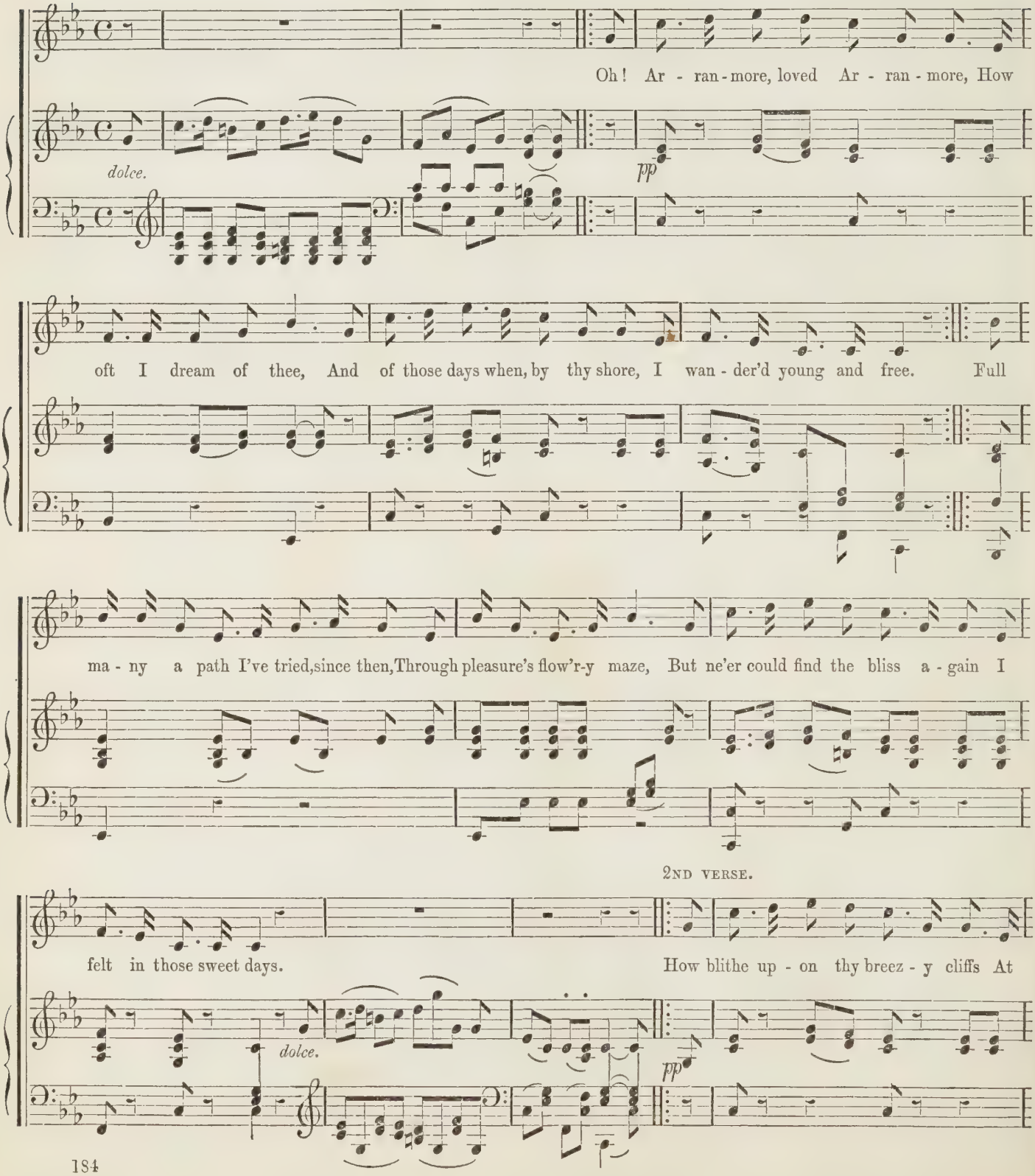
III.

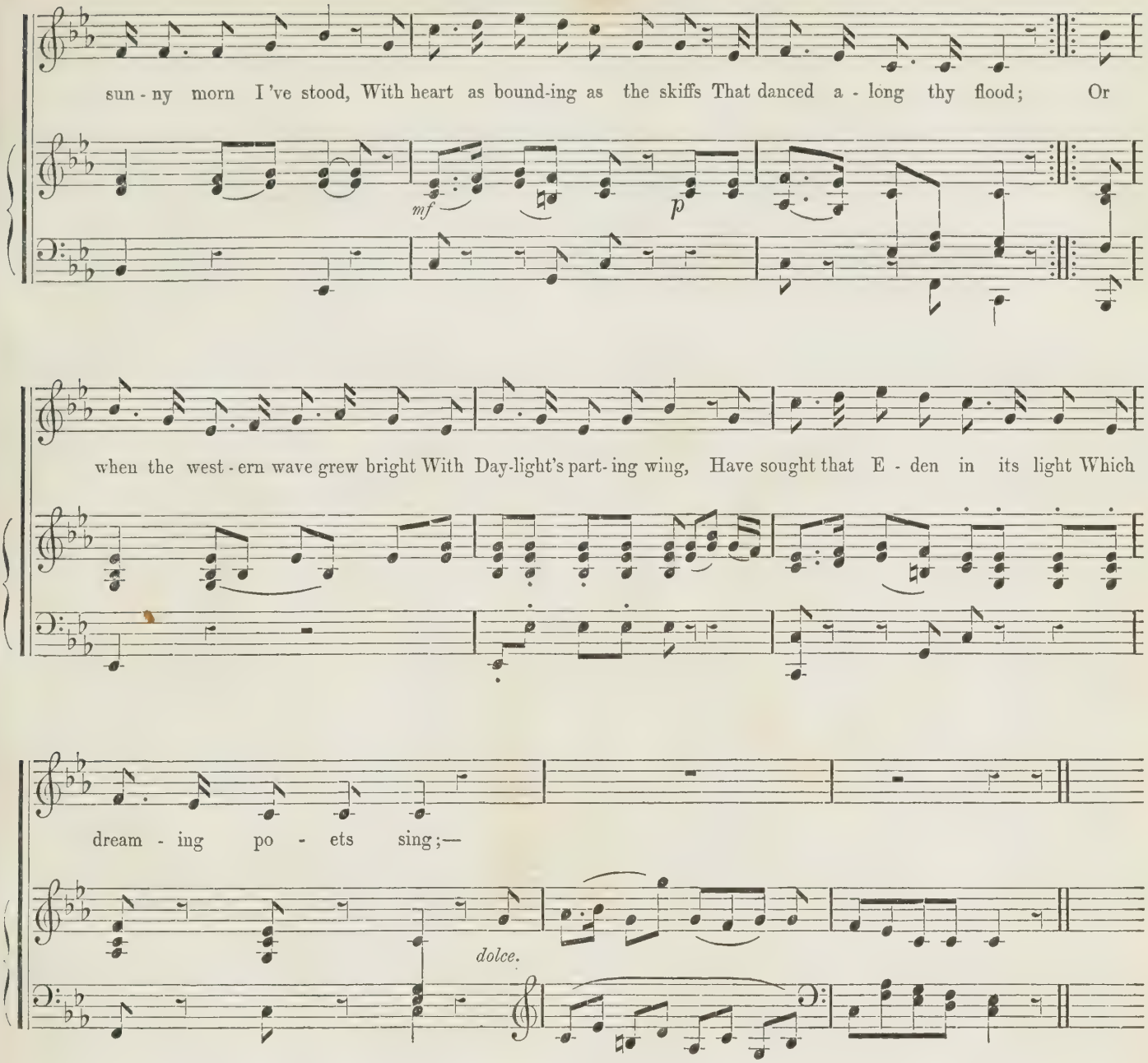
And though sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there!

OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.

Moderately slow, and with expression.

AIR—KILLDROUGHALT FAIR.



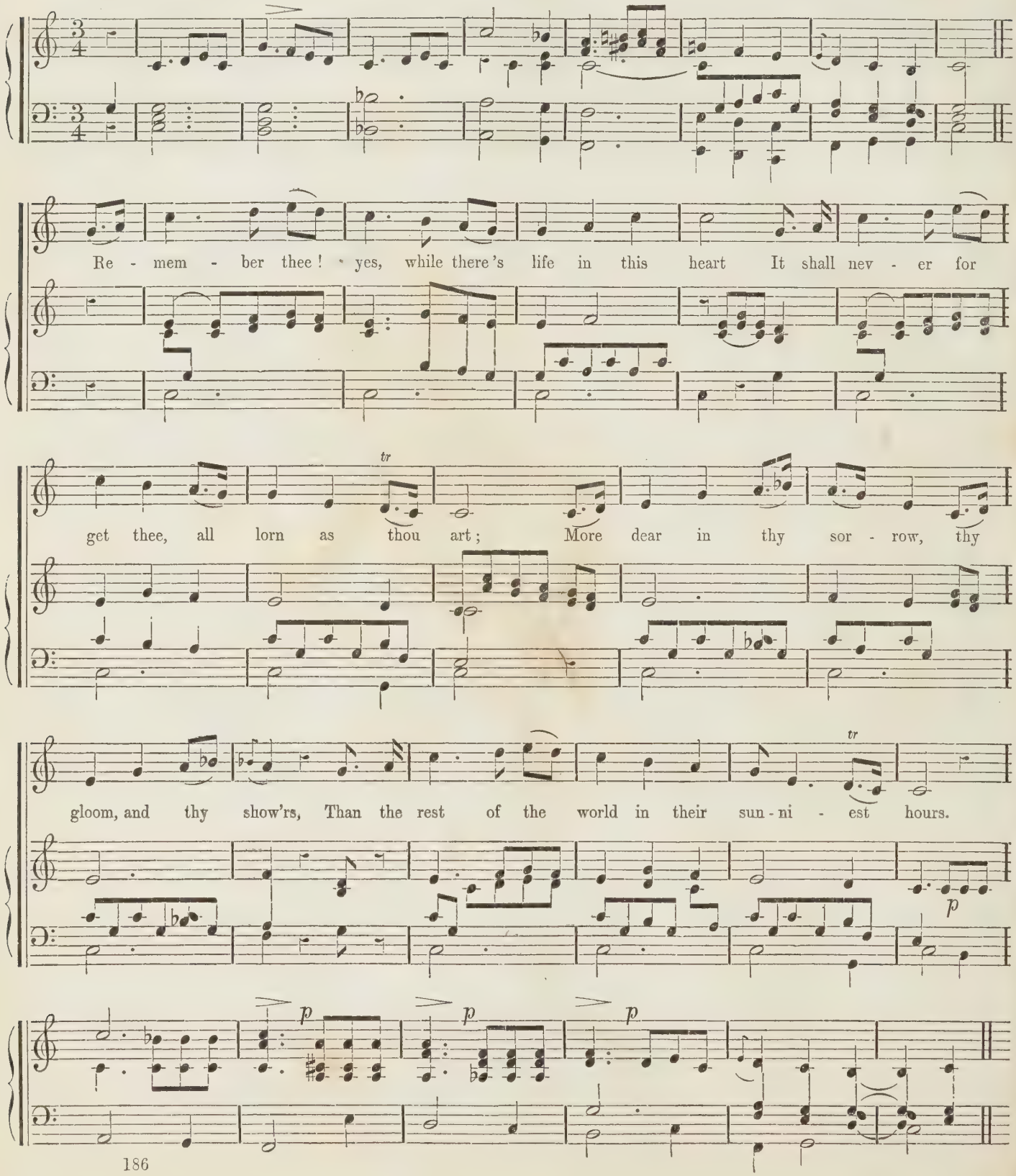


That Eden, where th' immortal brave
  Dwell in a land serene,
Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,
  At sunset oft are seen.
Ah, dream too full of sadd'ning truth!
  Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth,
  As sunny and as vain!

REMEMBER THEE!

Not too slow, and with strong feeling.

AIR—CASTLE TIROWEN.



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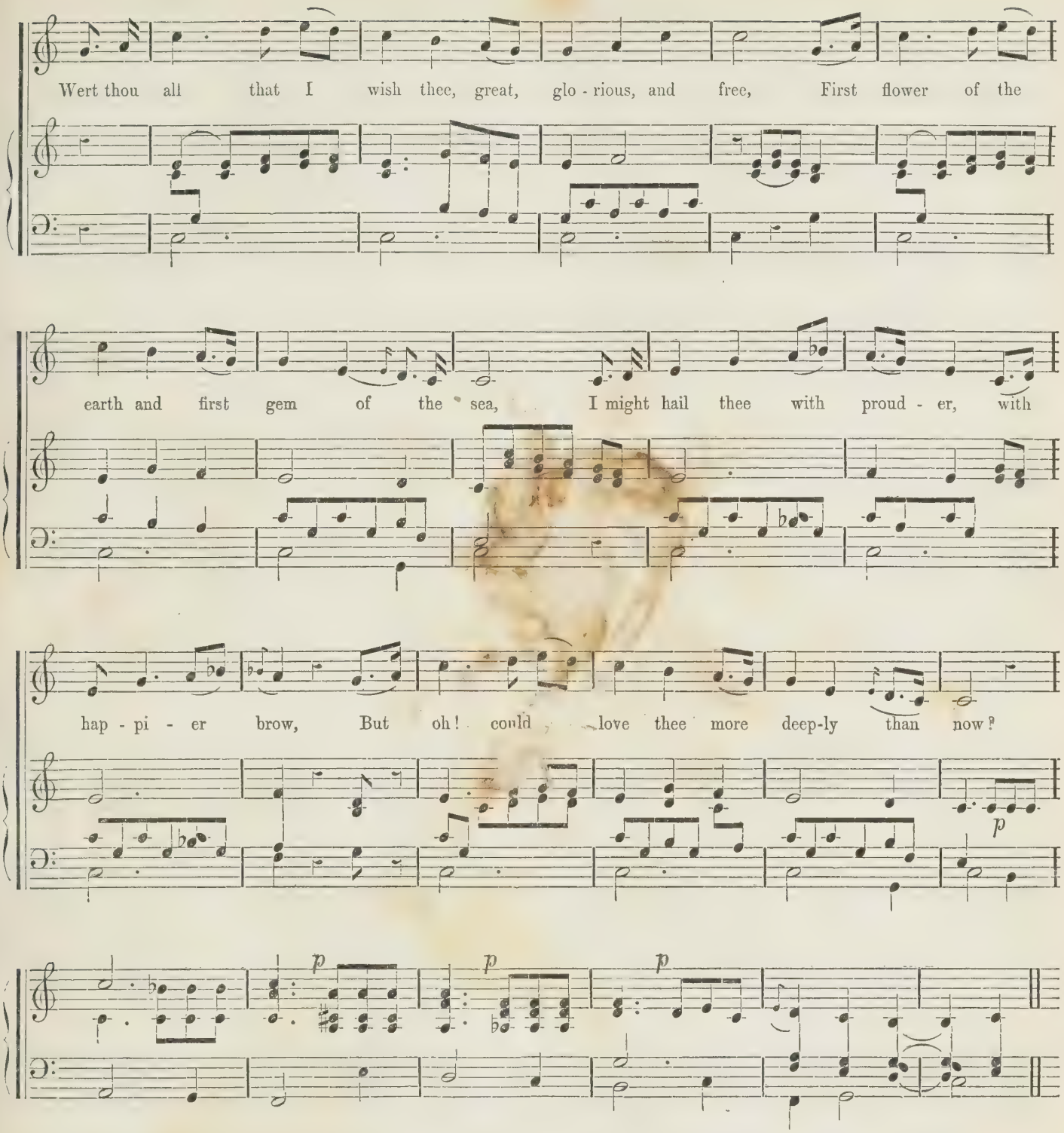
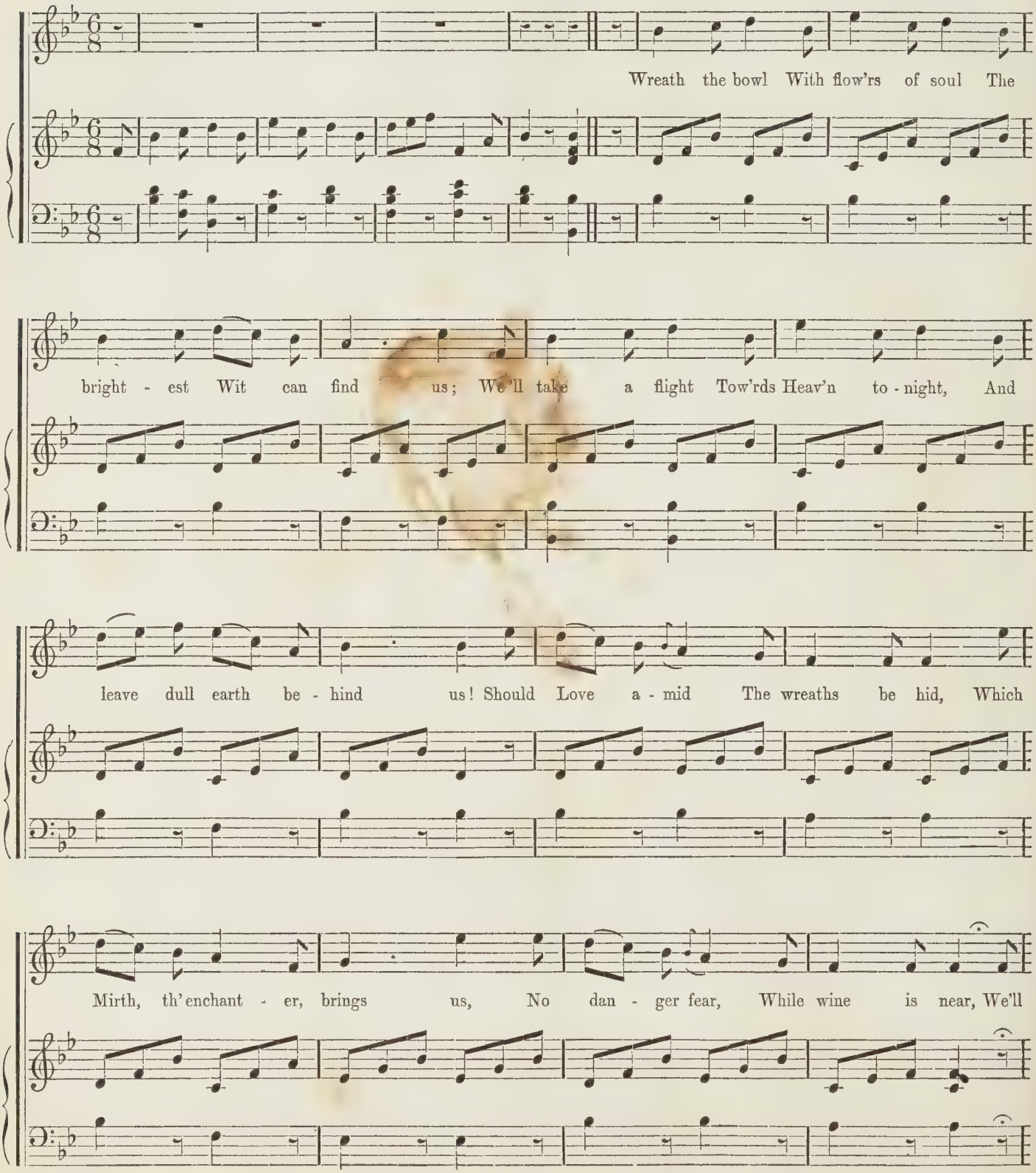


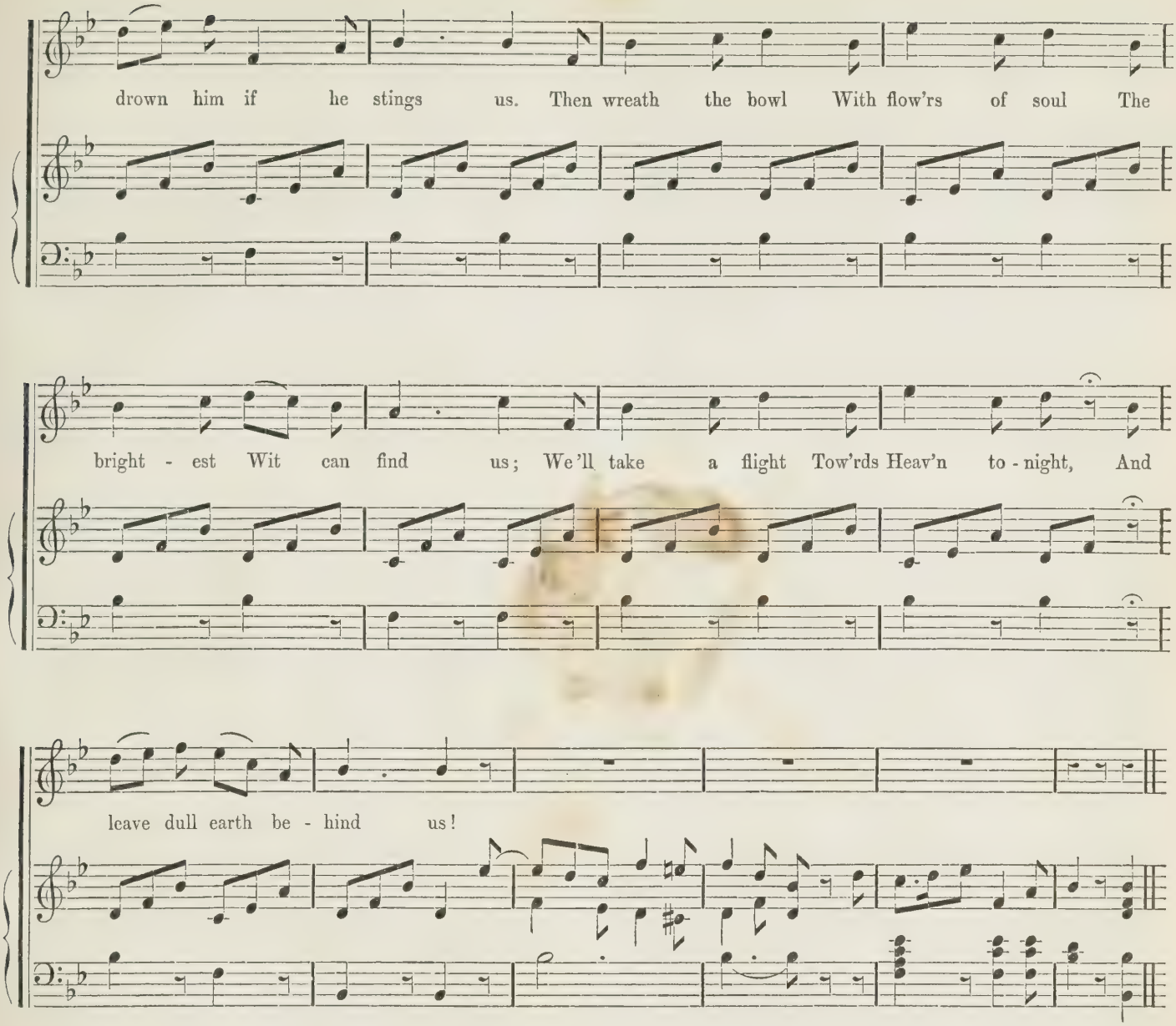
No, thy chains as they torture thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

WREATH THE BOWL.

Gaily and brilliantly.

AIR—NORAN KITSA.





II.

'T was nectar fed,
Of old, 't is said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And Man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt 's as follows:—
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreath the bowl, &c.

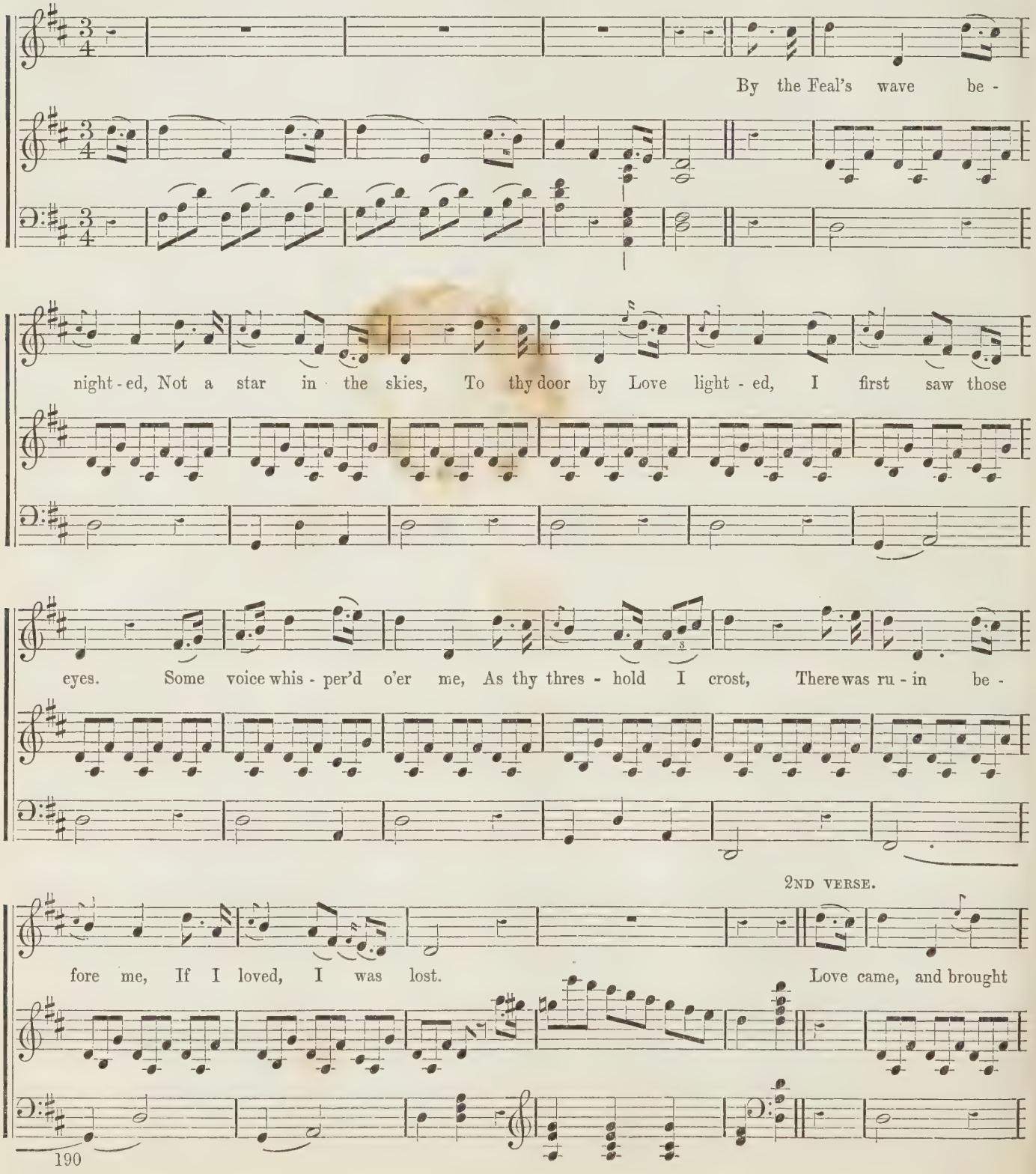
III.

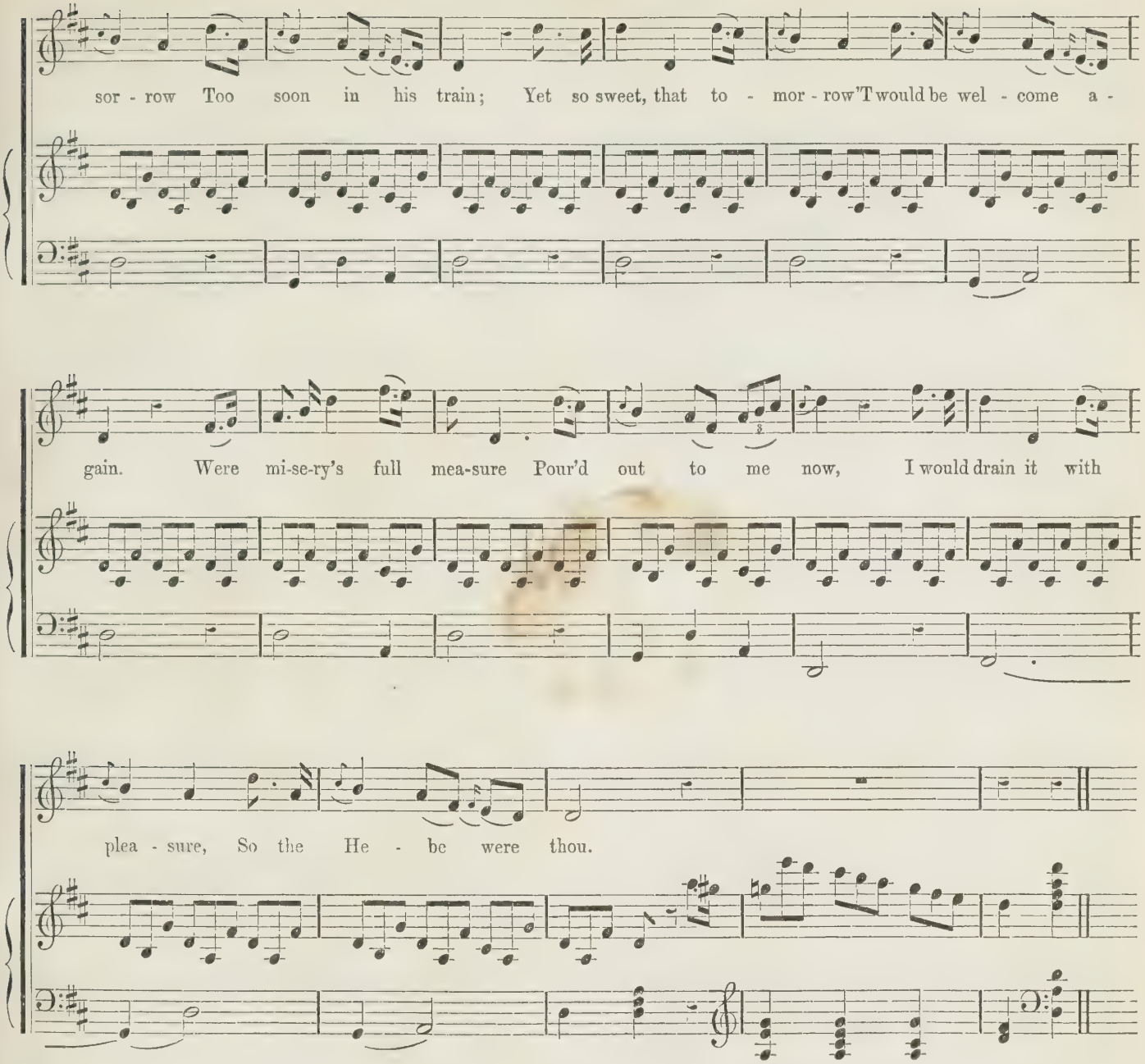
Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly.
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we 'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreath the bowl, &c.

BY THE FEAL'S WAVE BENIGHTED.

Tenderly.

AIR—UNKNOWN.





III.

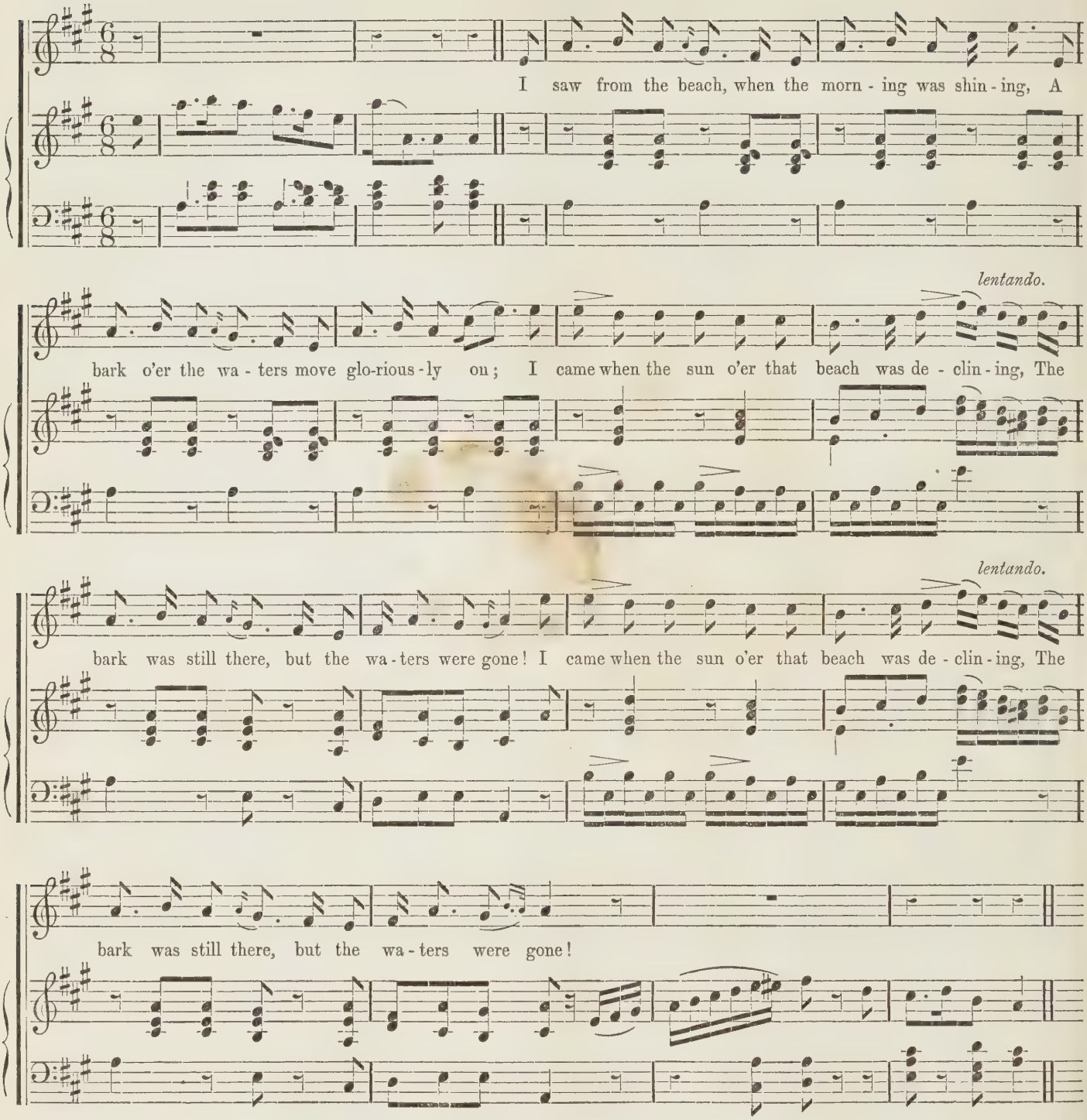
You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you 've eyes, look but on her,
And blush, while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

IV.

No—Man, for his glory,
To Ancestry flies;
While Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the Monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to Divine!

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

In moderate time. AIR—MISS MOLLY.



II.

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

III.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Ev'ning's best light.

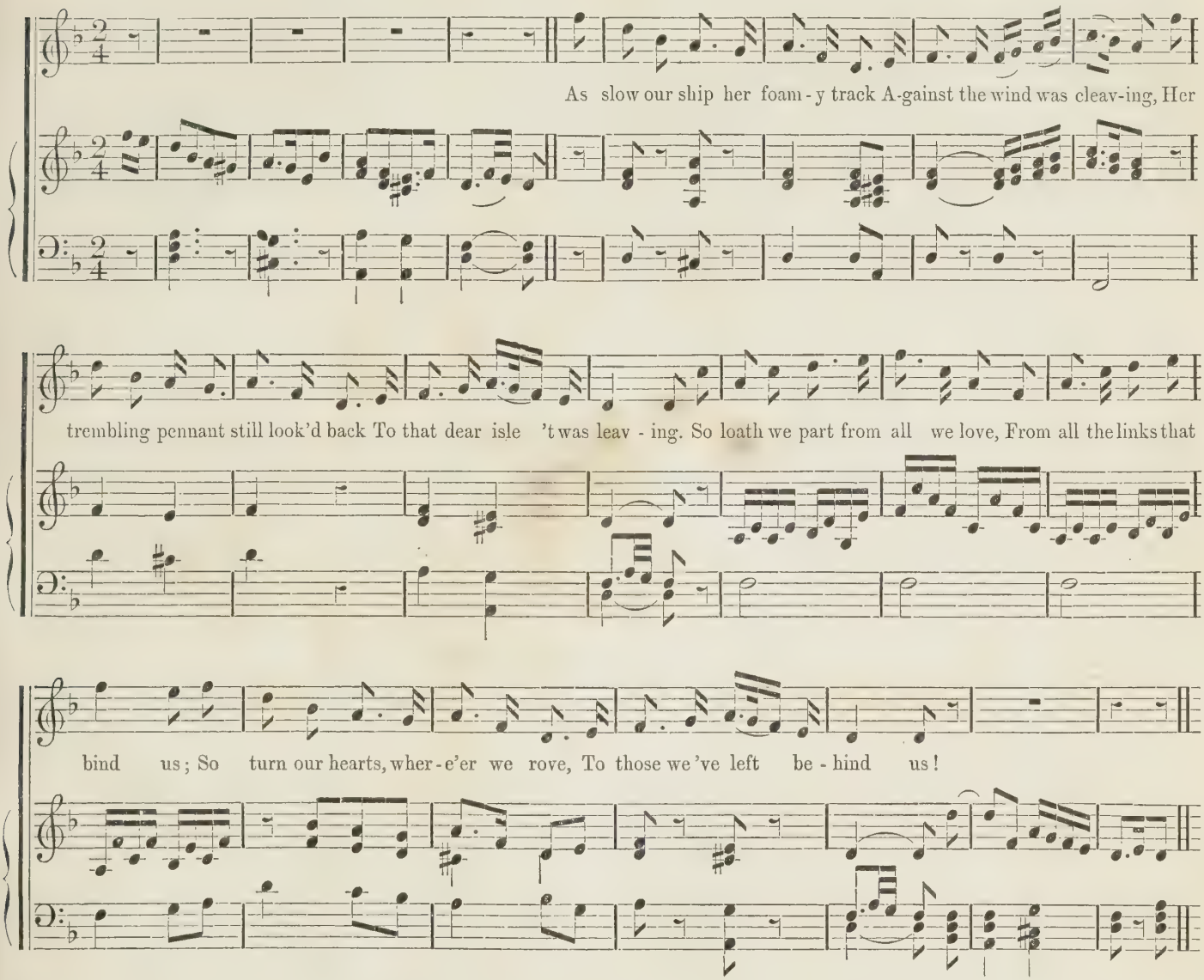
IV.

Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

AS SLOW OUR SHIP HER FOAMY TRACK.

In moderate time and with expression.

AIR—THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.



II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,
And smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh sweet 's the cup that circles then
To those we 've left behind us!

III.

And, when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we 've left behind us!

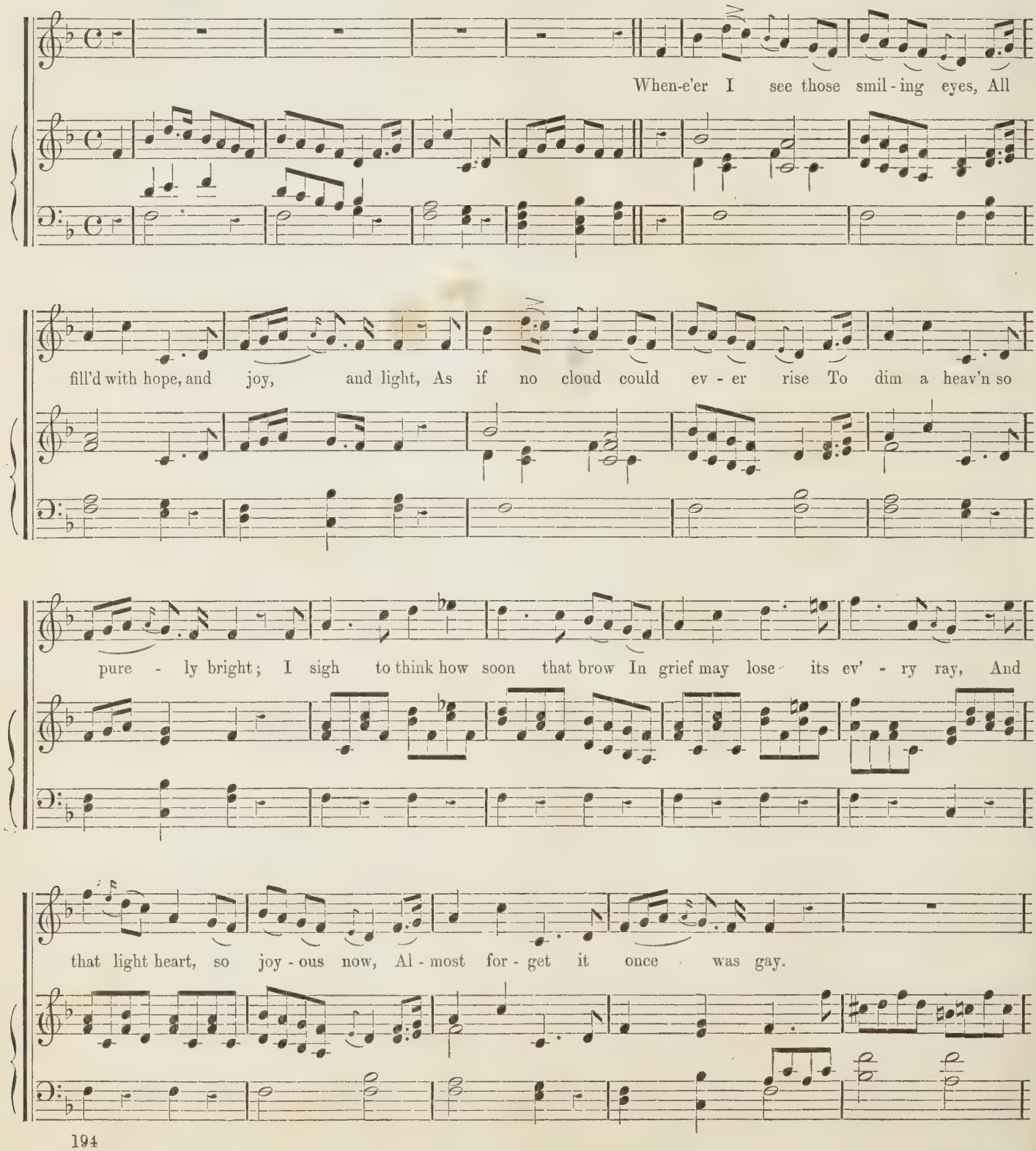
IV.

As trav'llers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that 's left behind us.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

Slow and tenderly.

AIR—FATHER QUINN.



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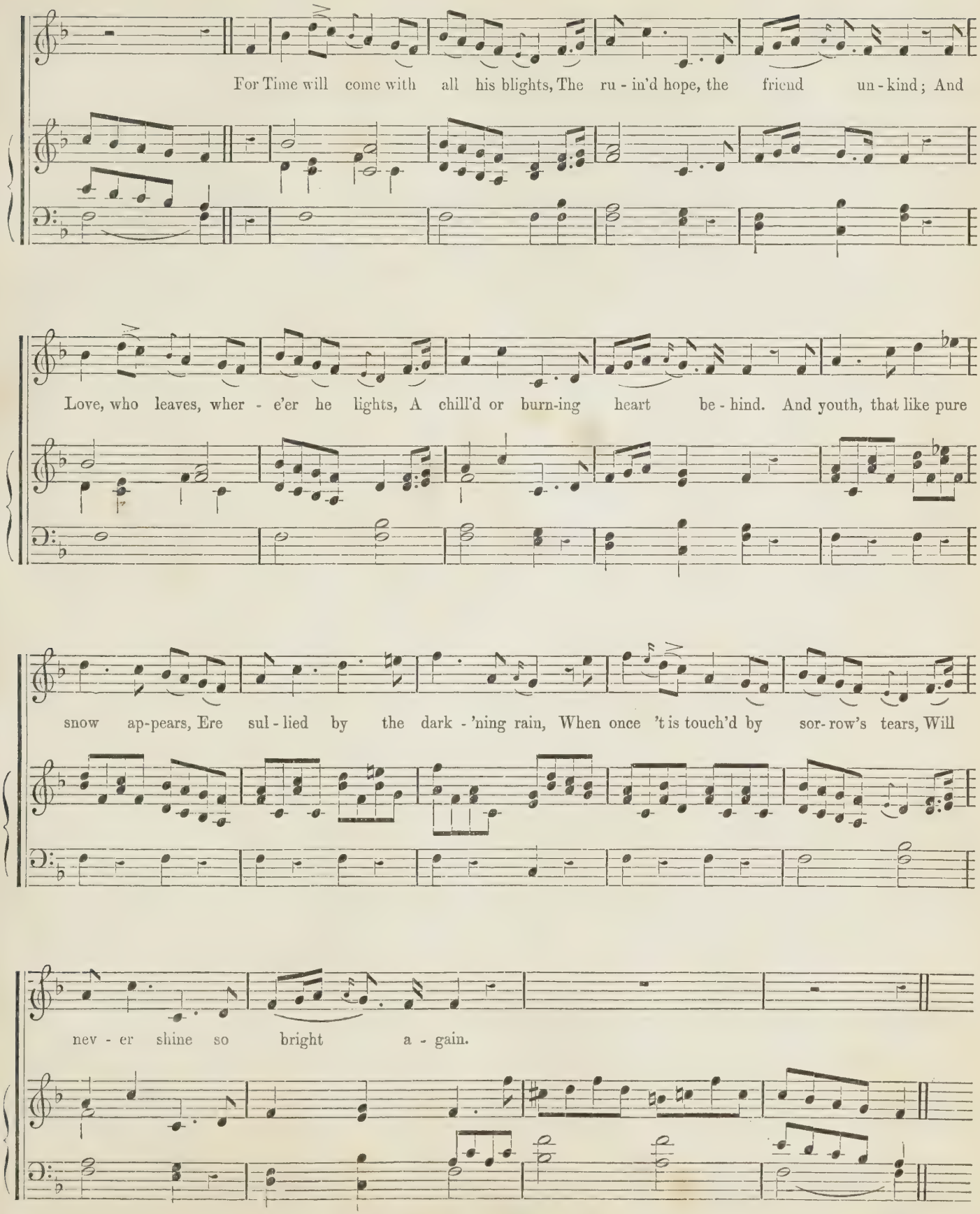
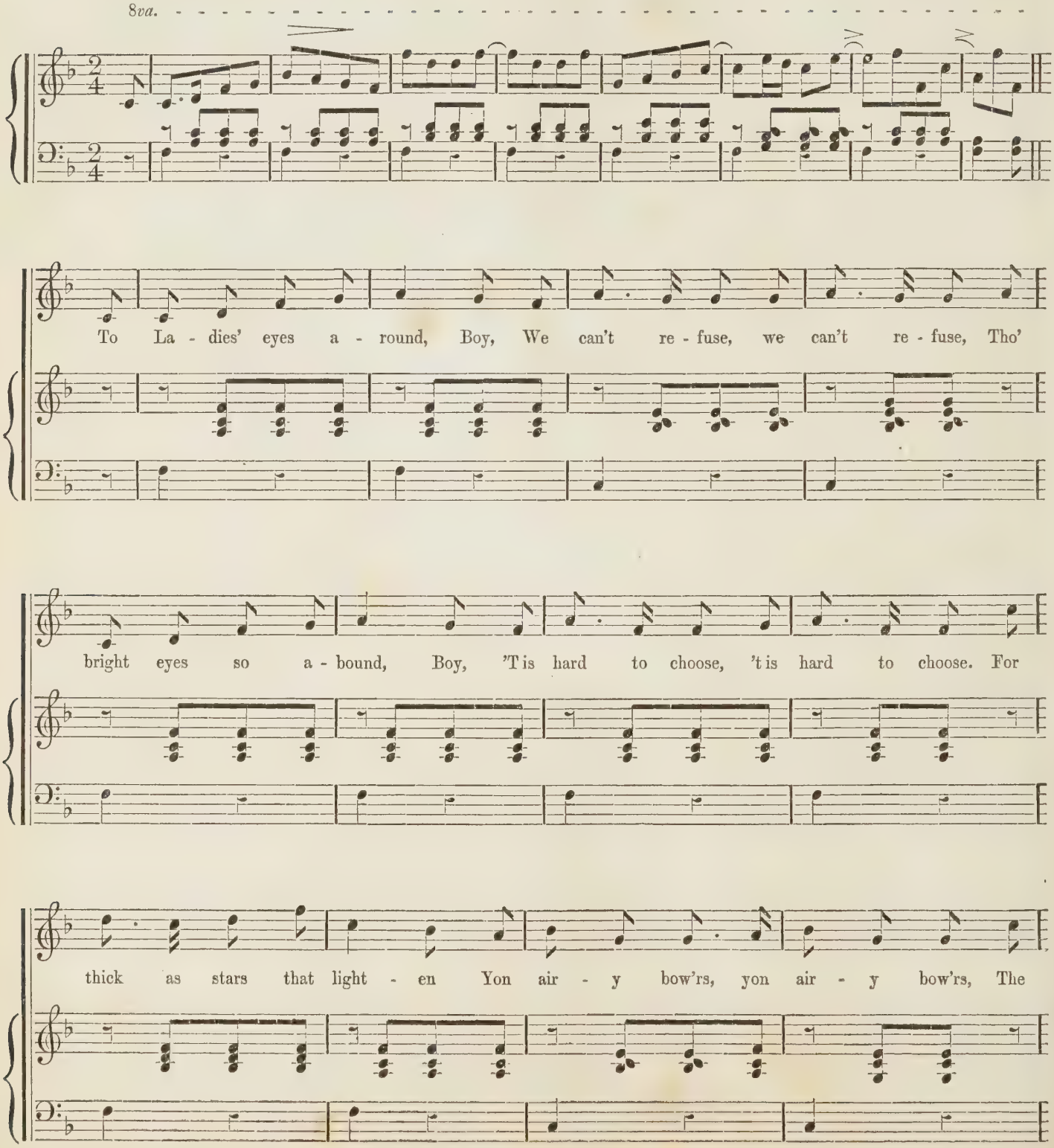
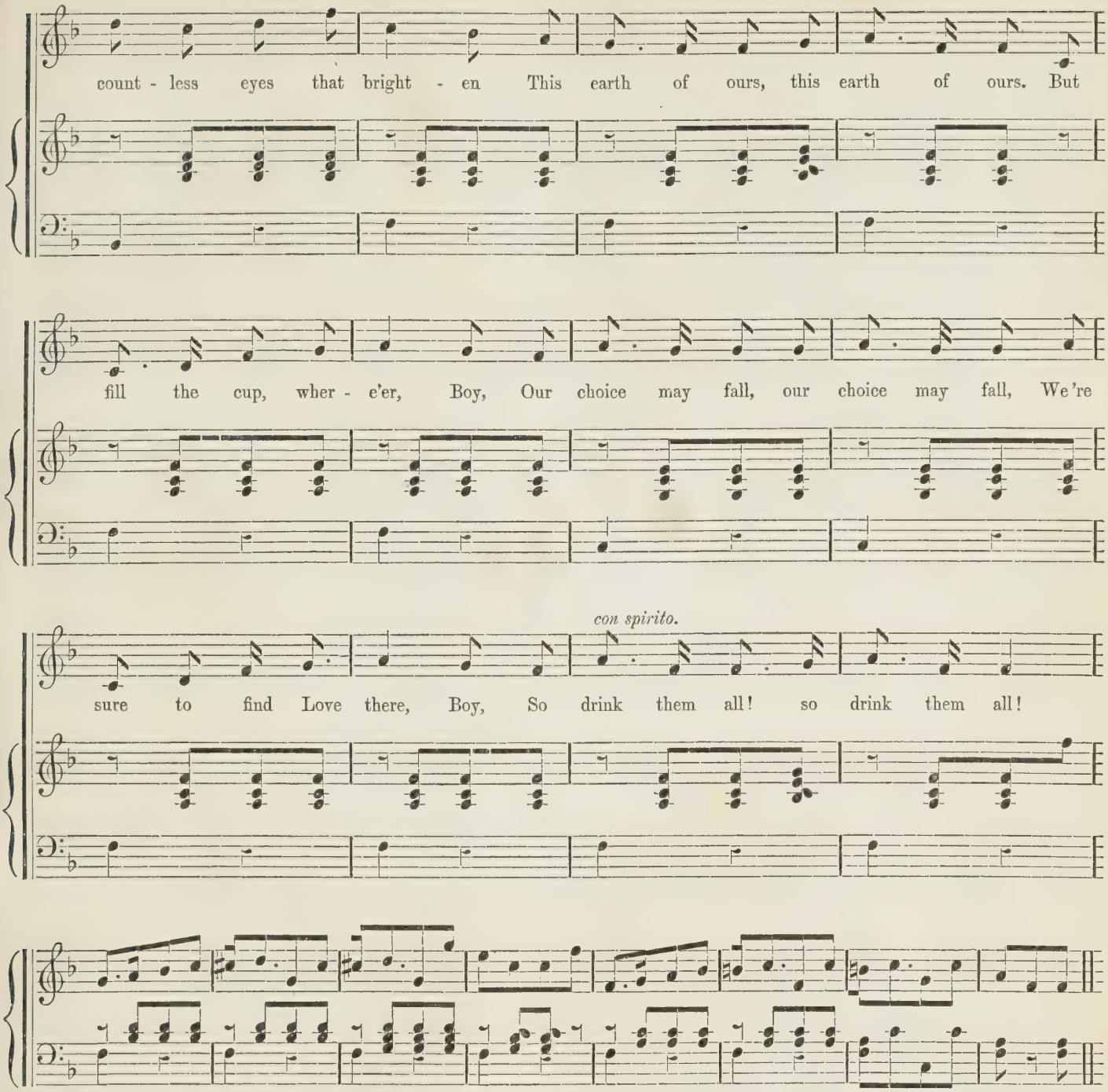

For Time will come with all his blights, The ru - in'd hope, the friend un - kind; And
Love, who leaves, wher - e'er he lights, A chill'd or burn-ing heart be - hind. And youth, that like pure
snow ap-pears, Ere sul - lied by the dark - 'ning rain, When once 't is touch'd by sor- row's tears, Will
nev - er shine so bright a - gain.

TO LADIES' EYES.

In moderate time and with spirit. AIR—FAGUE A BALLAGH.





II.

Some eyes there are, so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As splendid beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n!
While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup, &c.

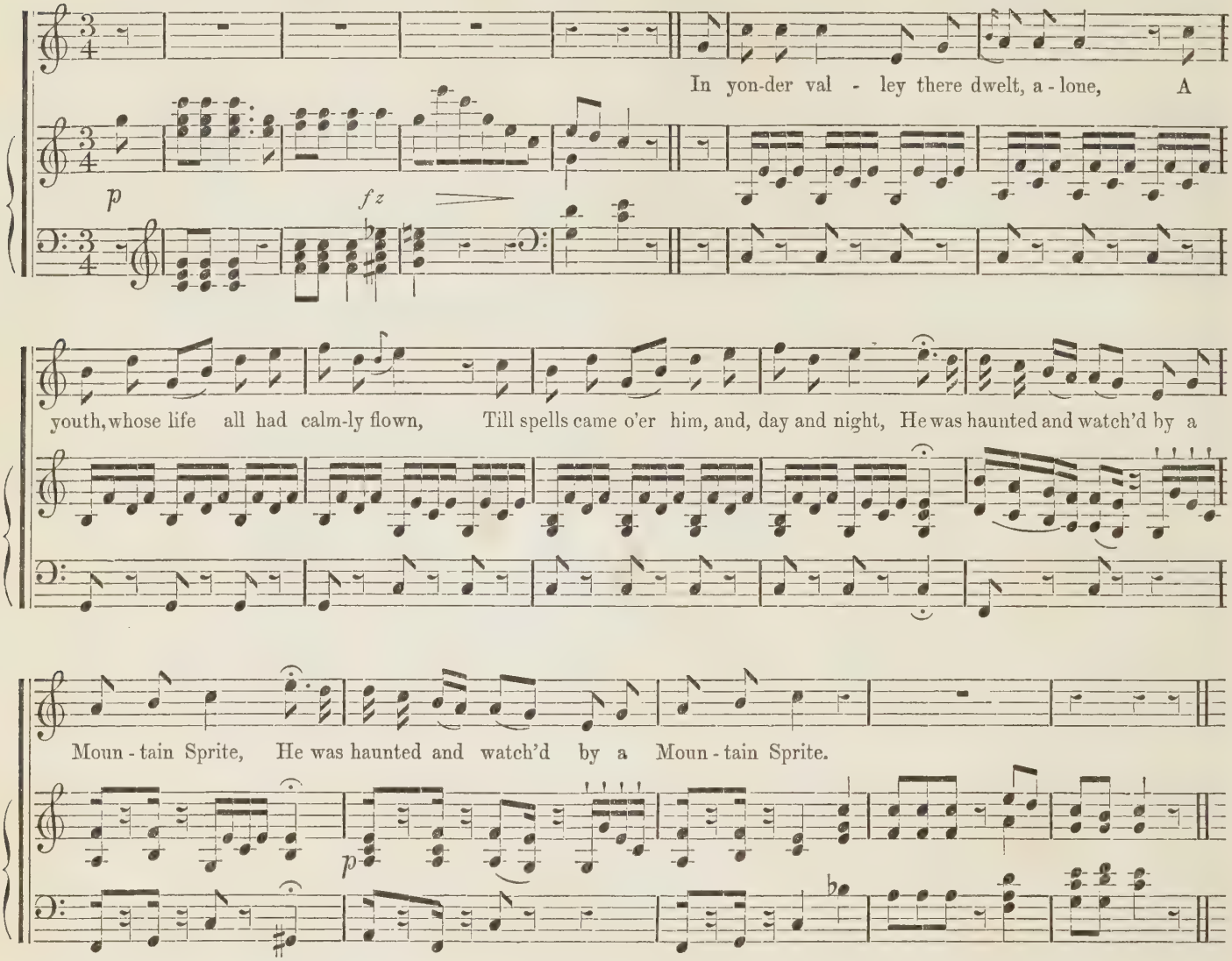
III.

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'T is but his shade, 't is but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up, &c.

IN YONDER VALLEY THERE DWELT, ALONE.

In moderate time and playfully.

AIR—THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.



II.

As he, by moonlight, went wand'ring o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight—
'T was the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite.

III.

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As, looking down on the stream, he lay,
Behind him stole two eyes of light,
And he saw in the clear wave the Mountain Sprite.

IV.

He turn'd—but, lo, like a startled bird,
The spirit fled—and he only heard
Sweet Music, such as marks the flight
Of a journeying star, from the Mountain Sprite.

V.

One night, pursued by that dazzling look,
The youth, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by Memory's light,
Drew the fairy form of the Mountain Sprite.

VI.

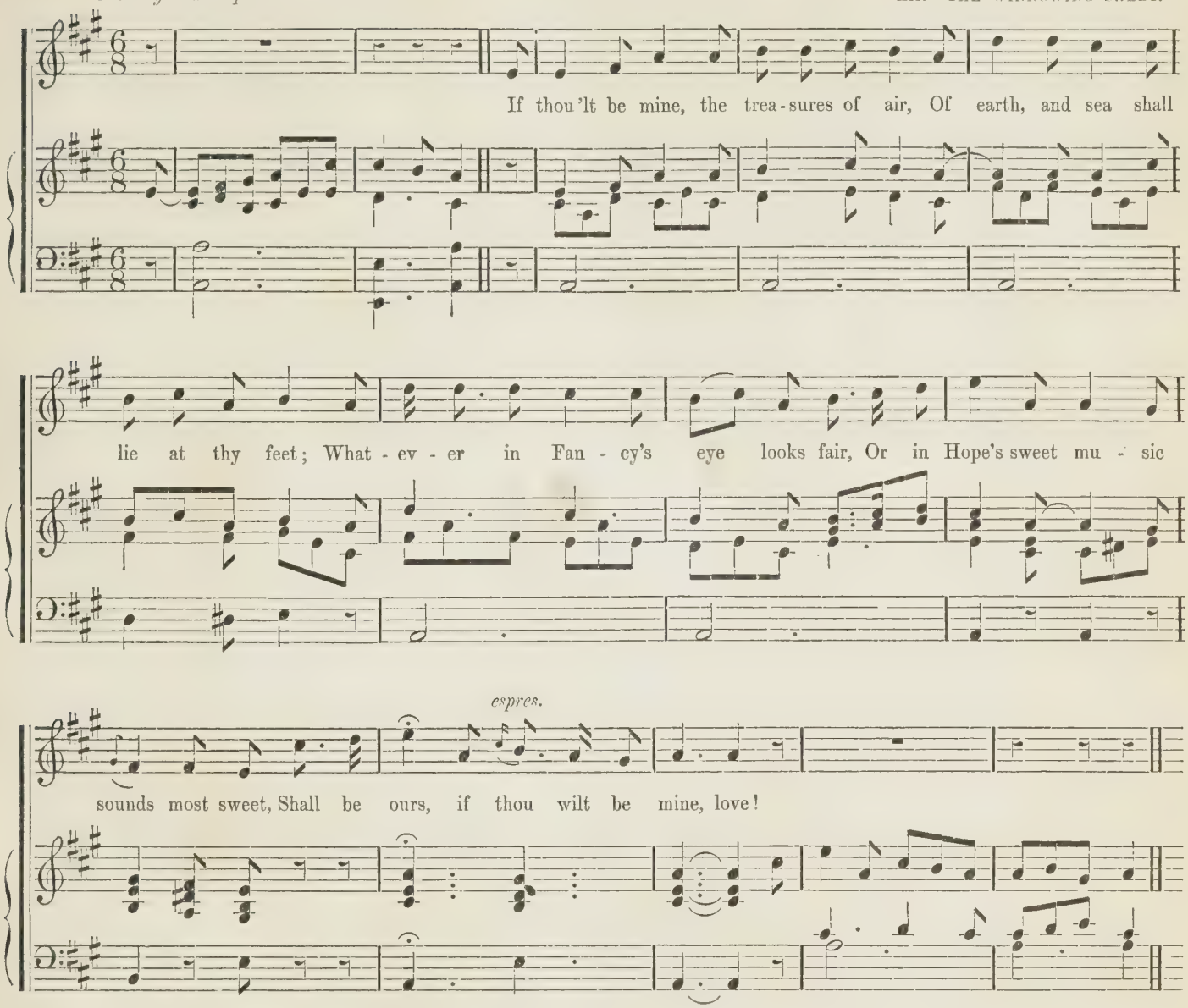
"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
A gentle voice, whisp'ring by his side,
"Now turn and see,"—here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

VII.

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Exclaim'd he then, "there is none like thee,
And oft, oh oft, may thy shape alight
In this lonely arbour, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

Flowing and simple. AIR—THE WINNOWING SHEET.



II.

Bright flow'rs shall spring wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

III.

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that flow from heavenward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

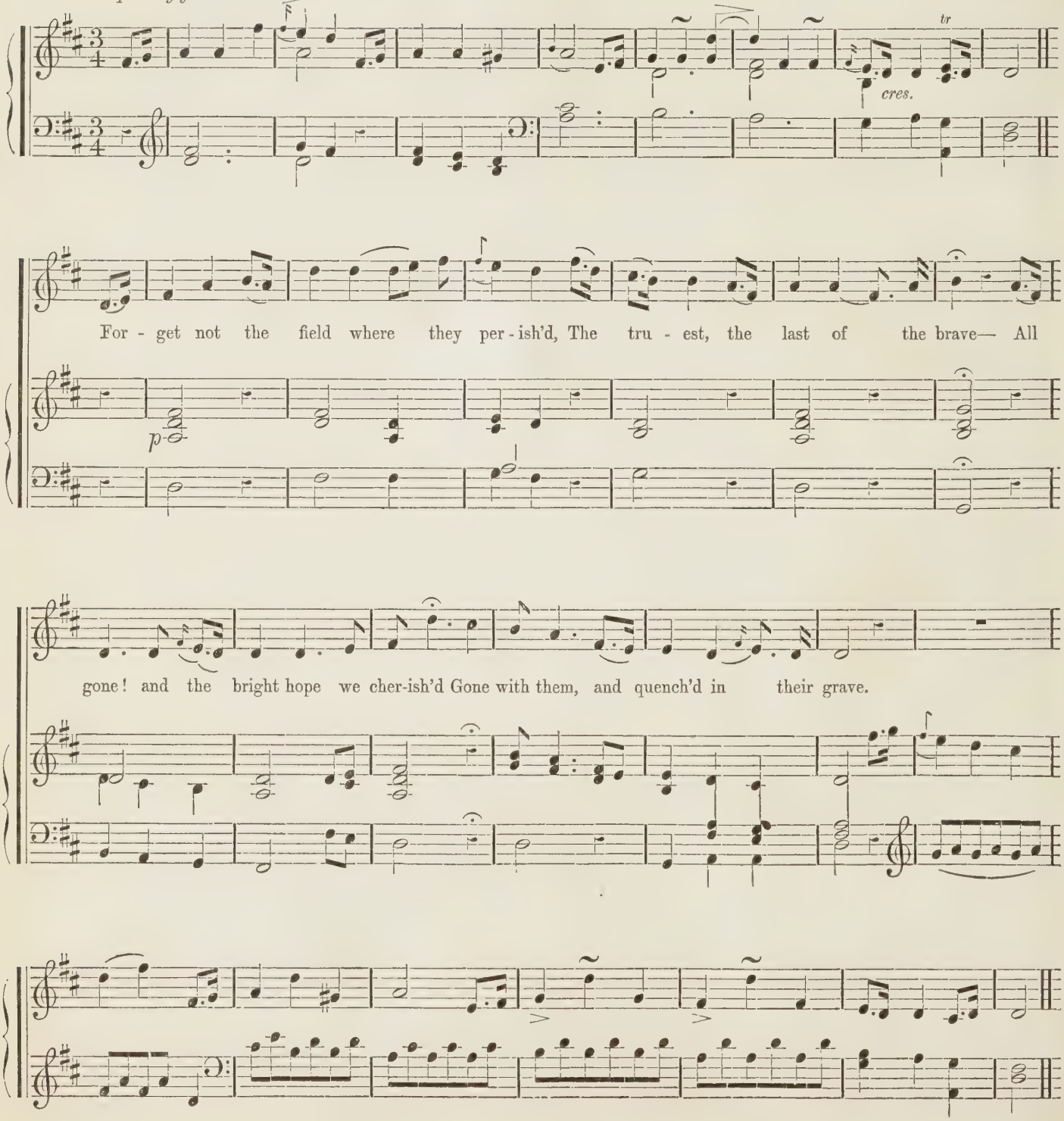
IV.

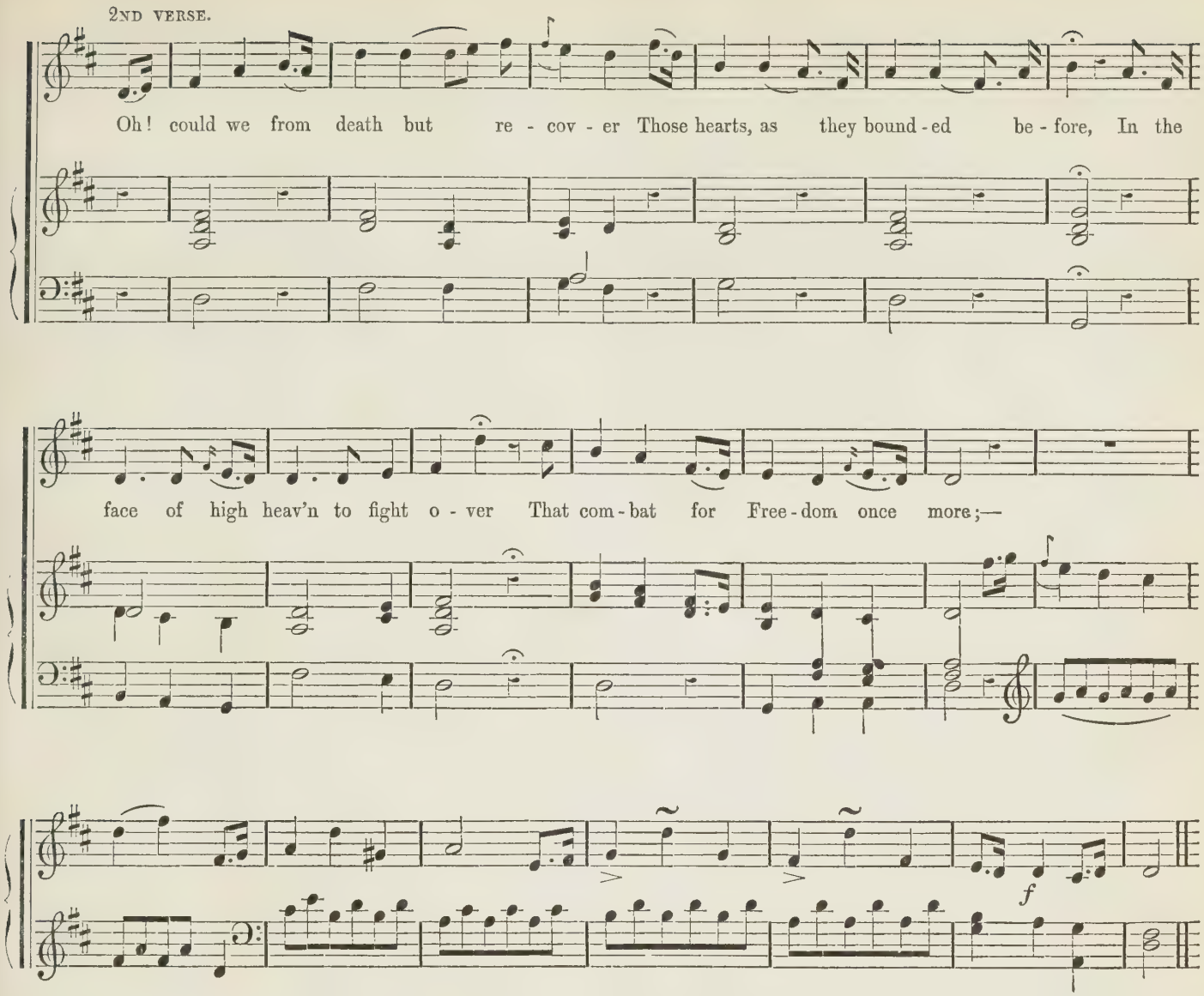
All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home, above,
He can make, on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Despondingly.

AIR—THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM.





III.

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 't is not in Man nor in Heav'n
To let Tyranny bind it again!

IV.

But 't is past—and though blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

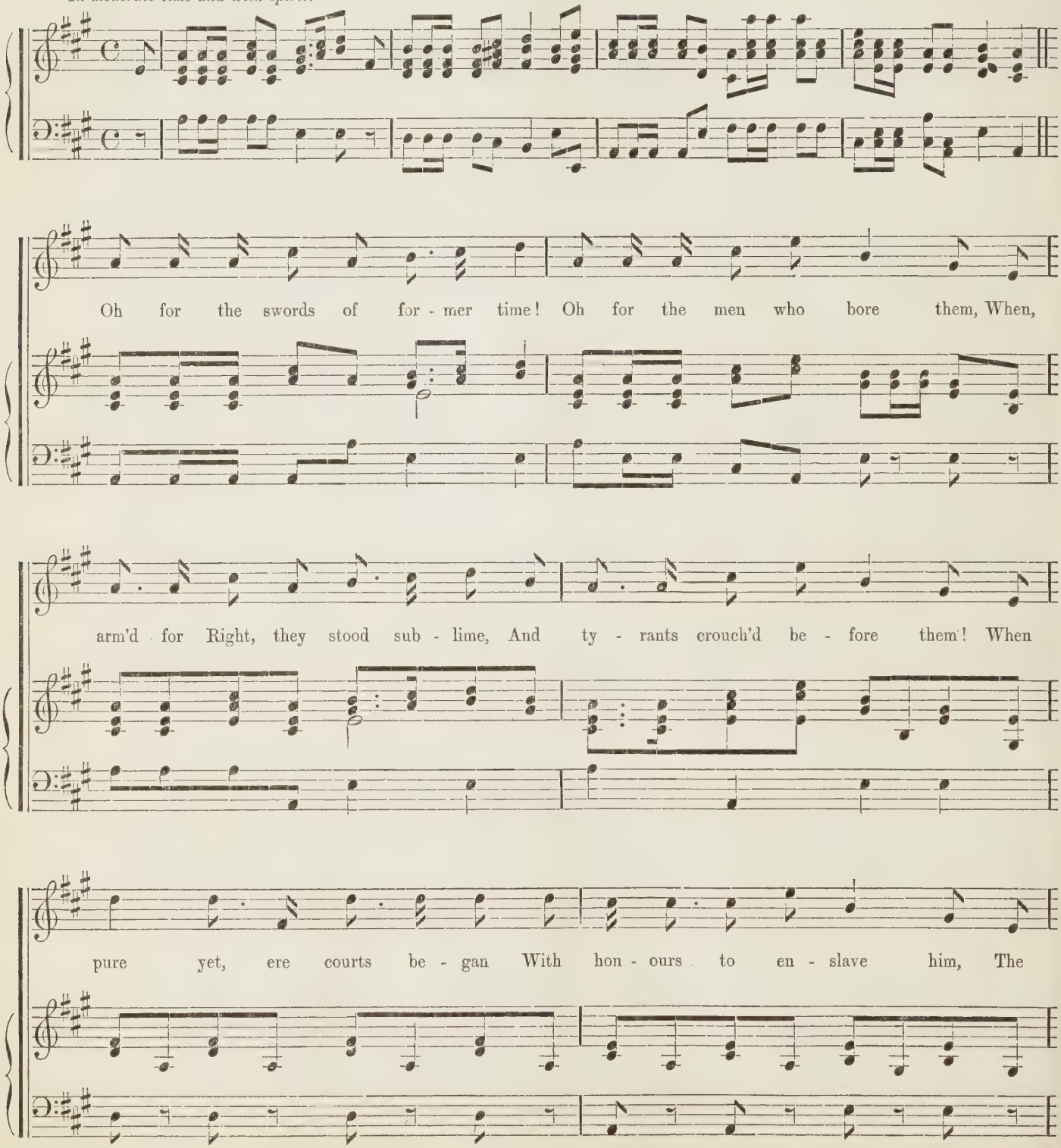
V.

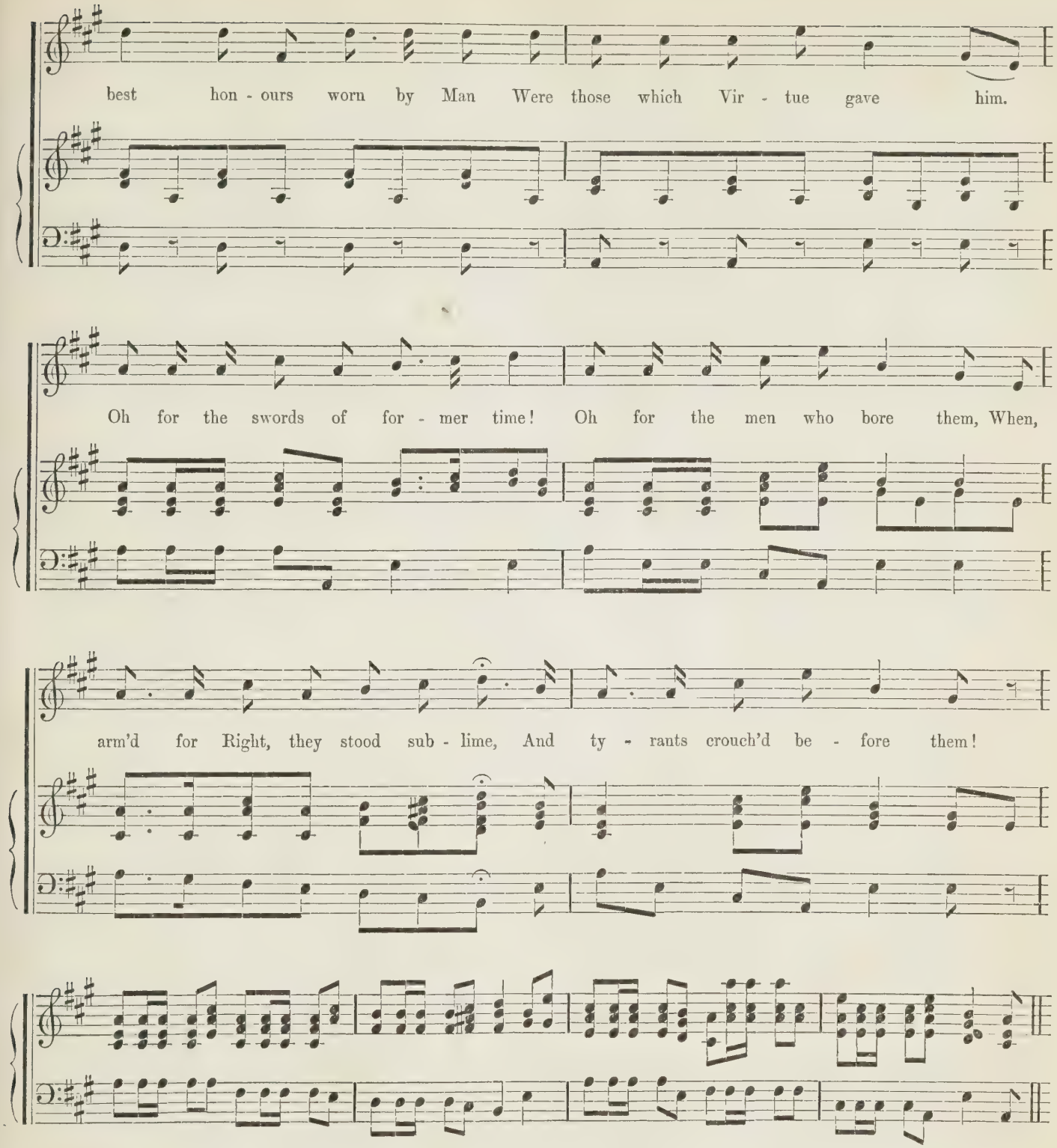
Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

In moderate time and with spirit.

AIR—NAME UNKNOWN.



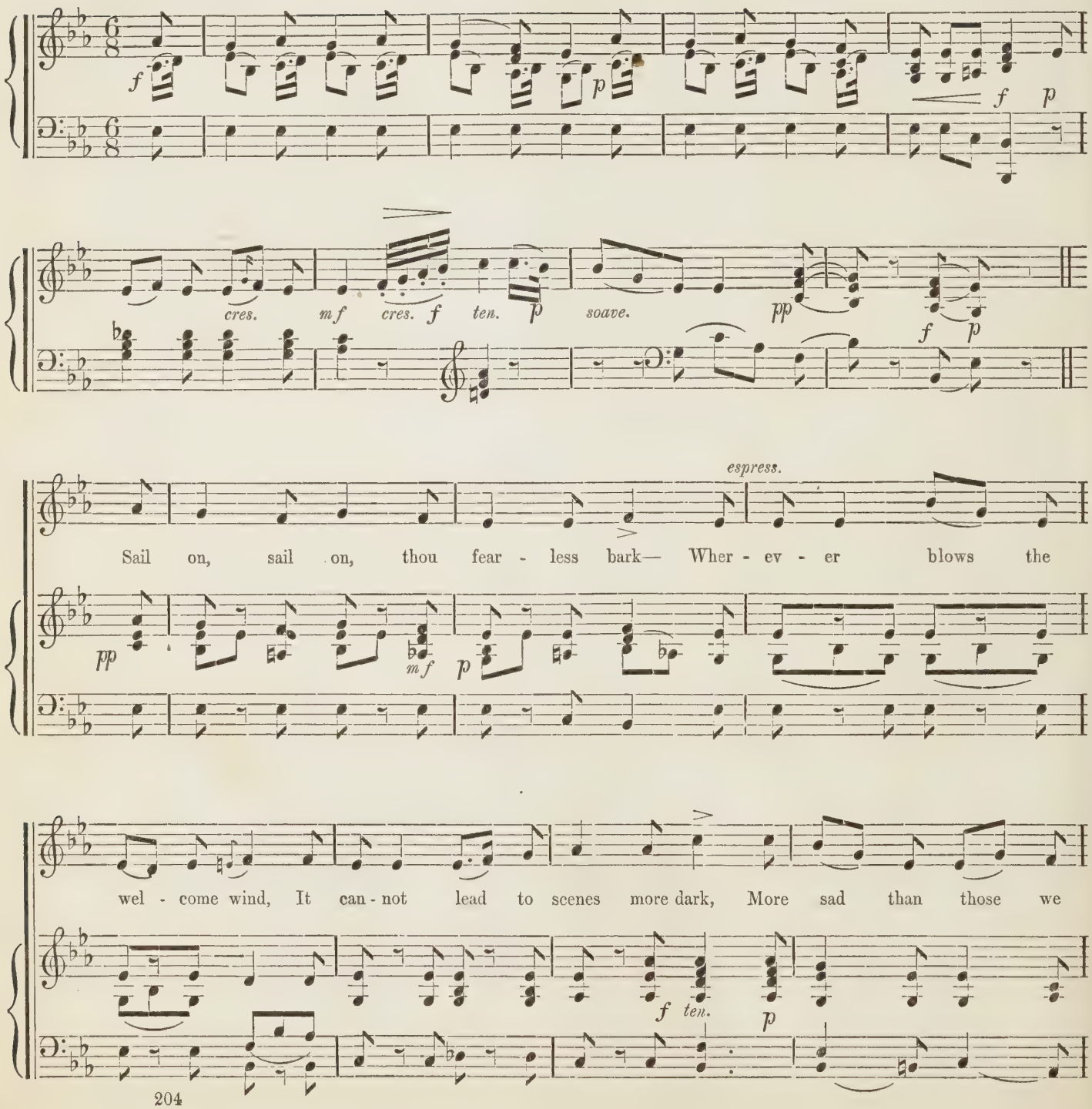


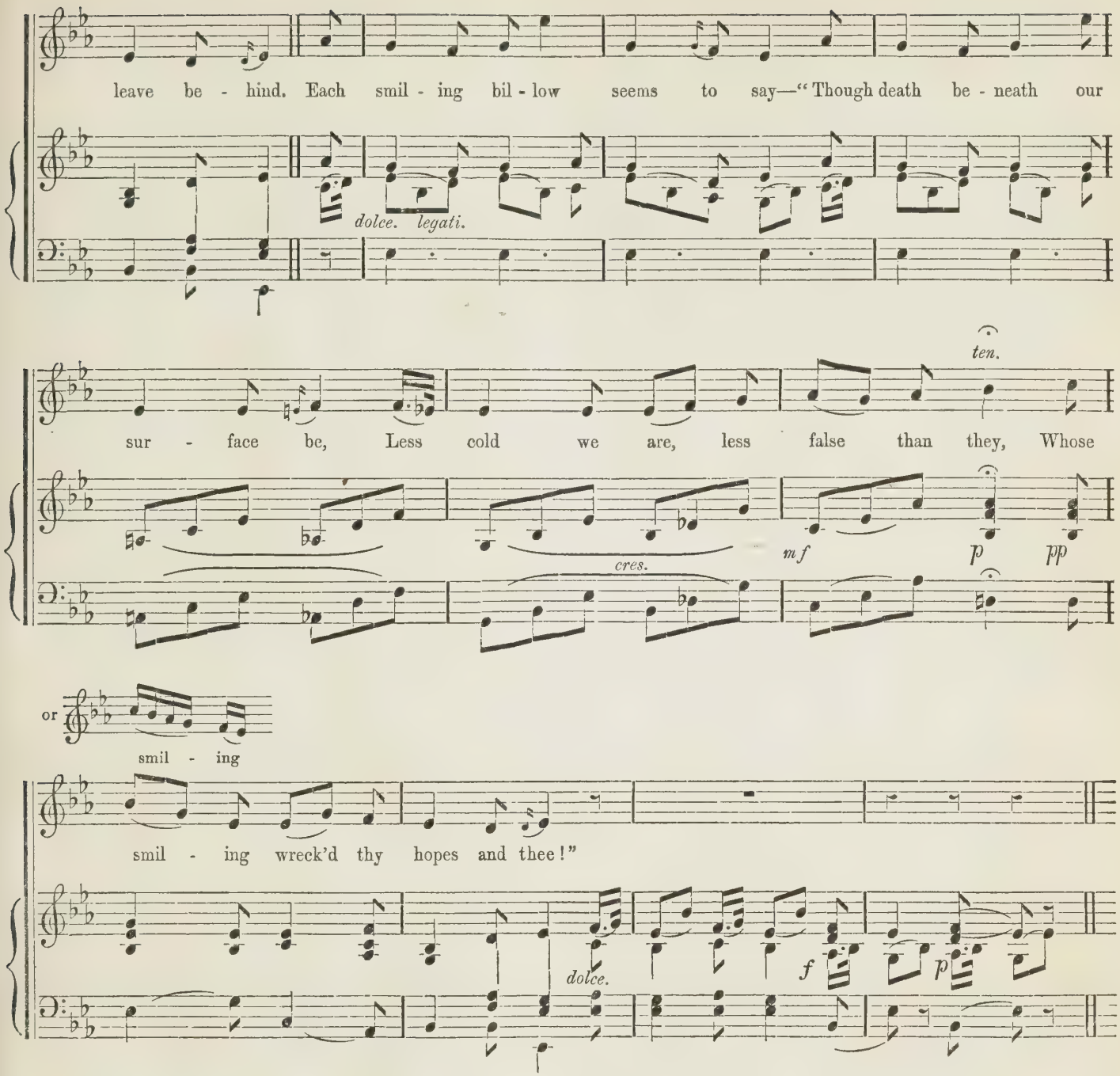
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!
When safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

With mournful defiance.

AIR—THE HUMMING OF THE BAN.





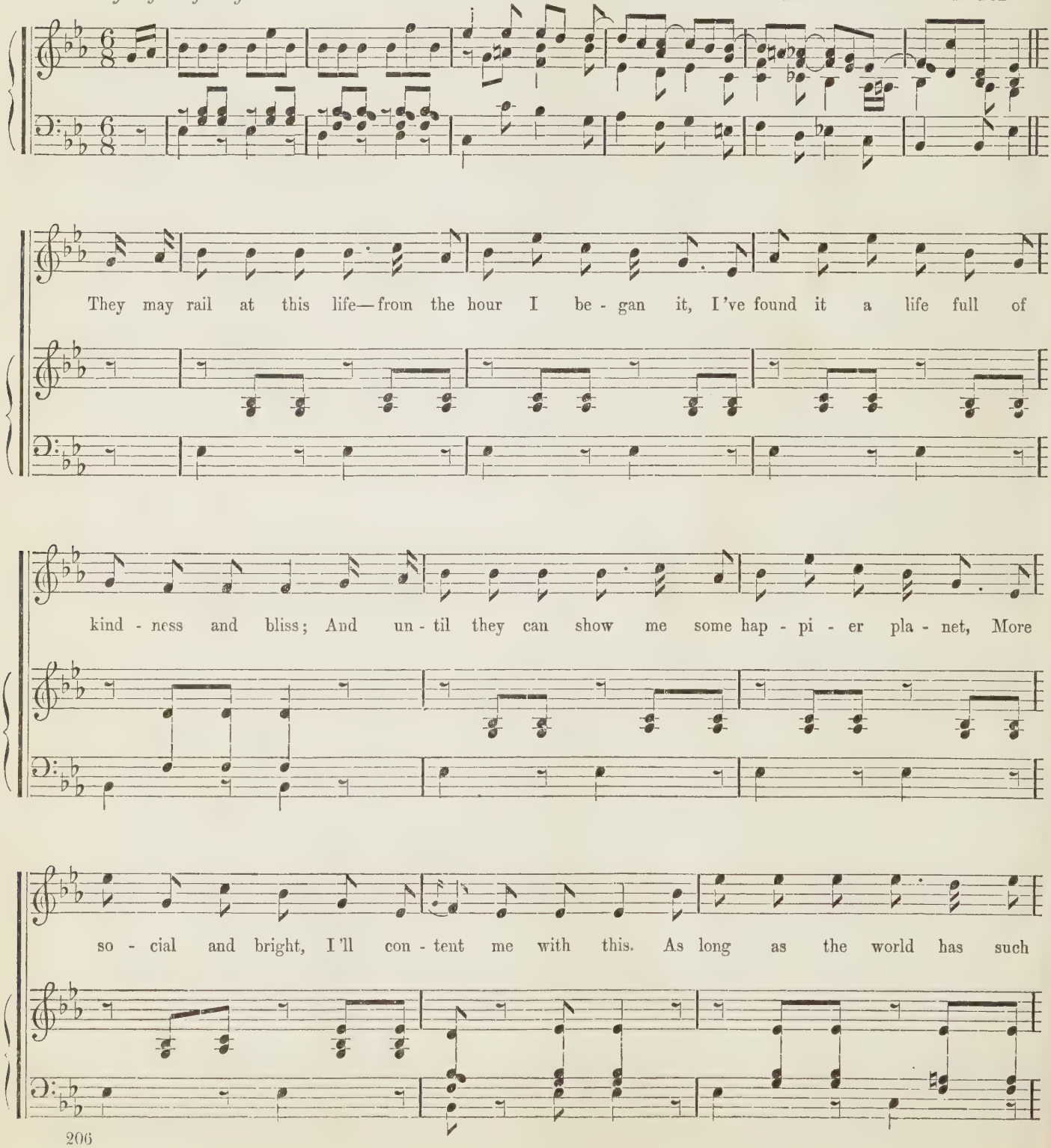
Sail on, sail on, through endless space,
Through calm, through tempest, stop no more,
The stormiest sea 's a resting-place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.

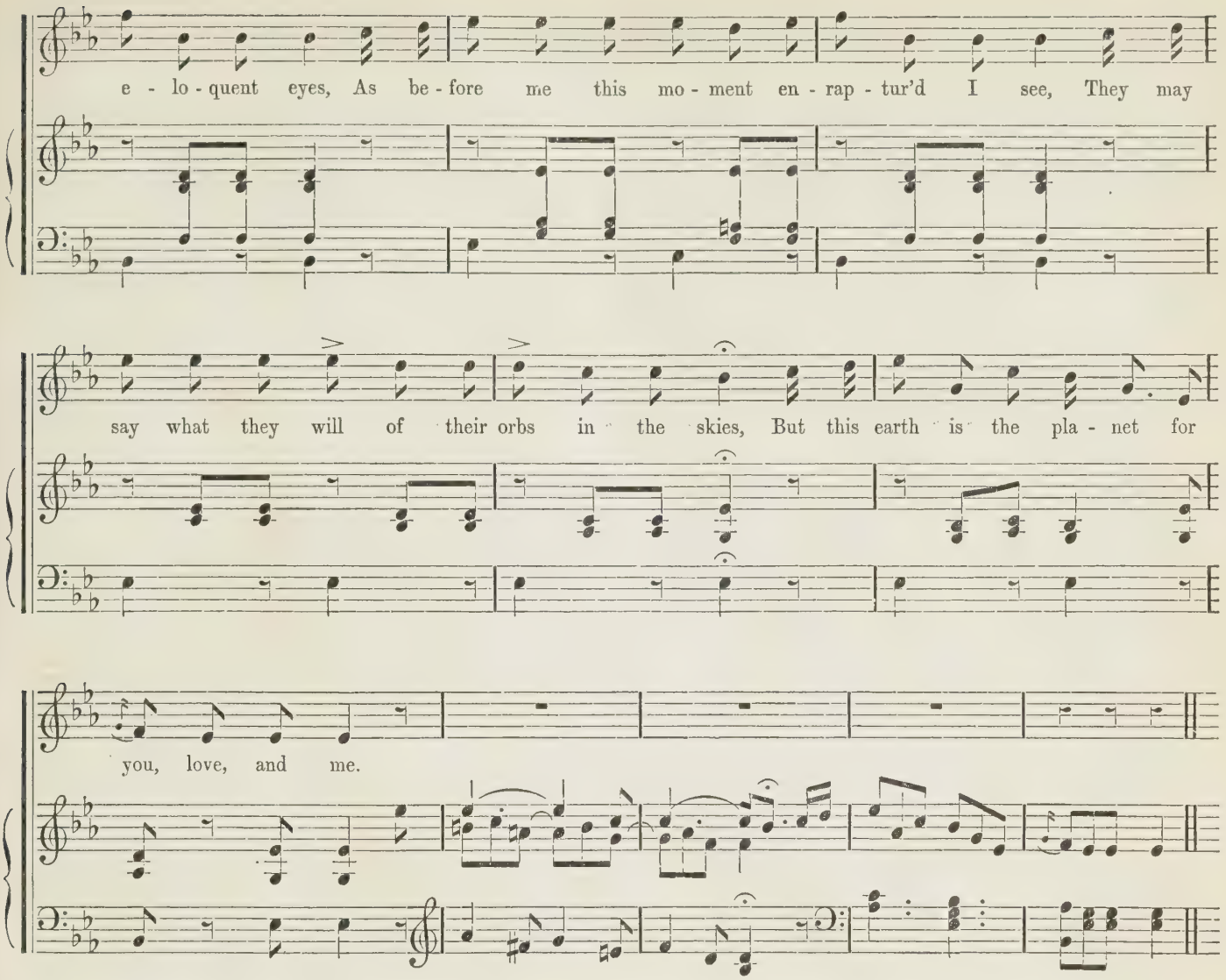
Or, if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

With gaiety and feeling.

AIR—NOCH BONIN SHIN DOE.





II.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Tho' the Nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
They 've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

III.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we 've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.
But, though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

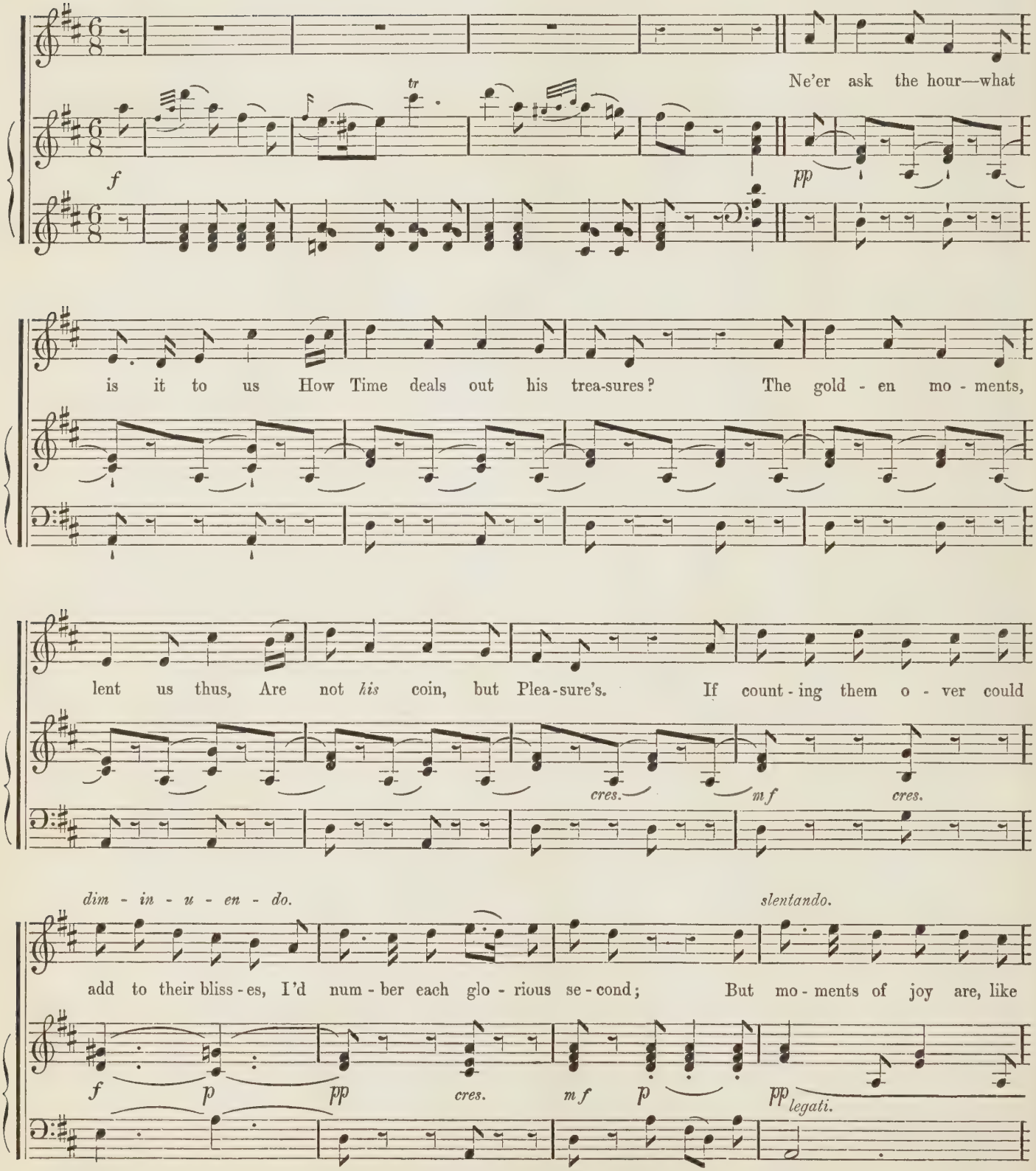
IV.

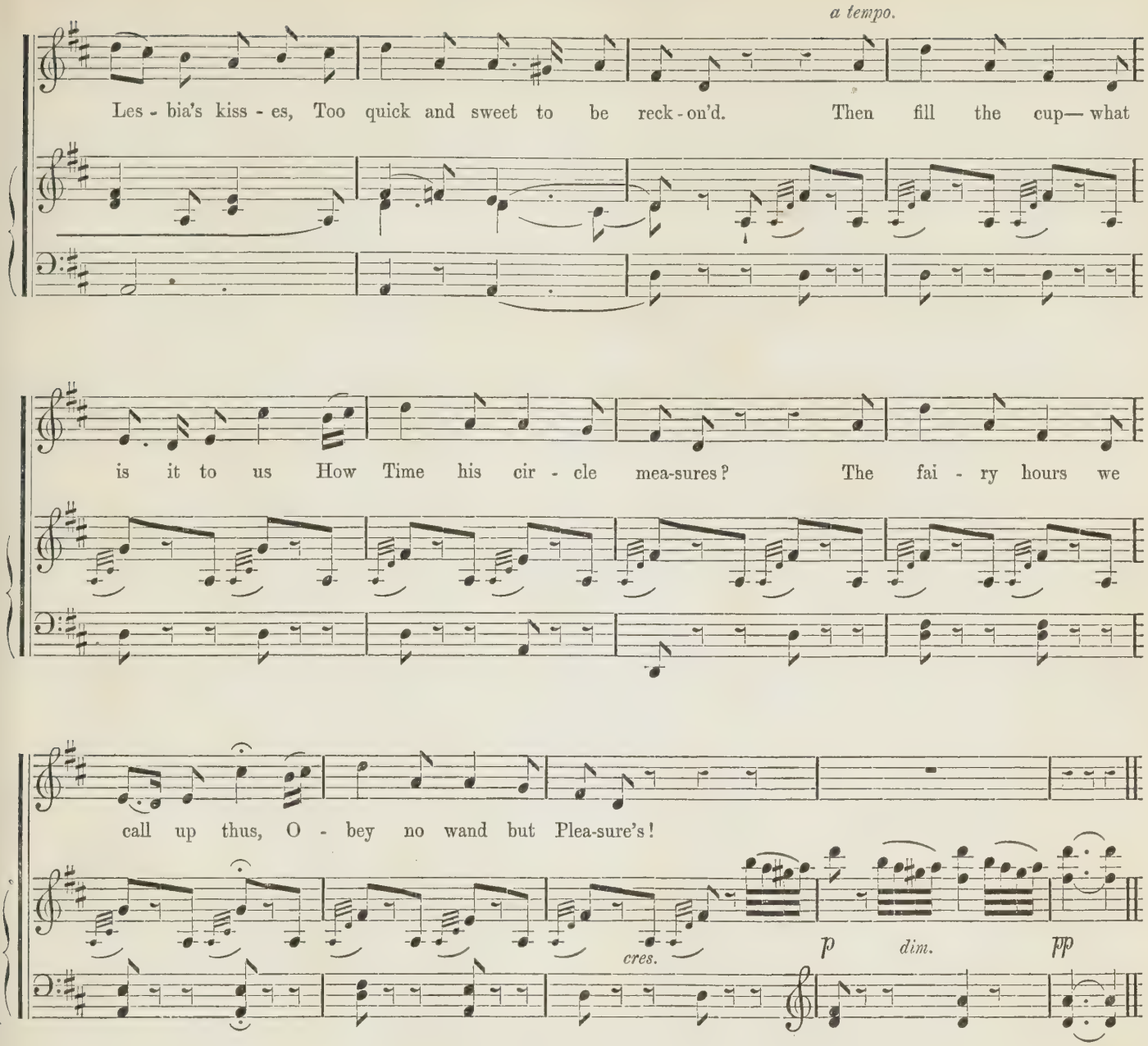
As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows, we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

Cheerfully.

AIR—MY HUSBAND'S A JOURNEY TO PORTUGAL GONE.



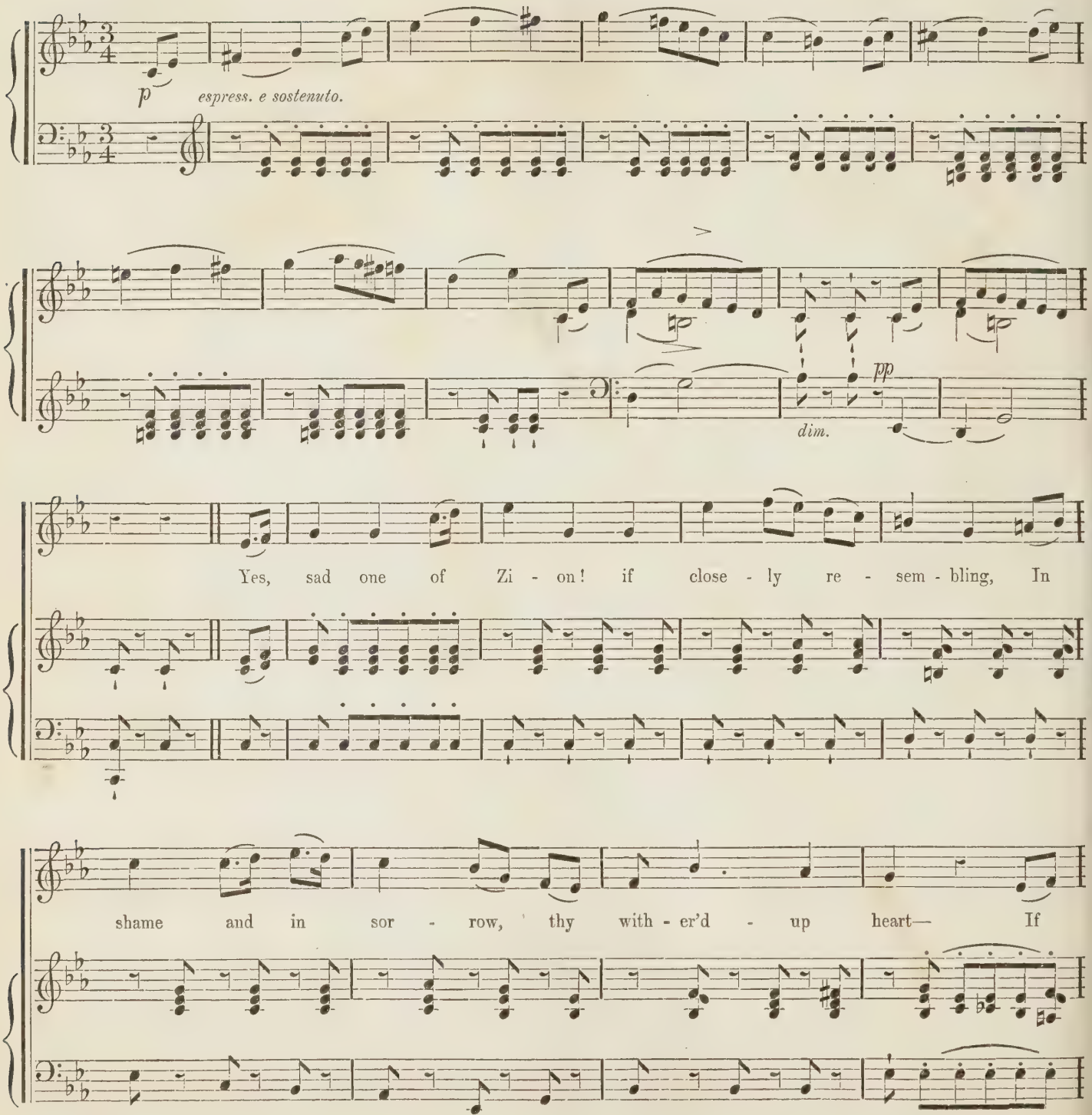


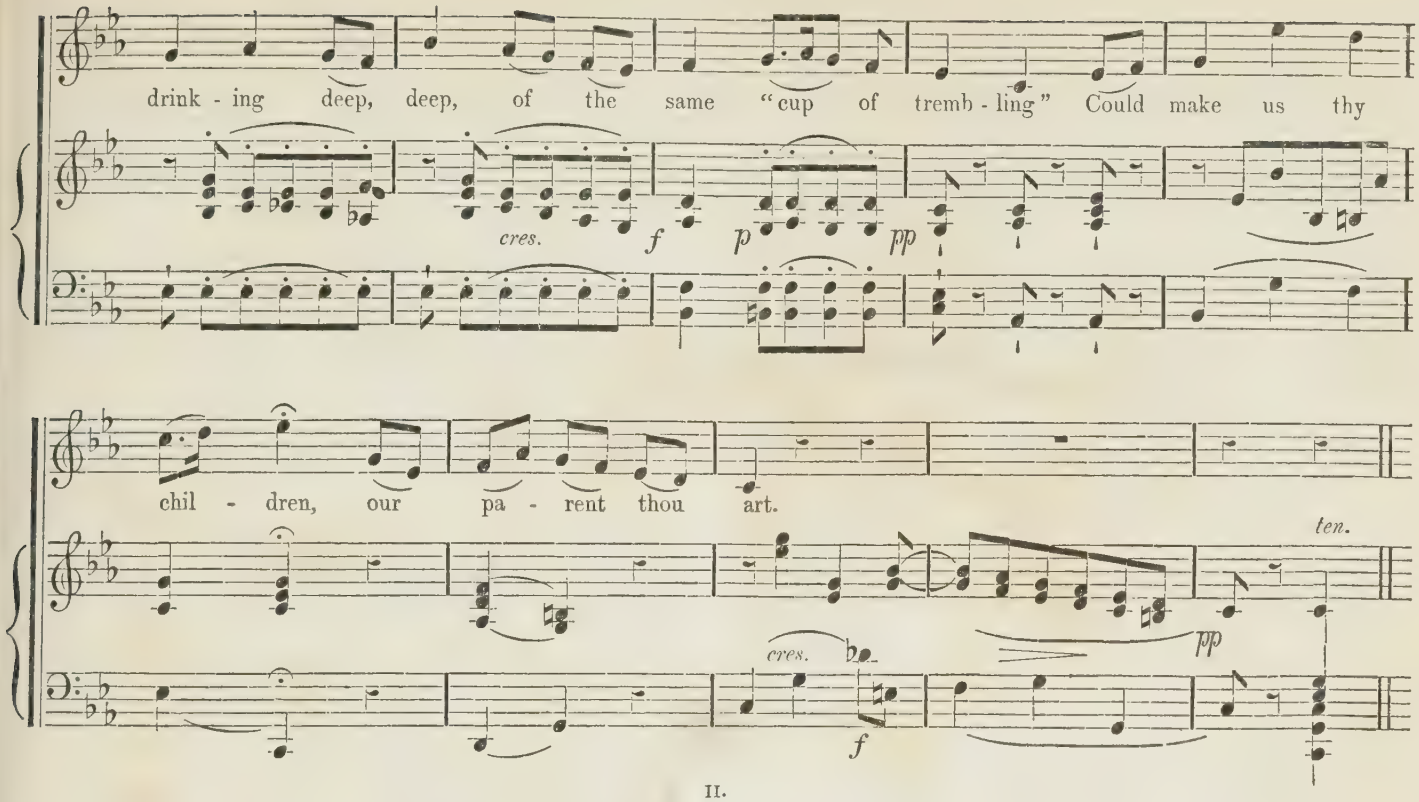
Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.
But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

YES, SAD ONE OF ZION! IF CLOSELY RESEMBLING.

Mournfully.

AIR—I WOULD RATHER THAN IRELAND.





II.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And, "while it is day, yet her sun hath gone down."

III.

Like thine doth her exile, mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old!

IV.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken,"
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves!

V.

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

VI.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships.

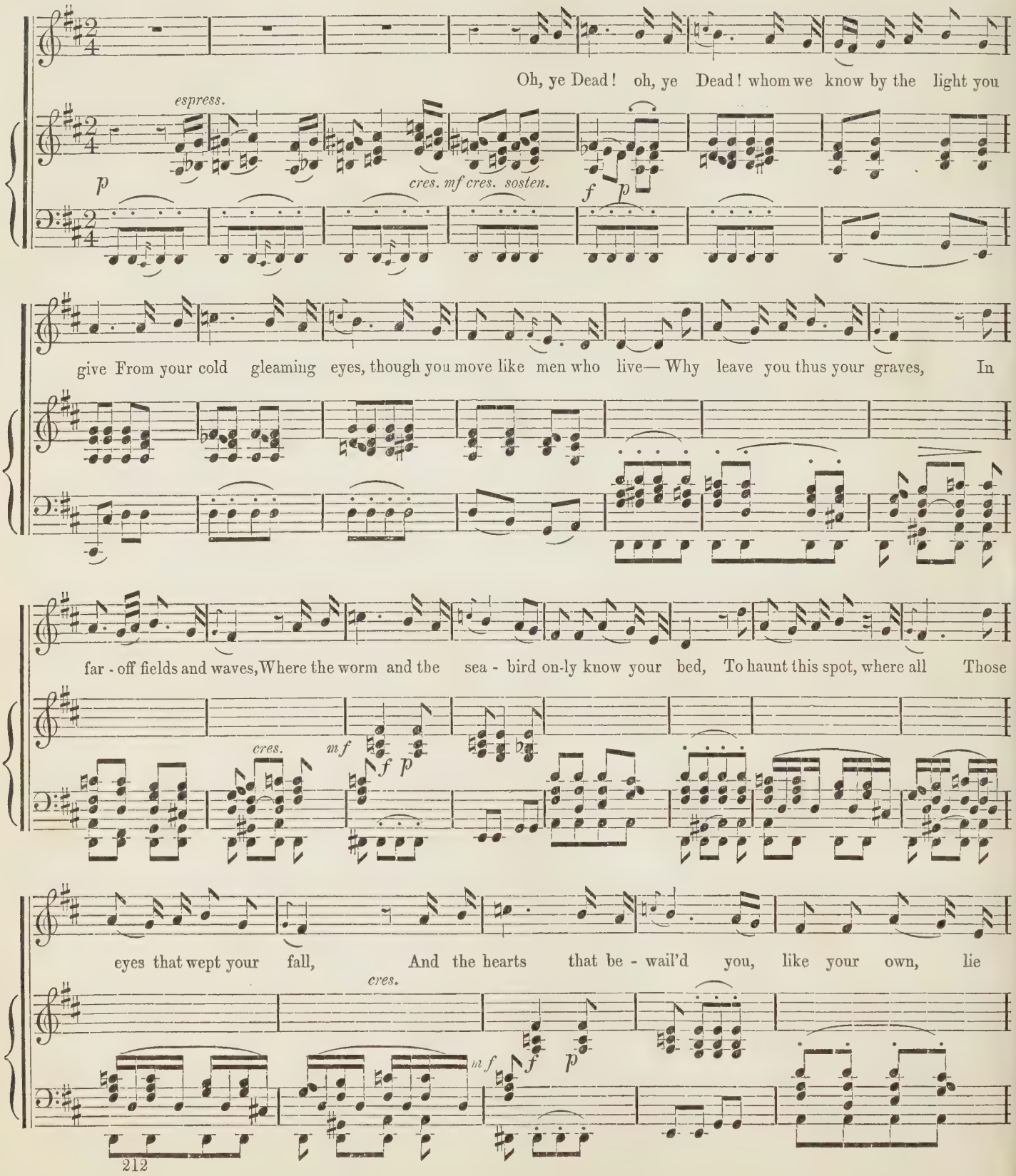
VII.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over,
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover,—
The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

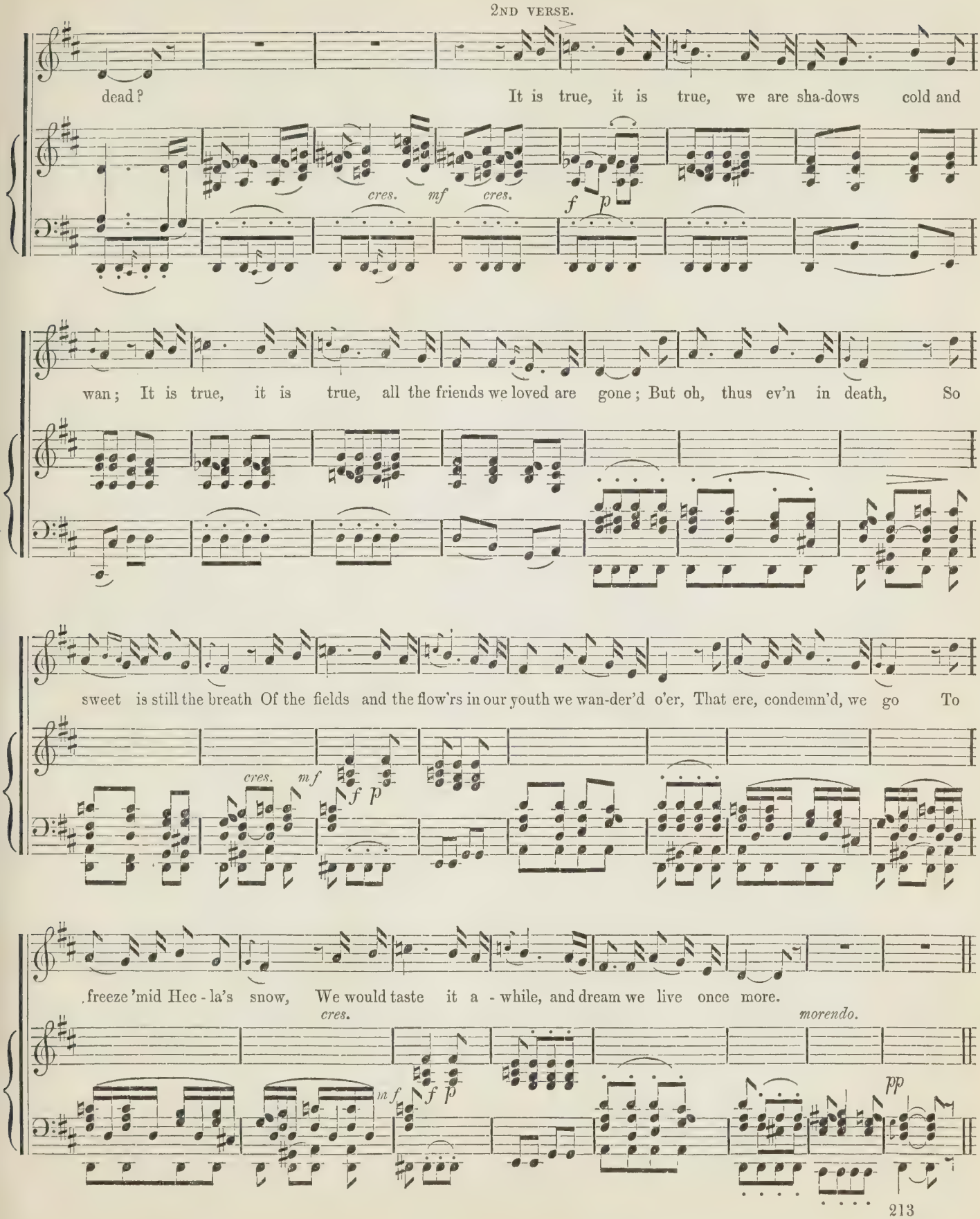
OH, YE DEAD!

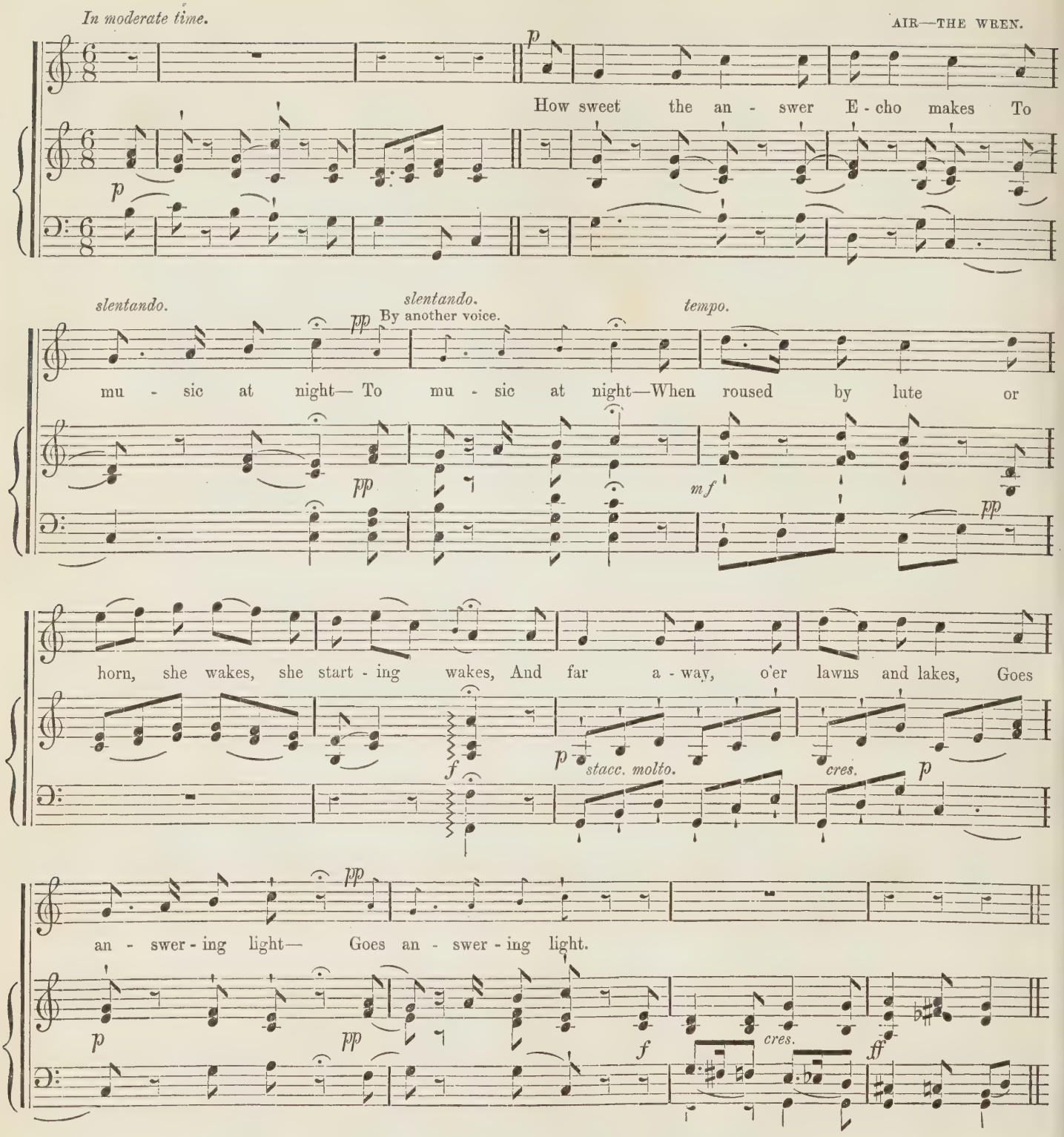
Mournfully.

AIR—PLOUGH TUNE.



2ND VERSE.


dead? It is true, it is true, we are sha-dows cold and
cres. mf cres.
f p
wan; It is true, it is true, all the friends we loved are gone; But oh, thus ev'n in death, So
sweet is still the breath Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wan-der'd o'er, That ere, condemn'd, we go To
cres. mf
f p
freeze 'mid Hec - la's snow, We would taste it a - while, and dream we live once more.
cres.
morendo.
mf
f p
pp



II.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

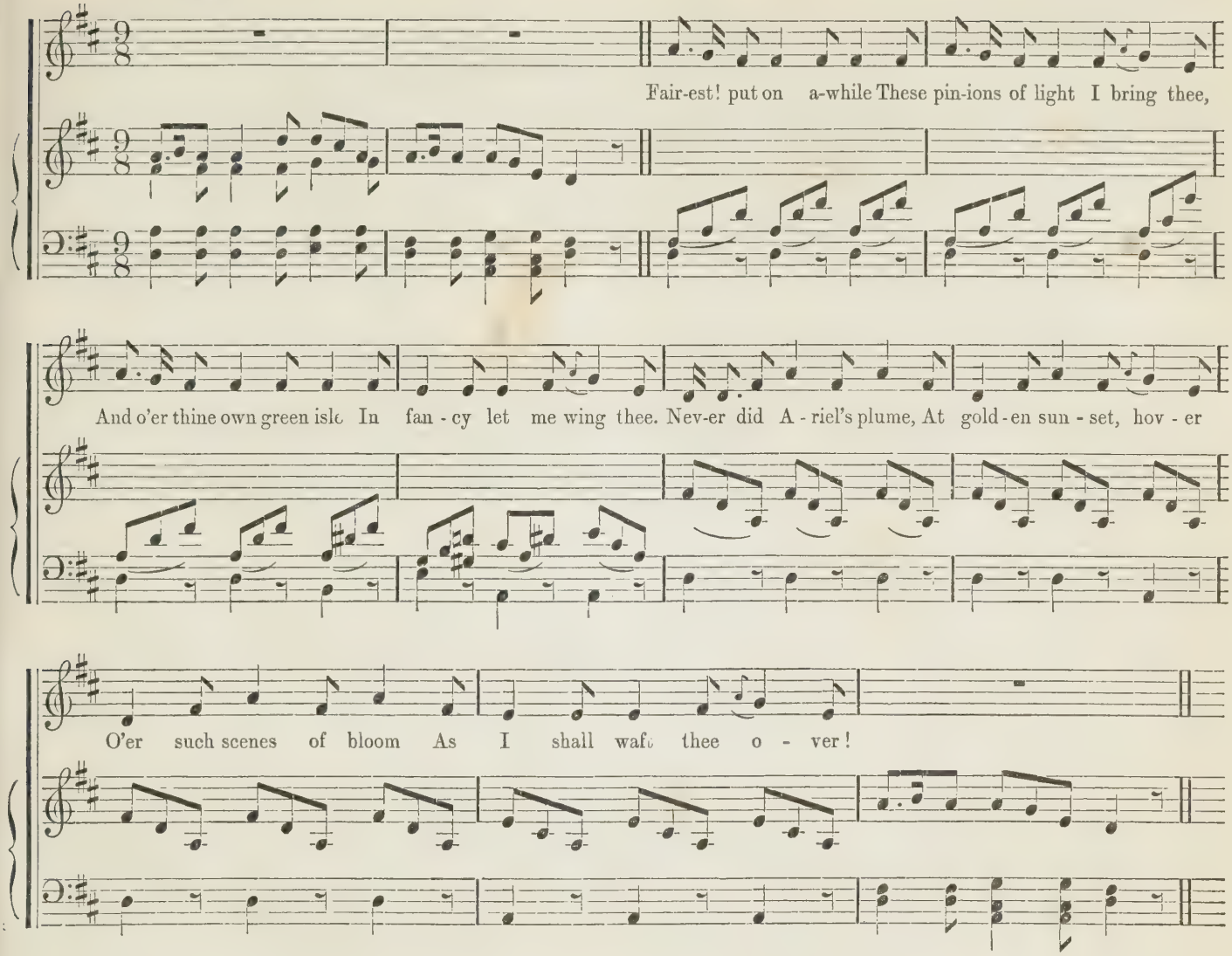
III.

'T is when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then—
The sigh, that 's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again.

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

In moderate time.

AIR—CUMMILUM.



II.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With but her tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs,
In grace majestic frowning,—
Like some warrior's brows,
That Love hath just been crowning.

III.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course through air,
Hath been won downward by them—
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From Heav'n, without alighting.

IV.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
And caves, where the diamond's sleeping,
Bright as the gems that lid
Of thine lets fall in weeping.
Glens, where Ocean comes,
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
And Harbours, worthiest homes
Where Freedom's sails could anchor.

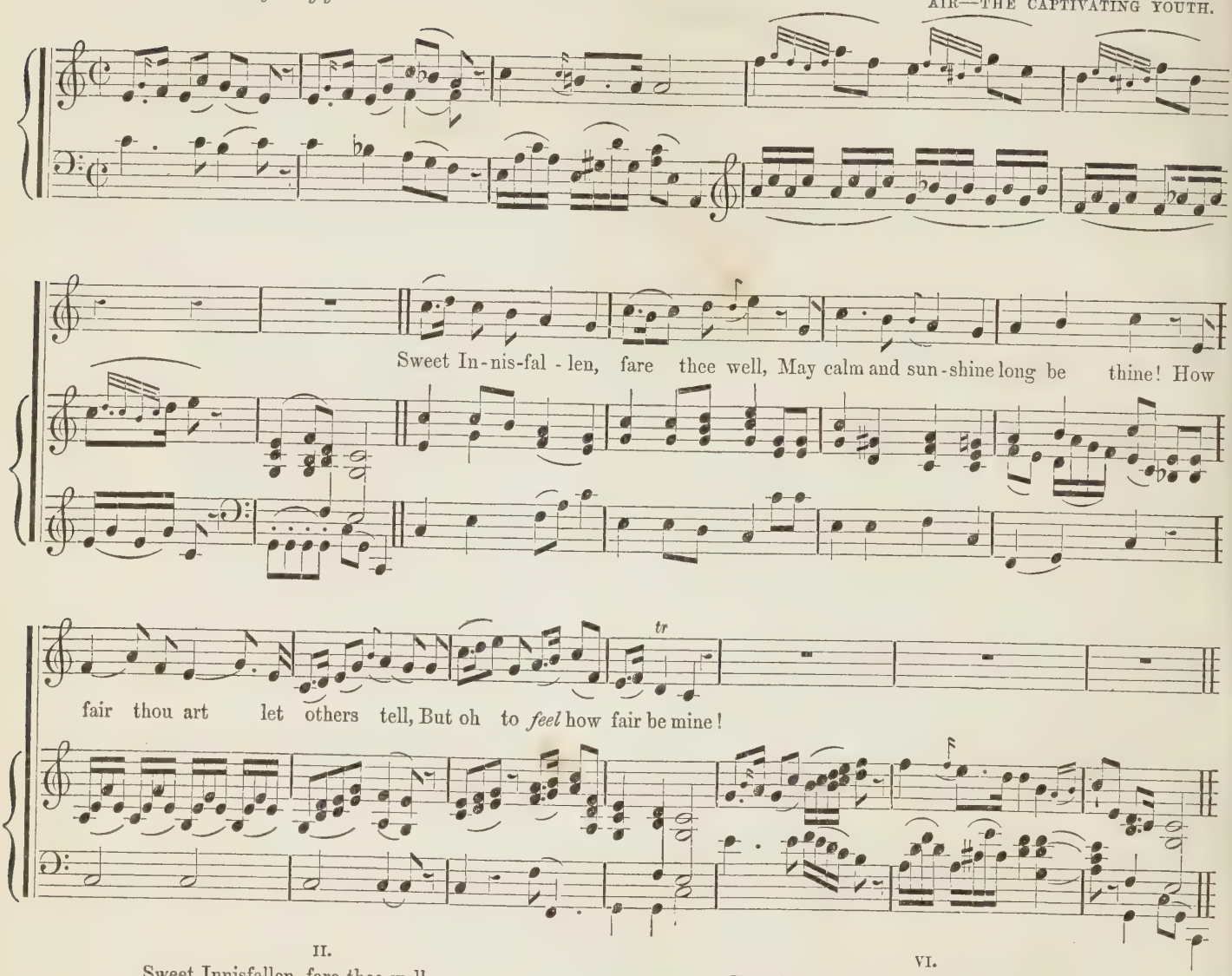
V.

Then if, while scenes so grand,
So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh, let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious—
To think how Man hath curst
What Heav'n had made so glorious!

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

Rather slow and feelingly.

AIR—THE CAPTIVATING YOUTH.



II.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
And oft may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that ev'ning fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle!

III.

Thou wert *too* lovely then for one
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

IV.

No more along thy shores to come,
But, on the world's dim ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost!

V.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

VI.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
But. in thy shadows, seem'st a place
Where weary man might hope to rest—

VII.

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way!

VIII.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And still the lovelier for thy tears—
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'T is Heaven's own glance, when it appears.

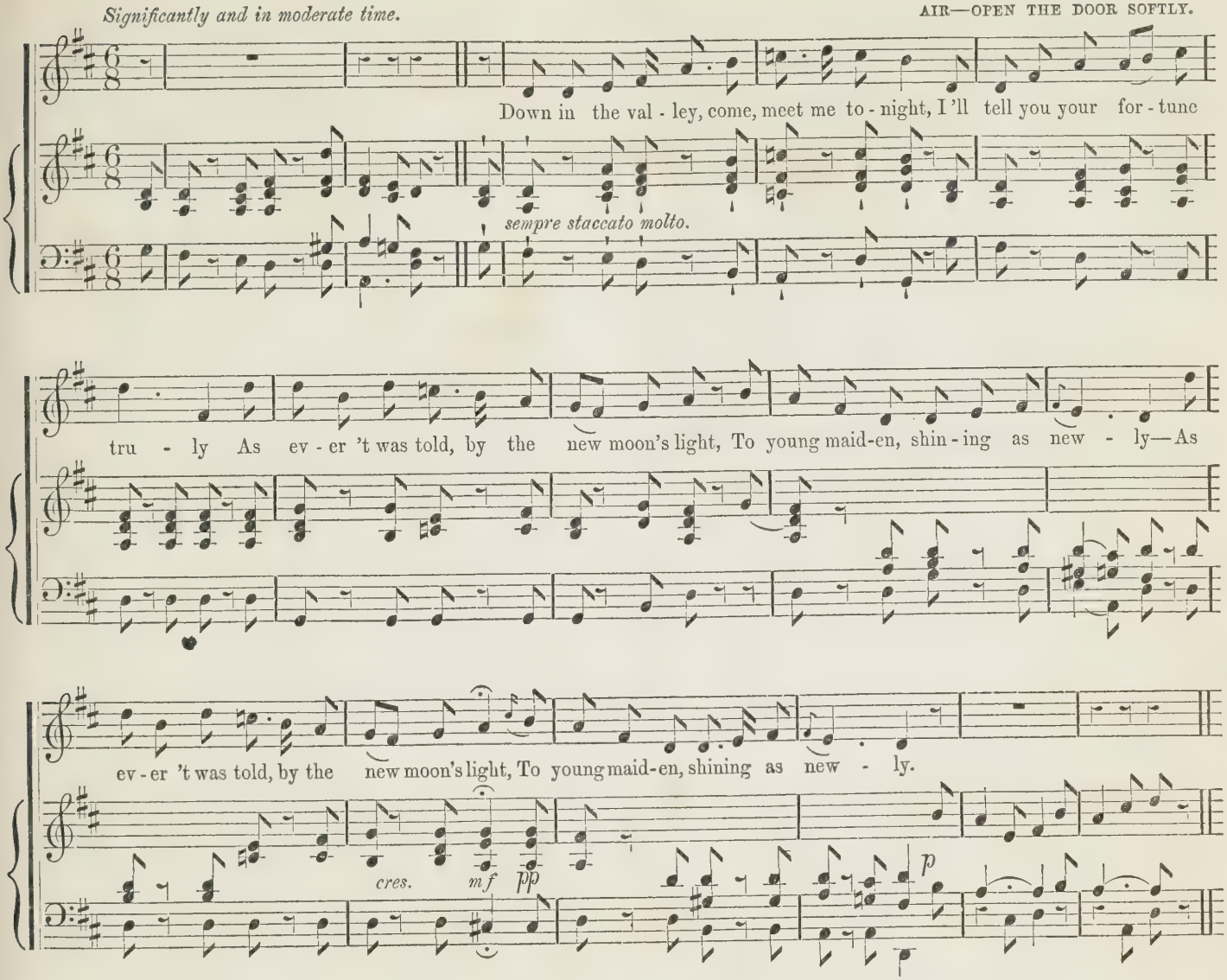
IX.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

DOWN IN THE VALLEY, COME, MEET ME TO-NIGHT.

Significantly and in moderate time.

AIR—OPEN THE DOOR SOFTLY.



II.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me—
These secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

III.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition—the image of him
Whose destiny 't is to adore you.

IV.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
And round you so fondly he 'll hover,
You 'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

V.

Down at your feet, in the pale moon-light,
He 'll kneel, with a warmth of emotion—
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
You 'd scarcely believe had a notion.

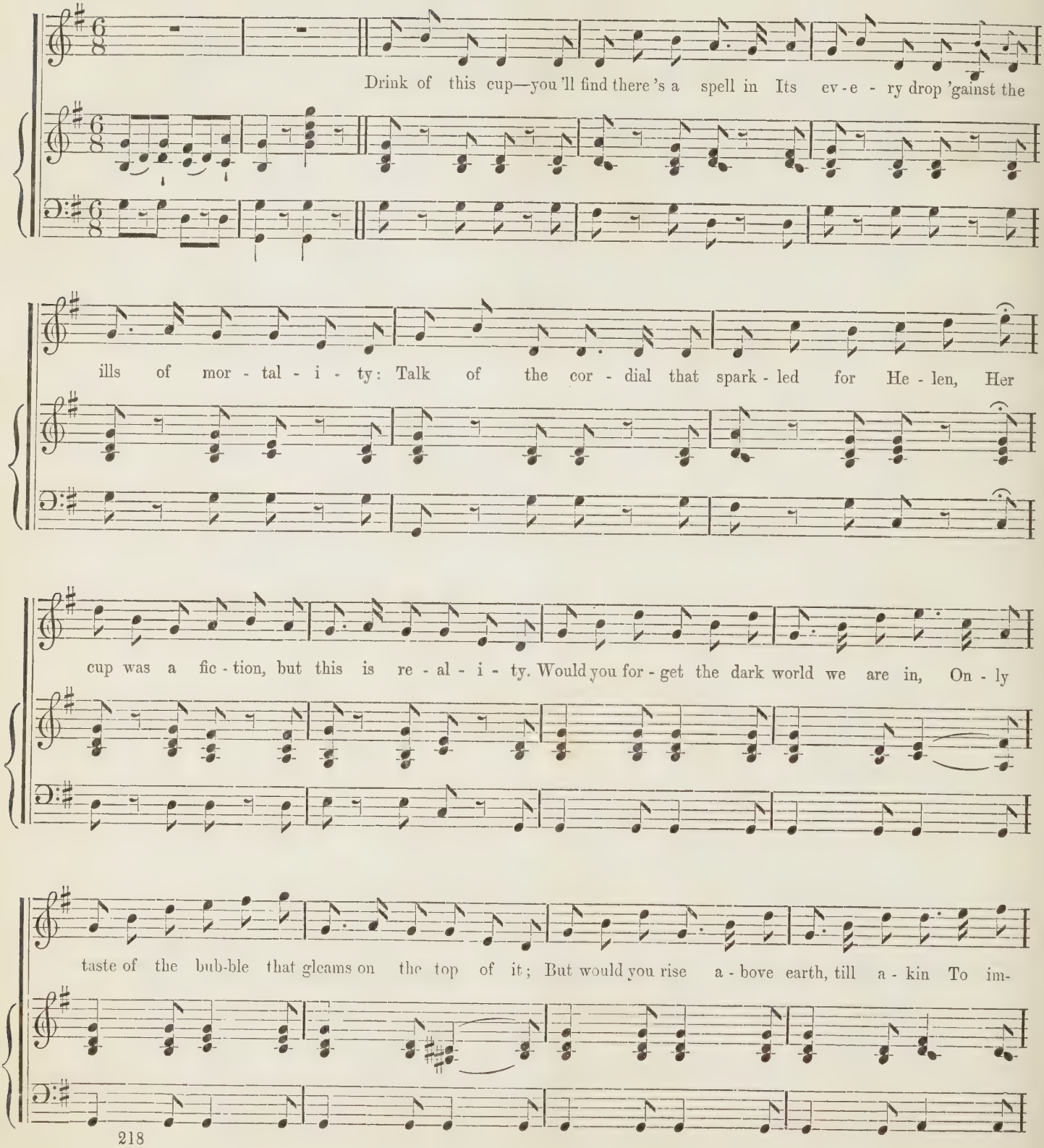
VI.

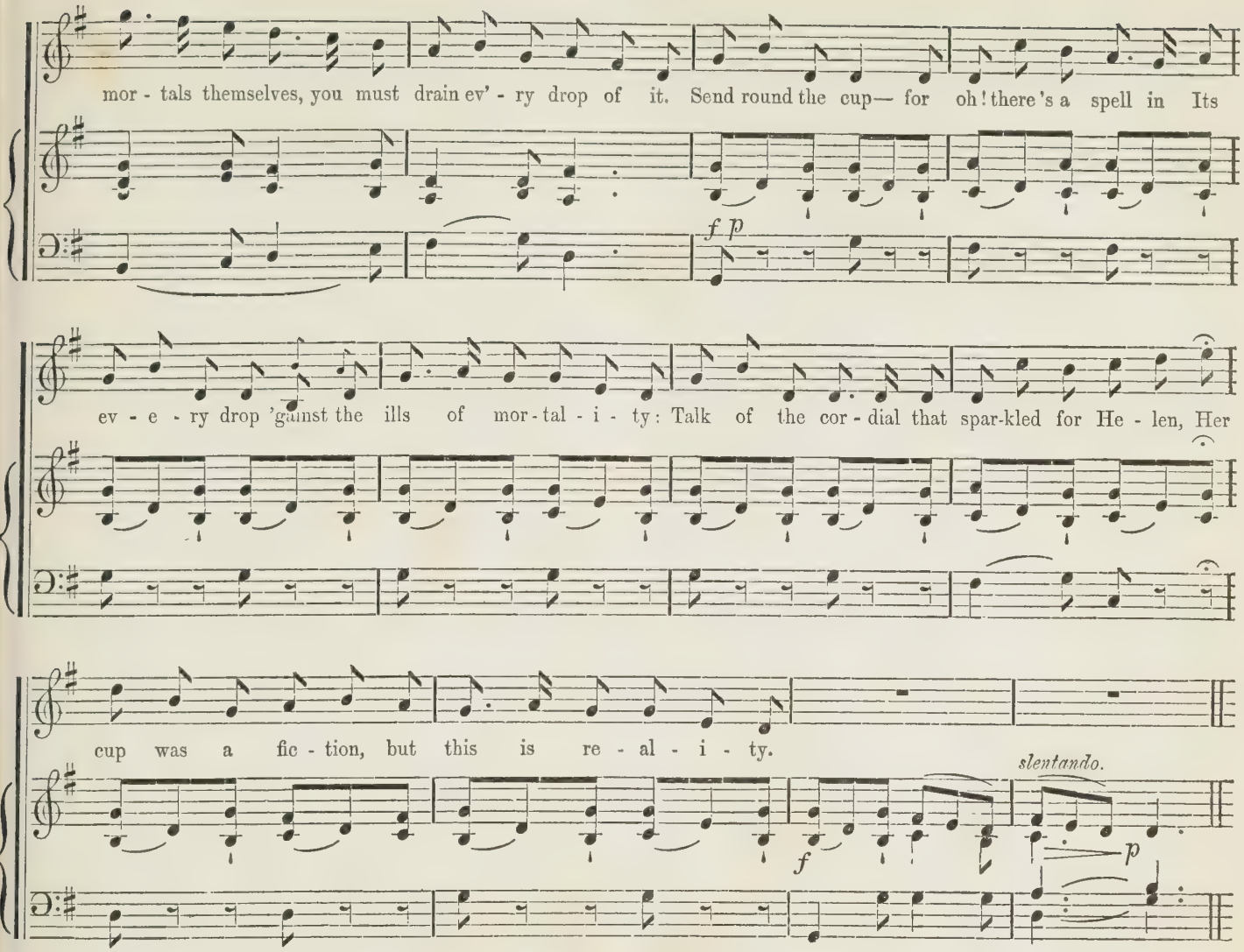
What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I 've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

Gaily.

AIR—PADDY O'RAFFERTY.





II.

Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There having, by nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
Then drink of the cup—you 'll find there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality:
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

III.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
Yet—'t is n't less potent for being unlawful.
What, though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
Fill up—there 's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though now lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup—for oh there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality:
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

OF ALL THE FAIR MONTHS THAT ROUND THE SUN.

Smoothly and in moderate time.

AIR—THE LITTLE AND GREAT MOUNTAIN.

sempre pia e legati molto.

cres. *dim.*

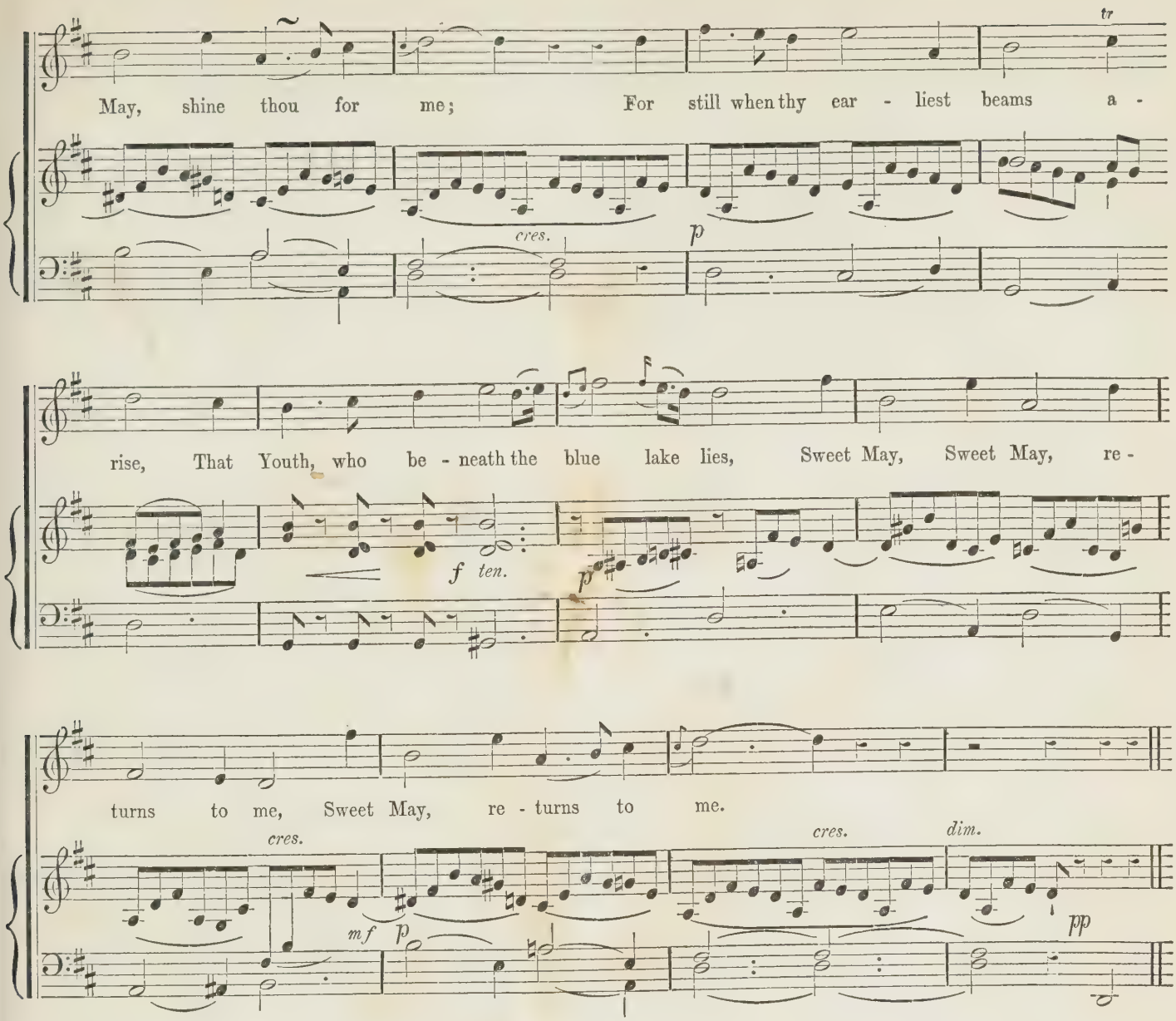
f *p*

Of all the fair months that round the Sun In light - link'd dance their

pp

cir - cles run, Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me, Sweet

mf *pp*



II.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, fair Lake, thou 'rt dearest to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

III.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, white Steed, most joy to thee,
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my love, my Chief, to me.

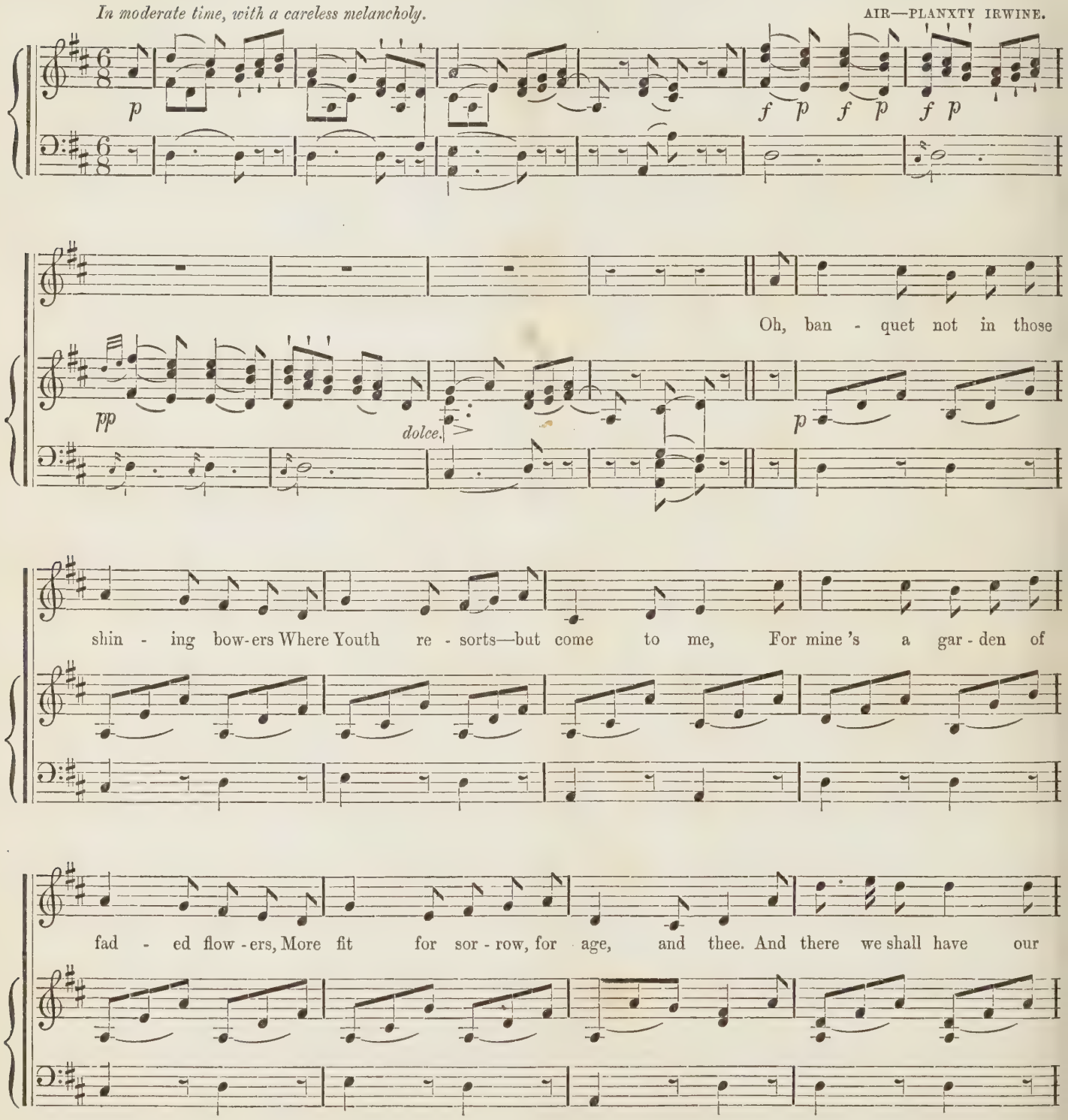
IV.

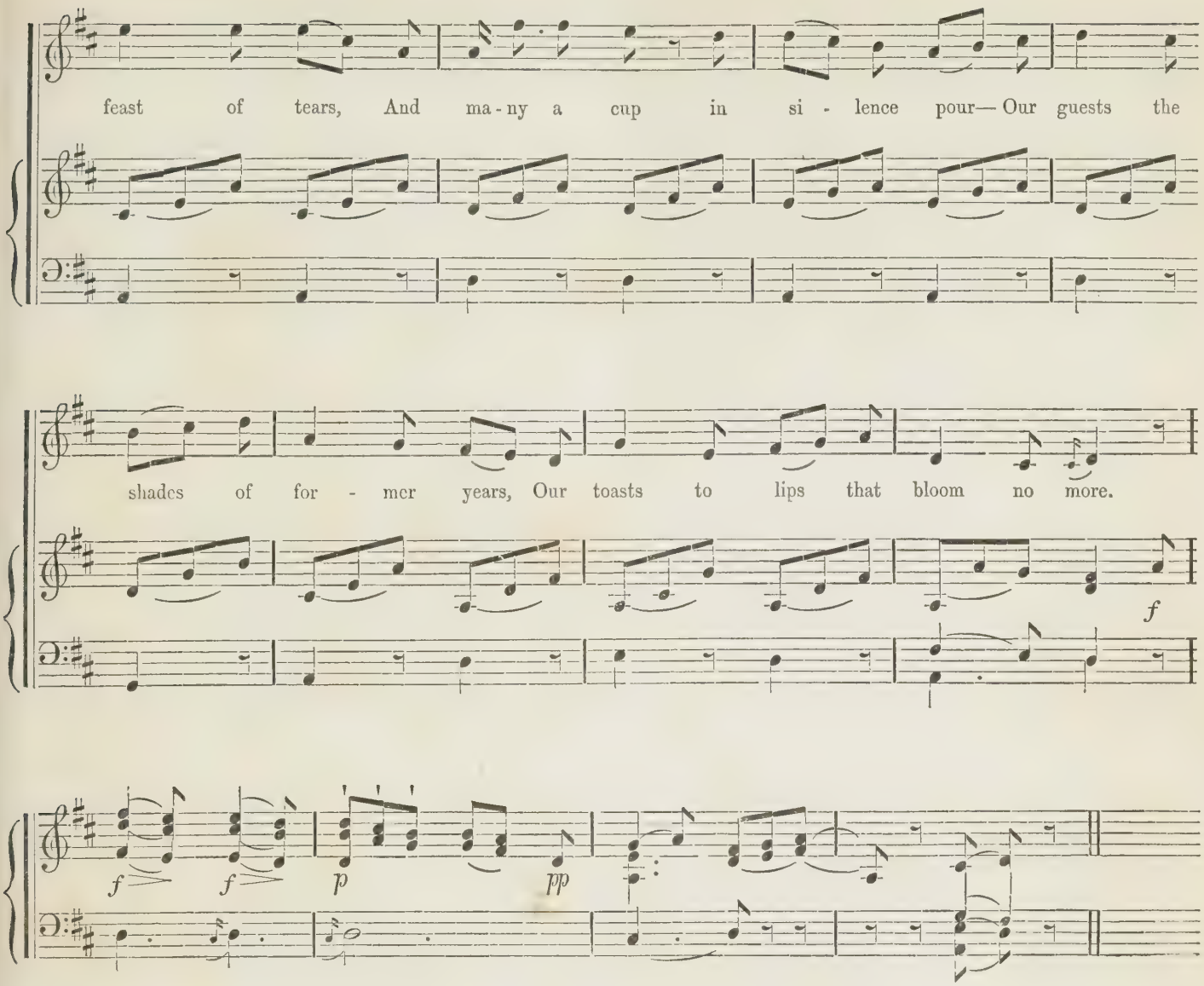
While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls,
Fair Steed, fair Steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Fair Steed, around my love and thee.

V.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

OH, BANQUET NOT IN THOSE SHINING BOWERS.





There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We 'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead!
Or, as some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We 'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where Valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot!

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

Solemnly, but with spirit. AIR—MACFARLANE'S LAMENTATION.

espress.

Shall the Harp then be si - lent, when he, who first gave To our coun- try a

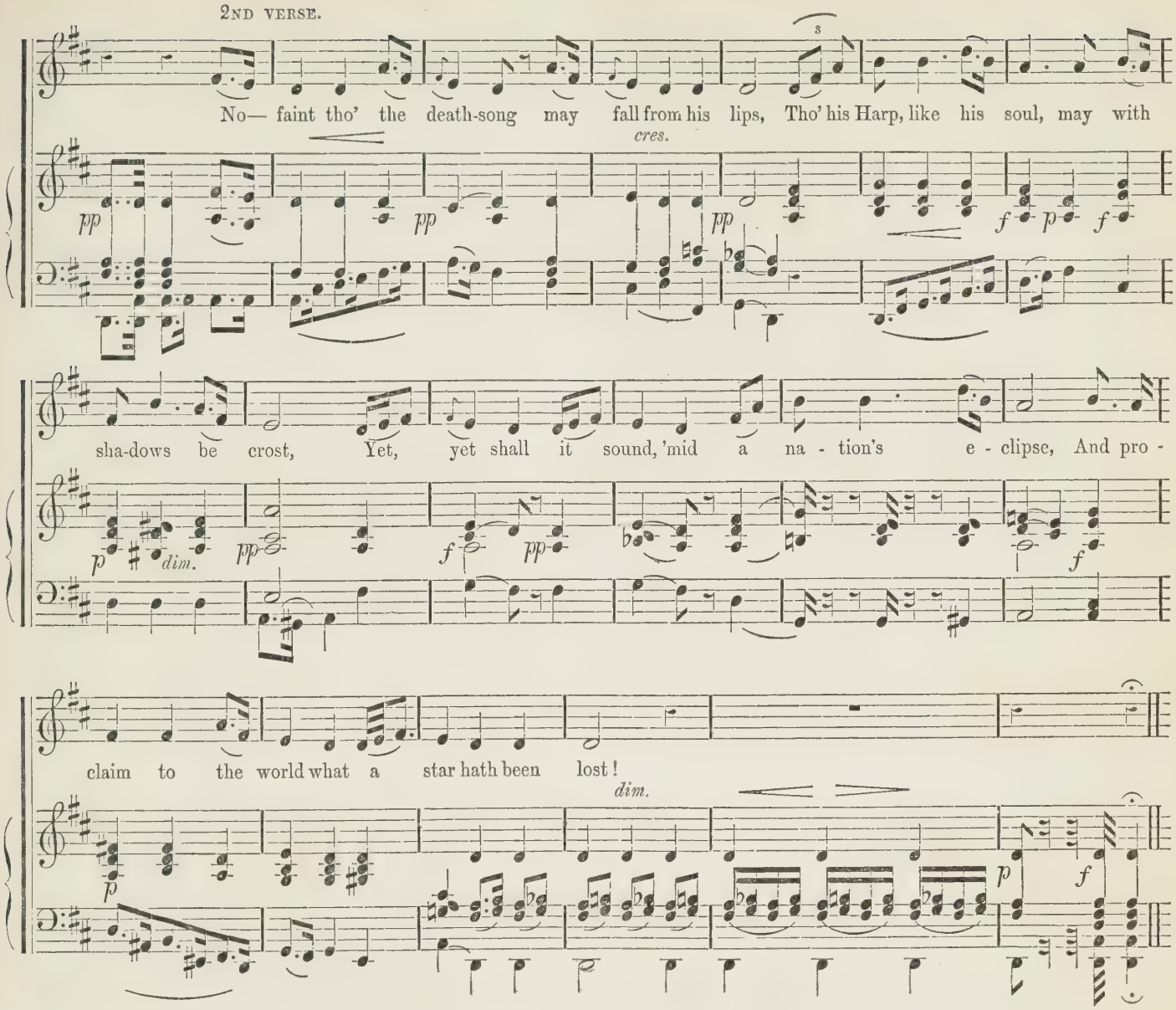
sostenuto. *cres.*

name, is with-drawn from all eyes? Shall a min - strel of E - rin stand mute by the

dim.

grave, Where the first—where the last of her Pa- tri - ots lies?

dim.



III.

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind!

IV.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid, raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!—

V.

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And, for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal!

VI.

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drunk at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown—

VII.

An eloquence rich—wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant—with thoughts that shone through,
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too!

VIII.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when, free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

IX.

That home, where—like him, who, as fable hath told,
Put the rays from his brow, that his child might come near—
Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear!

X.

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life,
But at distance observed him—through glory, through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same—

XI.

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we praise,
As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt only portrays.—

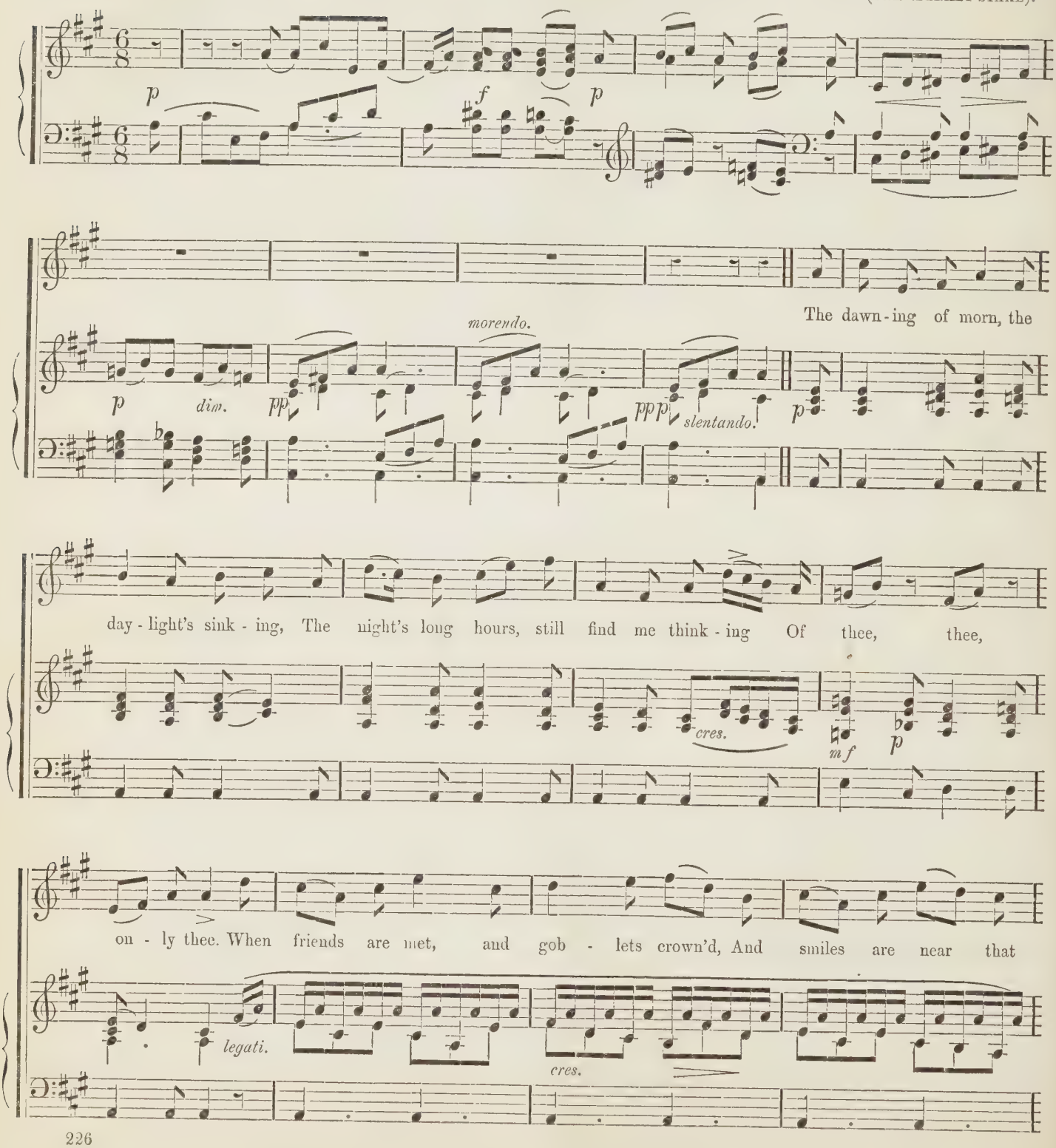
XII.

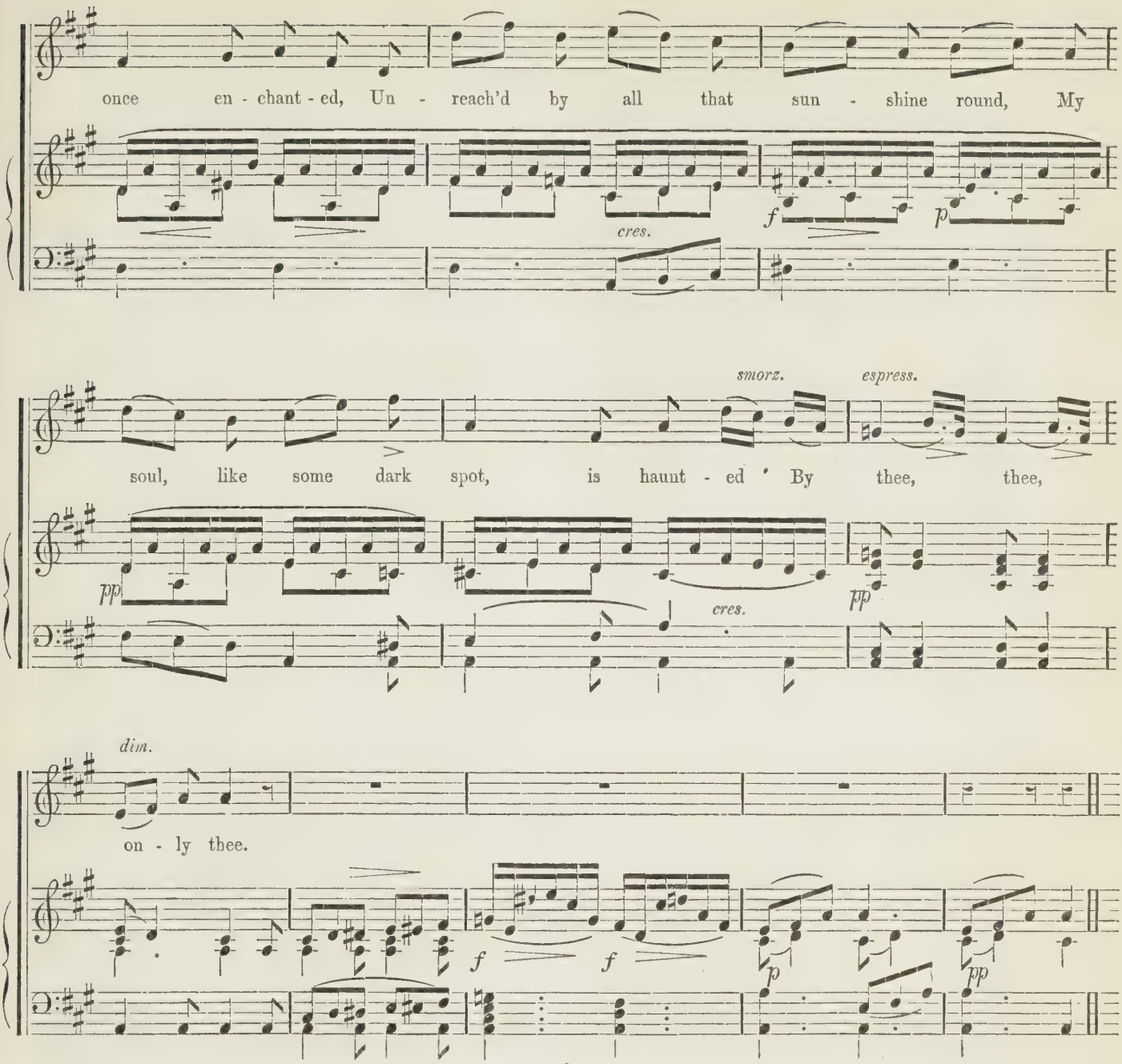
Oh no—not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns,
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

THE DAWNING OF MORN.

With melancholy expression.

AIR—STACCA AN MHARAGA (THE MARKET-STAKE).





II.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To the ocean hurries—resting never—
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hast'ning ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

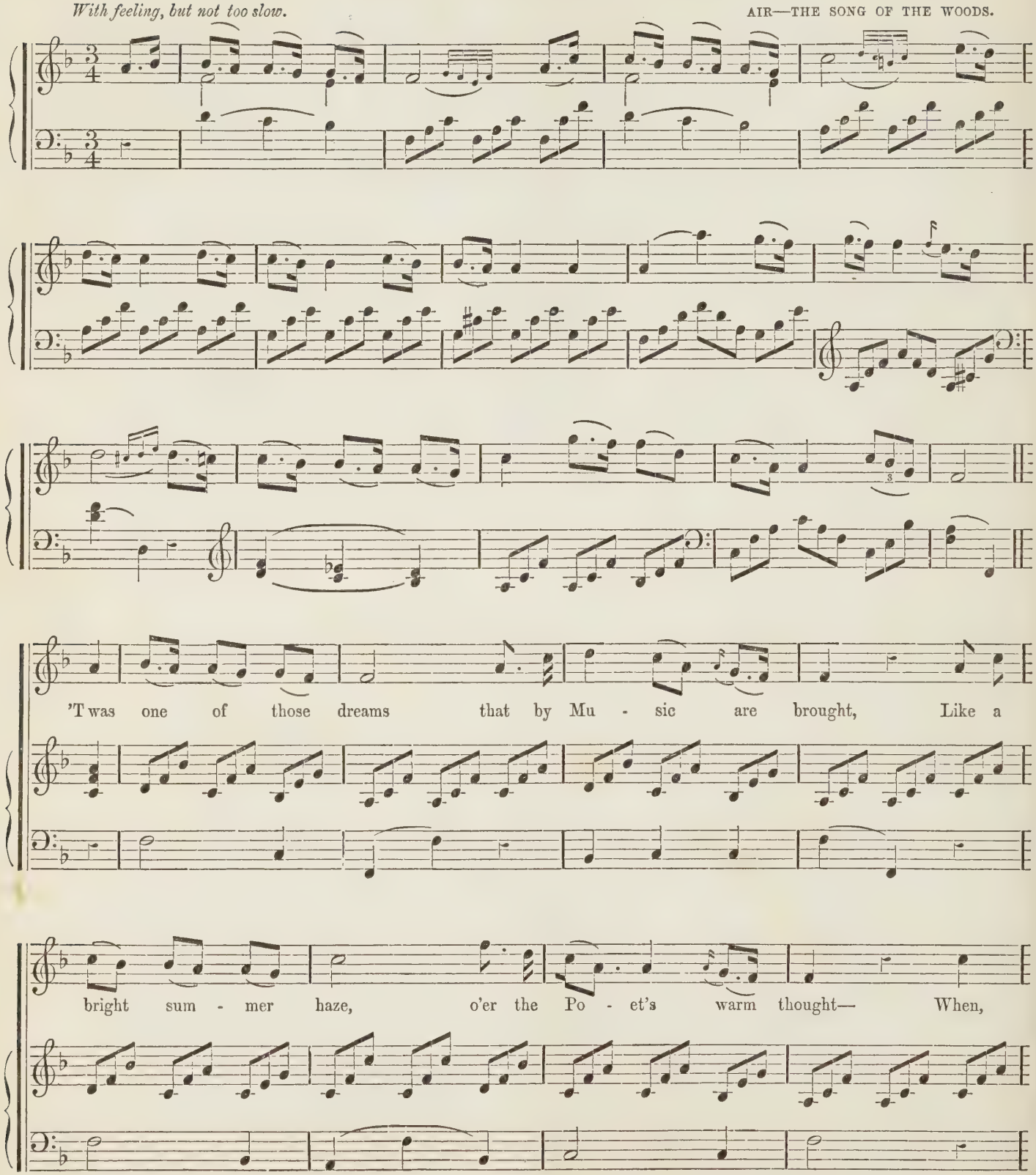
III.

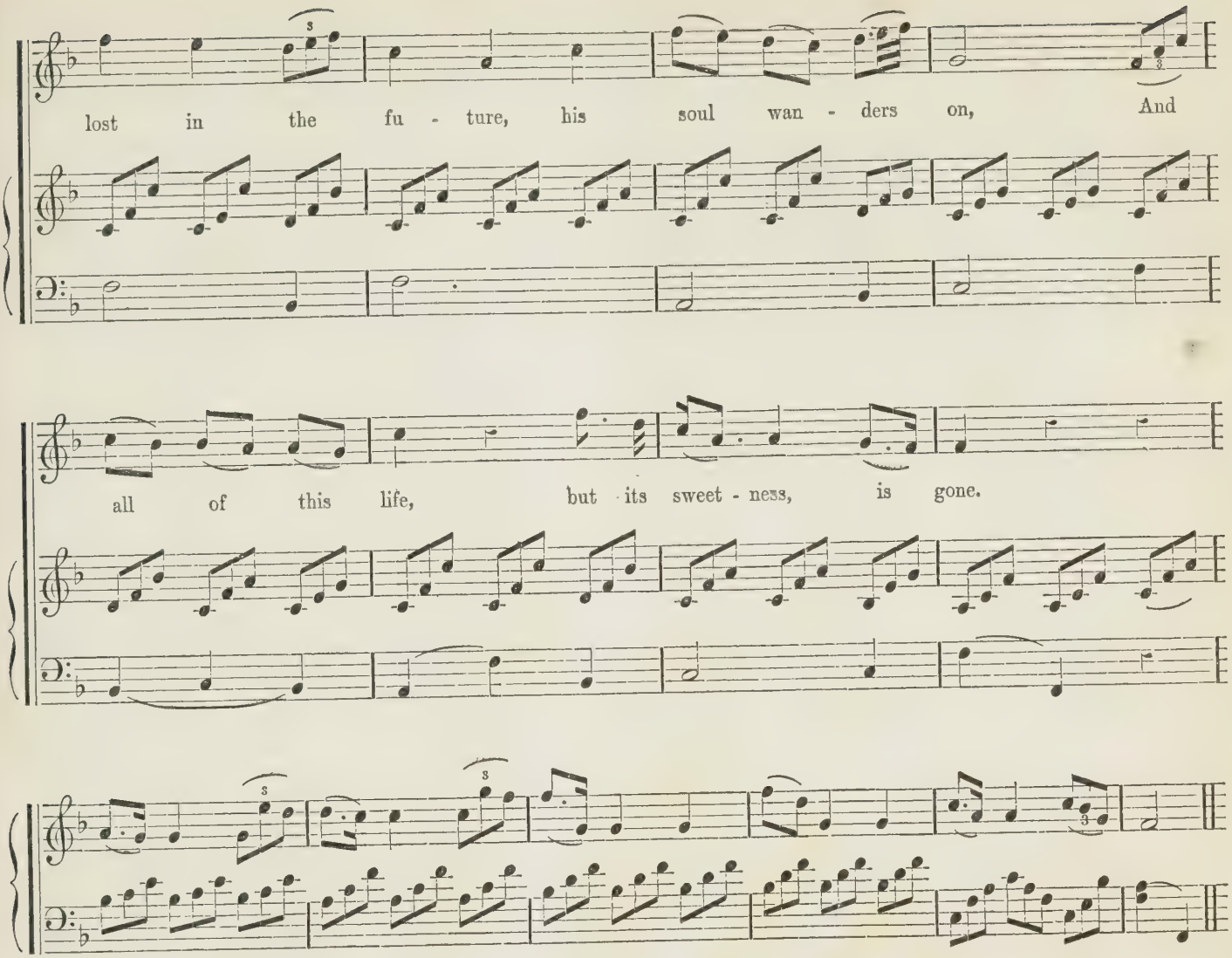
I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet, when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

'TWAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

With feeling, but not too slow.

AIR—THE SONG OF THE WOODS.





II.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle to Glenà's wooded shore.

III.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

IV.

It seem'd as if every sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!

V.

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

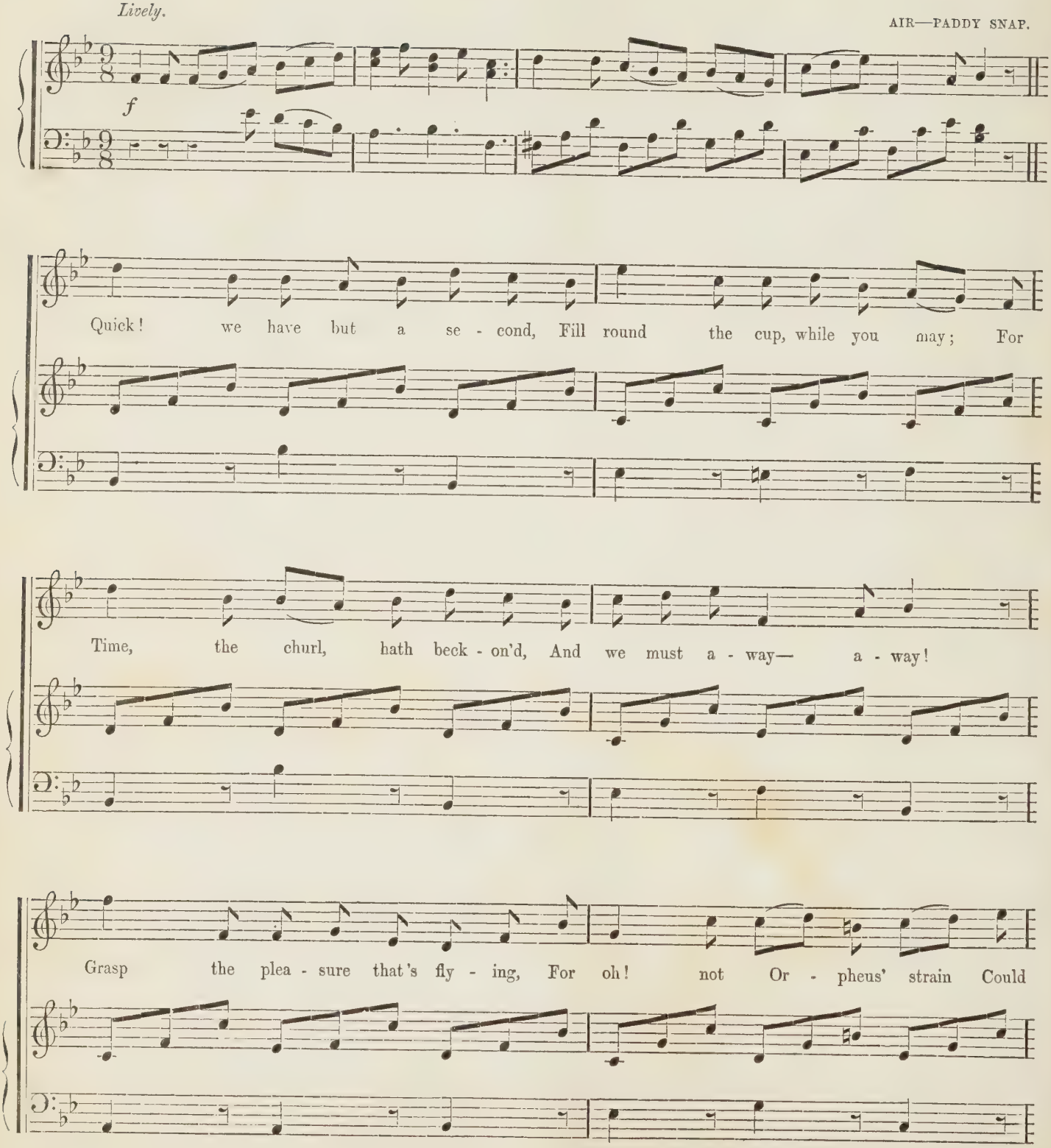
VI.

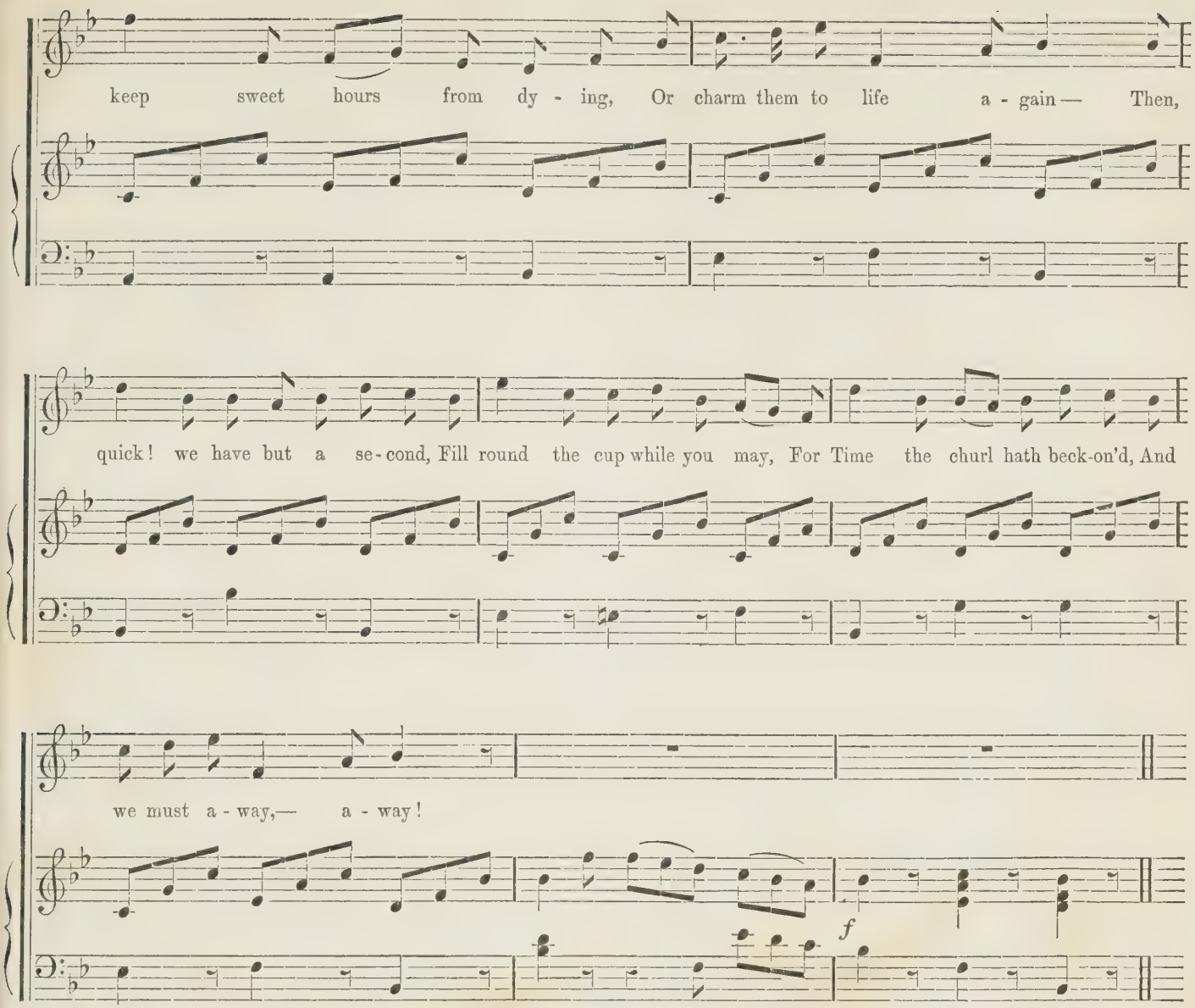
"Even so, though thy memory should now die away,
'T will be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song!"

QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

Lively.

AIR—PADDY SNAP.



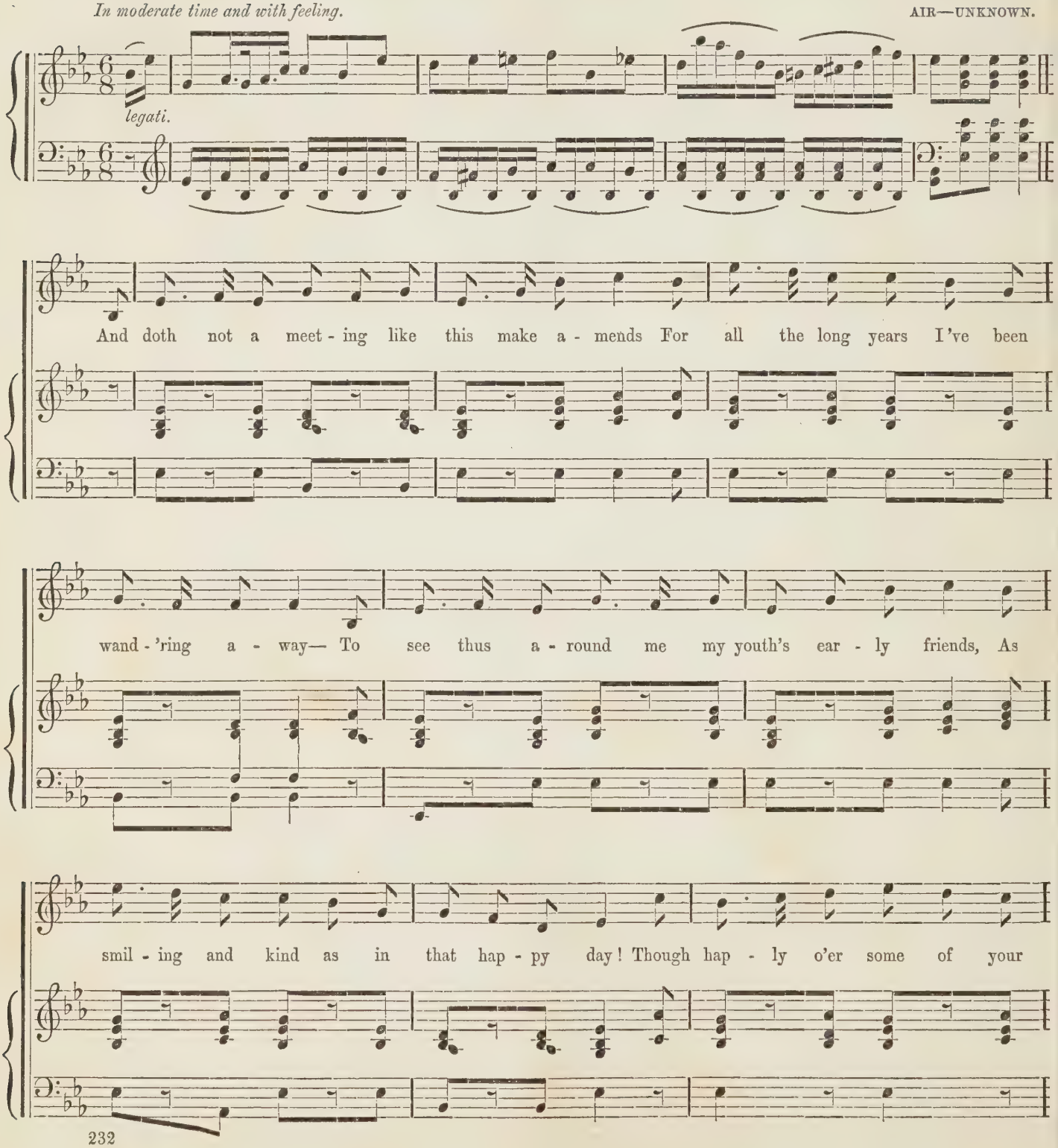


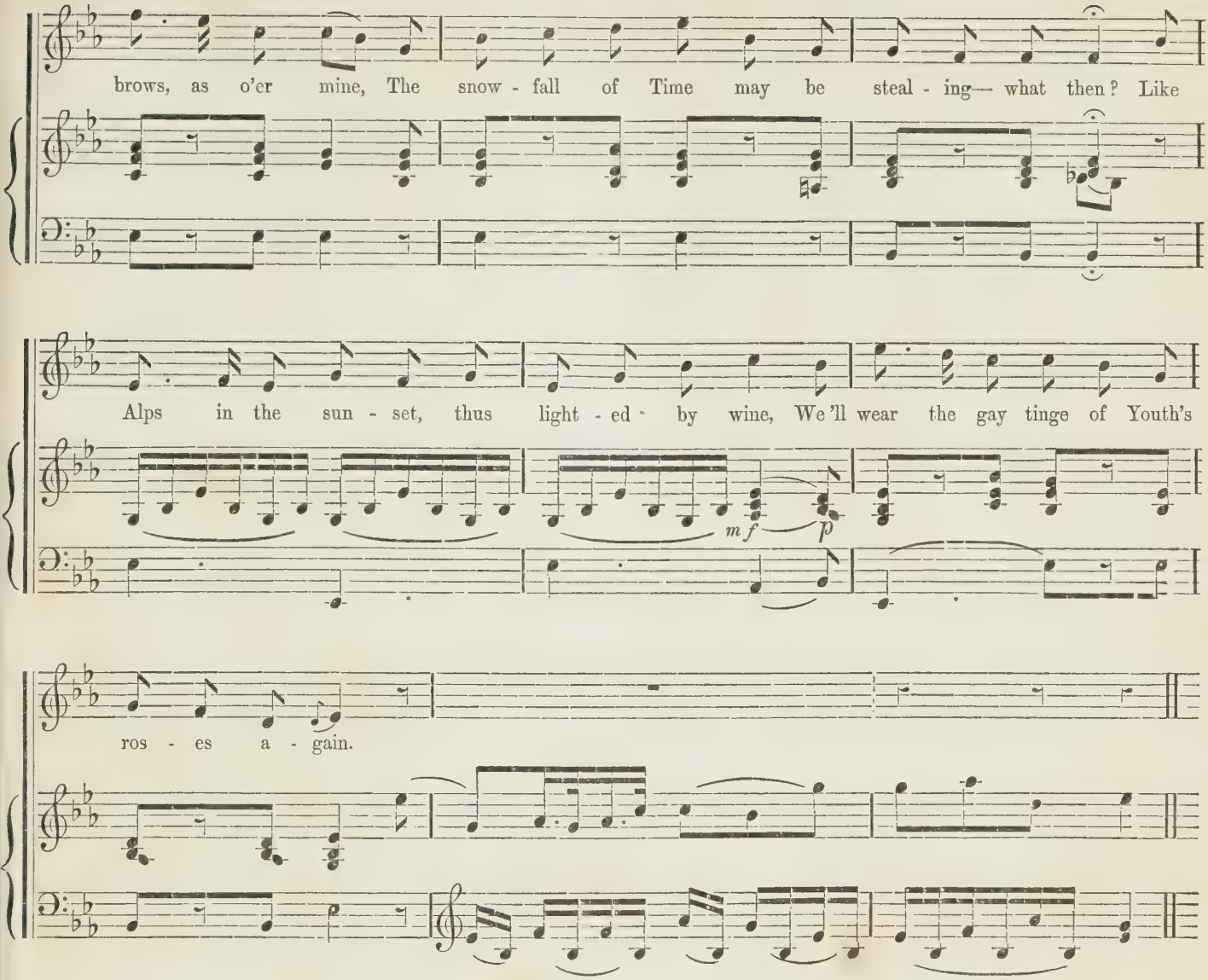
See the glass, how it flushes,
  Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
  That thou should'st delay to sip.
Shame, oh shame unto thee,
  If ever thou see'st that day,
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
  And turn untouch'd away!
Then quick! we have but a second,
  Fill round, fill round, while you may,
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
  And we must away,—away!

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

In moderate time and with feeling.

AIR—UNKNOWN.





II.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we 've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

III.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we 'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.

IV.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For, a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

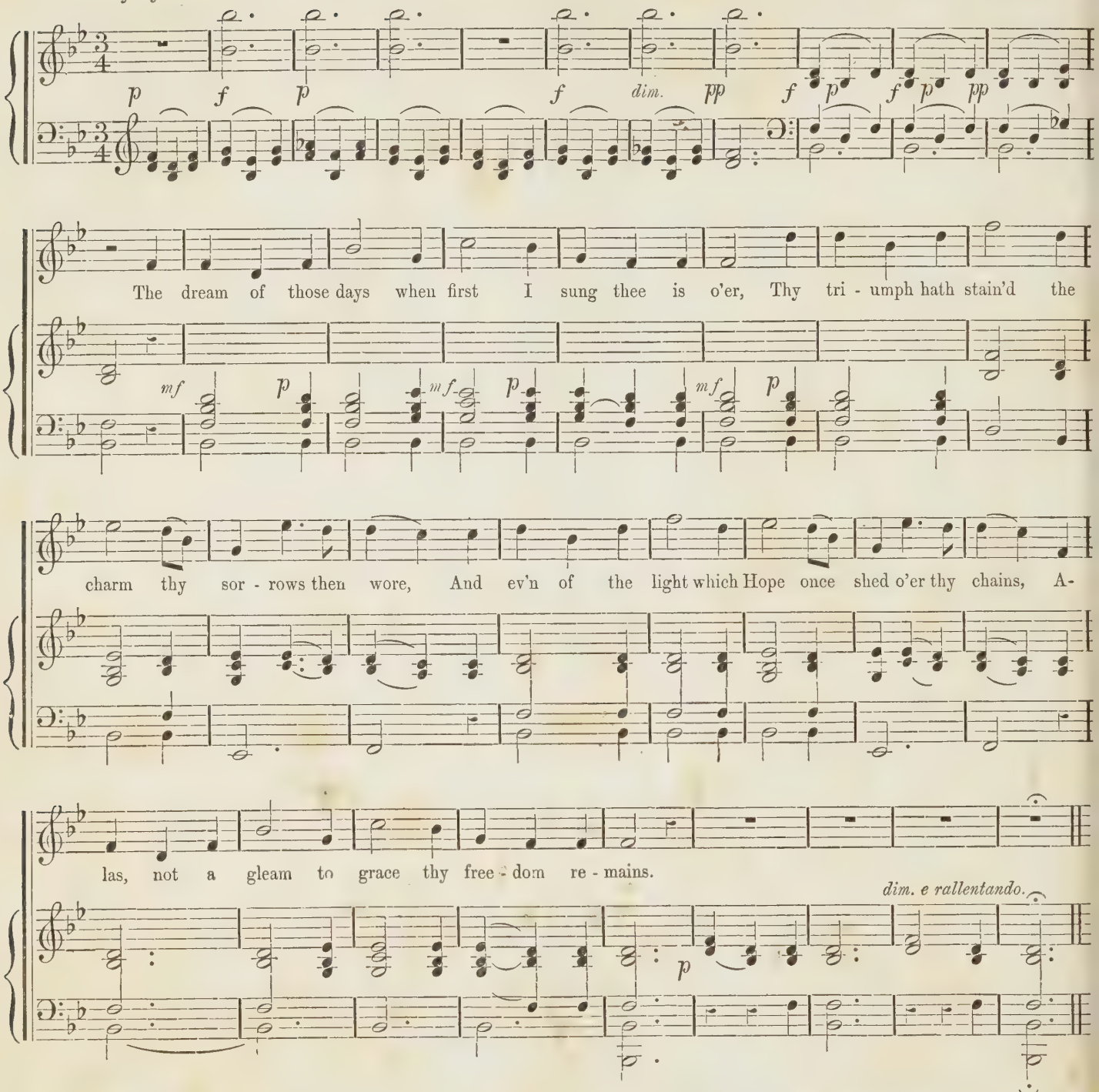
V.

But, come,—the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them the more—
They 're ours, when we meet,—they are lost, when we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 't is o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

Mournfully.

AIR—I LOVE YOU ABOVE ALL THE REST.



Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
That still the dark brand is there, though chainless thou art;
And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burn'd,
Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd.

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,
With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread!
Ah, better thou ne'er hadst lived that summit to gain,
Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

BINDING SECT. FEB 27 1968

M
1744
M8I7
1859

Moore, Thomas
Irish melodies

Music

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